THE ARTS

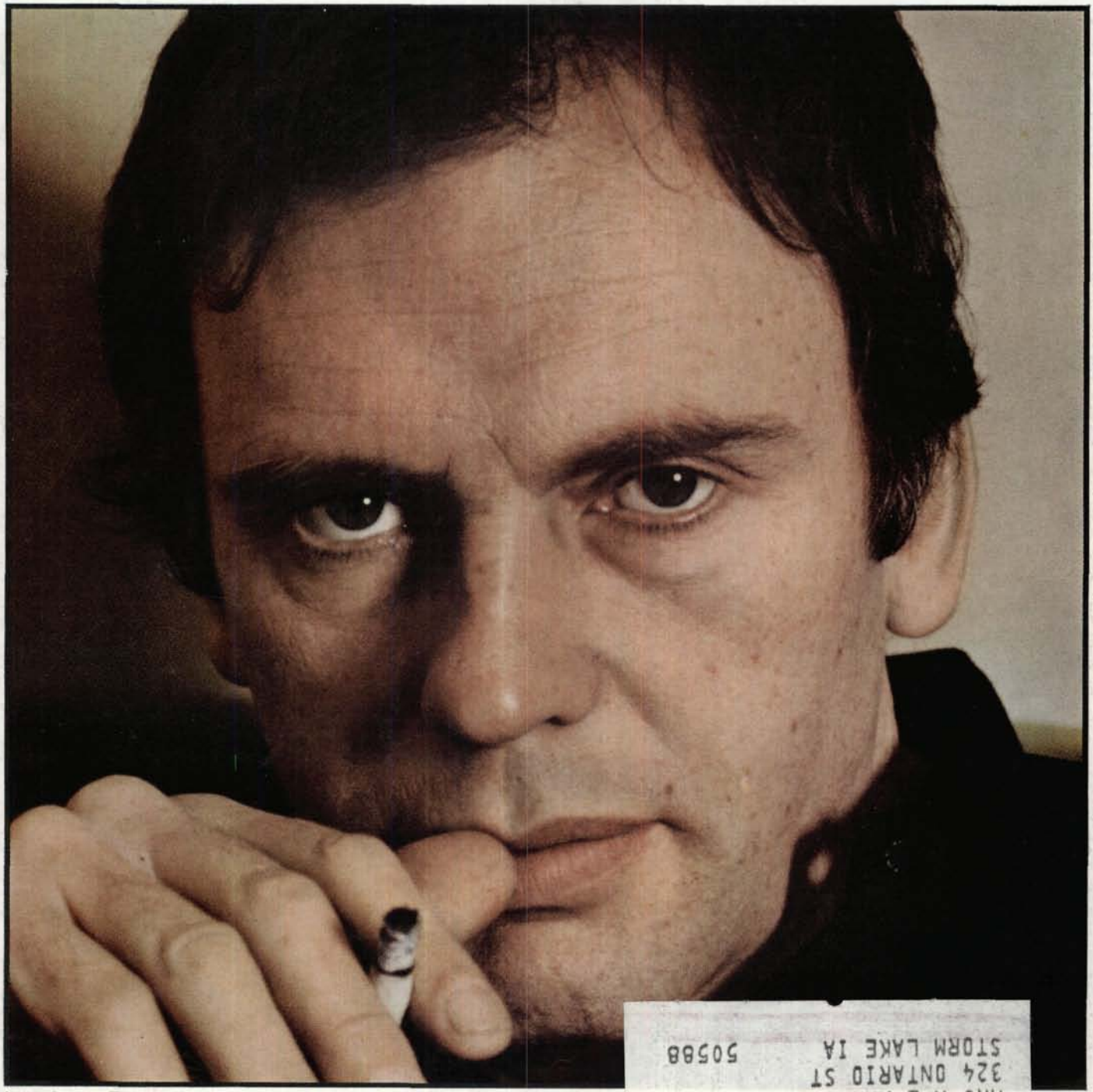
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 26, 1972 50¢

Joe Papp's New York Theater Goes National

Budd Schulberg on Muhammad Ali

Trintignant: Timid Bad Guy of French Film



Jean-Louis Trintignant

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SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $12.00 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 9. © 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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THE USE OF GRAVITY AS A SAFETY FEATURE.

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Vega has a low center of gravity. That is, it sits very low to the ground. It also has a wide stance. Altogether, that makes Vega a very stable little car. Out on the road it's able to cope very nicely with curves and crosswinds.

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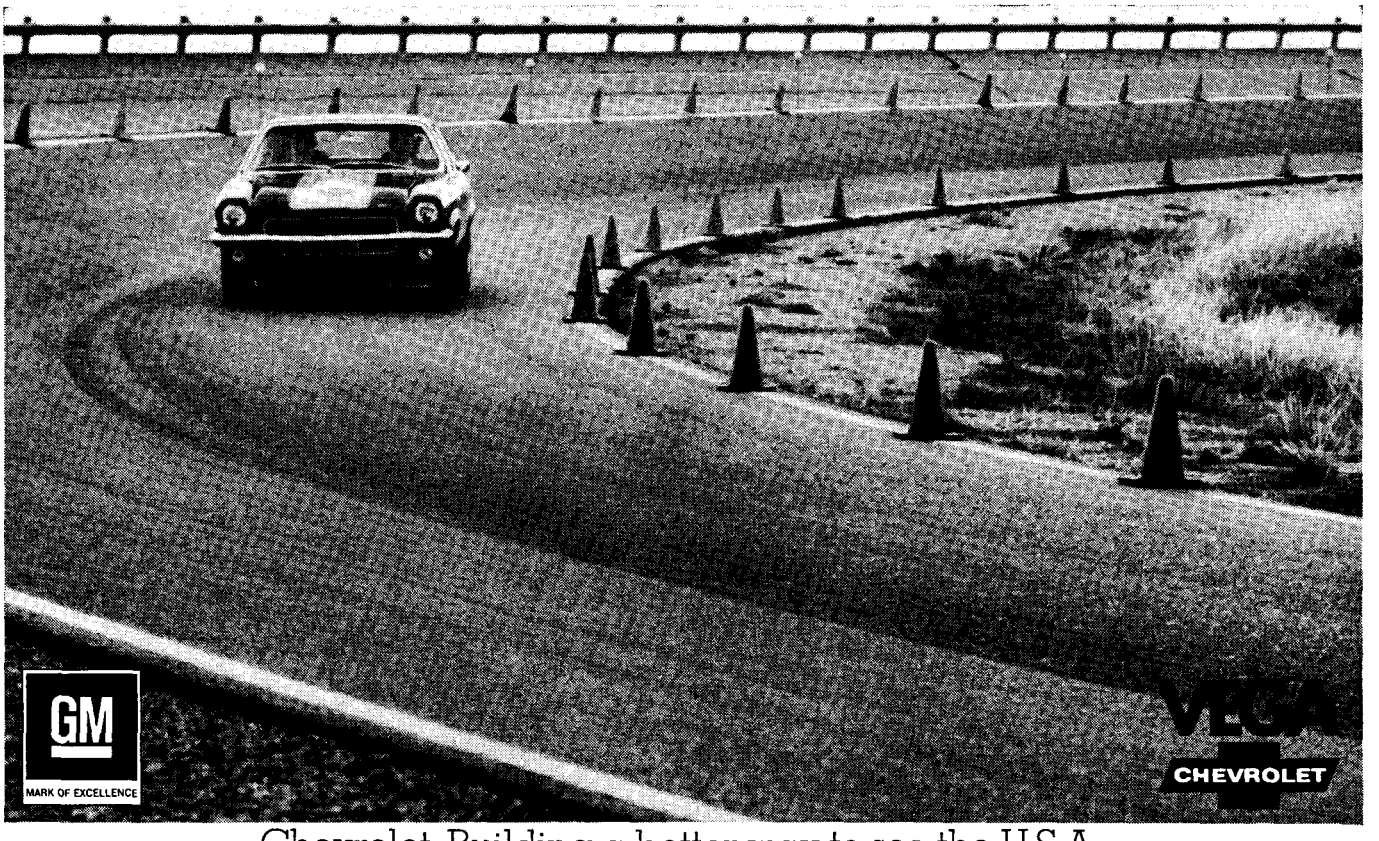
Vega Coupe on the track at the GM Proving Grounds, Mesa, Arizona



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Book Makers

A woman writes that she went into a New York book shop last December to buy three copies of my book published by Doubleday. They were to be Christmas gifts. She found only one copy. The clerk told her there were no more in stock. She insisted there had to be, because she had seen the book advertised the day before, along with several other Doubleday books, as a gift suggestion.

The clerk was persuaded to go to the basement and see if he could find more copies. He returned with an armful. Thus, by a simple change in spelling, my book became a best cellar. And the beauty part is that it was a Doubleday Book Shop on Fifth Avenue.

It is basic practice for an author of a book that is not a best seller, or not even a better seller, to relate to anyone who will listen to him that the publisher failed to promote his book into a top ten list, which would have been followed by a big movie sale. It salves his ego, it keeps him from going into a steep decline during which he would wonder if he shouldn't have followed his father's advice to go into his building-construction business, and it bolsters his courage to start another book for another publisher more sensitive to his artistic style and creativity.

Actually, the publisher cannot be faulted for nonselling books. All a publisher does is sign a contract for the book. When it is delivered, he turns the author over to the publicity department. The publicity department then points the author toward the TV talk shows and tells him to go talk about his book so that the viewers will rush out and buy it. In the case of the two major talk shows, which appear at such a late hour, the viewer will spend a sleepless night and be up at the crack of dawn to grab his copy before they're all sold out.

That's the way the making of a book is *supposed* to work. The only catch is that usually the author spends a sleepless night thinking of clever ways to plug his book, only to find that he is sandwiched in between a girl with a guitar and a guy with a stand-up comedy routine and that he is given short shrift by the host, who not only hasn't read his book but, if the truth be known, has been too busy to have cracked a book since *Heidi*.

More often than not, the talk with an author is an interview in shallow. The host, having glanced at the flap of the jacket, has a smattering of what the book contains and permits the author a sentence or two to describe his tome. Then he follows with questions that will keep the viewers awake.

"Do you think authors are taking too much advantage of permissiveness in their writing these days?" "Is the new morality necessary to the success of a book?" "I'll bet it would help the sales of your book if it were banned in Boston, right?" "Whom do you envisage playing the part of Mrs. Fillmore?" "How about Ann-Margret?"

The author struggles through these irrelevancies as the studio audience laughs hilariously. Then the host holds up the book and says, "I enjoyed reading this exciting book, and so will you." And the camera zooms in for a close shot of the title, *The Life and Times of President Millard Fillmore*. Exit author, enter stand-up comic.

Not quite. But it's pretty close. The talk shows, I am told, are the real best-seller makers. "A plug on TV," the saying goes, "will sell your book like hot cakes." Hot cakes, in these days of calorie counting, aren't selling all that well. Hot cakes, I can tell you, are selling like my books. Mostly, I suppose, because I have never availed myself of a visit to a chatter show.

One wonders how *Alice in Wonderland*, or *Through the Looking Glass*, made it so big before Carson, Frost, Griffin, Kup, or Douglas. You can imagine the dialogue.

"Welcome to our show, Mr. Lewis."

"The name is Carroll."

"Oh, I'm sorry. It's Lewis Carroll, of course. I'm a little backward tonight. Well, tell us what your book's about."

"It's about a little girl named Alice who walks through a looking glass, and she—"

"Beg pardon. She walks through what?"

"A looking glass."

"She's a real kook, huh? What's she hooked on?"

"It's the same Alice who was in my other book, *Alice in Wonderland*, where she falls down a rabbit hole."

"The kid's sick. She's accident-prone. How'd she get out of the hole?"

"She fell into a strange country where she became a giantess or a pygmy by alternately eating bites of cake and drinking some potion from a vial."

"Was that cake or Coke? Good having you on the show, Mr. Lewis, or Mr. Carroll, or both."

He holds up the book as the camera zooms in on the title, *Through the Looking Glass*. "This is it, folks. Read all about Alice. And let's hope she has plenty of Blue Cross." □

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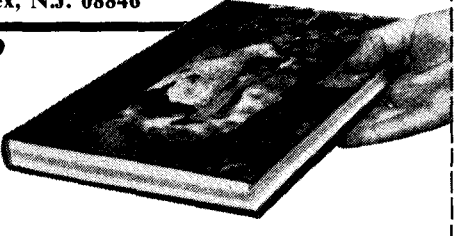

Renoir was hurled like a leaf in a whirlpool into the middle of a painting revolution. He stole the very light from the sun and bathed his canvas with its glow. He painted breathtakingly beautiful nudes whose skins shone like a halo, and landscapes which breathed the sweetness of life itself. Later, stricken with rheumatism he could paint only with a brush strapped to his wrist yet his genius drove him on through all the jeering, the torment and, the pain. Now we invite you to live again his magic, through "IMPRESSIONISM" - your FREE VOLUME of the Heron History of Art.

Monet carried in his head a vision of life and that 'fleetingly eternal moment' that haunted him. Often, he painted in failing light, filling canvas after canvas - with *nature vibrating, shimmering, revealing her secrets.* The academicians were amused by his efforts; often he had neither bread to eat nor fire for warmth - yet his brilliance alone took Impressionism to its ultimate heights. Meet Monet - discover his art, in IMPRESSIONISM, your FREE VOLUME.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Ant and the Grasshopper (A Tell-It-Like-It-Is Tale)

One day not so long ago, at the corners of Where It's All At and What's Happening Now, a grasshopper was stretched out on the grass, smoking some. The summer sun beamed down on his beads. He didn't have a care in the world. Along came an ant, his attaché case full of grain, heading for the First National Silo.

"Like, man, sit down, rap with me and let your mind go free," said the grasshopper. "Drop out of that ant race." The ant stopped for a moment. He looked over at the grasshopper in his faded blue jeans and old Army jacket. "No thanks," said the ant, shaking his head. "I'm preparing for the cold winter that lies ahead. It will be here all too soon. I think you'd better do the same."

"Why worry about the winter? All you ants care about is the almighty barley. You're hung up on material possessions. Your whole world is dominated by economics. Winter! Winter! Winter! That's all I ever hear from you. What a drag."

The ant straightened his tie, picked up his attaché case, and continued on his way.

The winter that year was severe. The United States Weather Service called it "the worst in the past fifteen years." Even *Time* magazine did a cover story on it. The grasshopper had no place to go; his commune had been razed for an urban renewal project. He had no food and found himself starving. He applied for unemployment compensation but found he was ineligible, since he had never worked. The grasshopper realized that he would have to make some sacrifices. He went to the Laundromat, threw his clothes into a machine, and slipped into the back room, where he washed his face and hair. "My God!" he thought to himself. "Am I turning Establishment?" He quickly dismissed the thought from his mind. He combed his hair, polished his beads, and put on his clean clothes. He then went to the ant and asked for food. "No way!" said the ant. "I worked hard all summer while you sat around and did nothing. You made your bed, now lie in it!"

"Damn!" thought the grasshopper, disgustedly. "All that blasted washing for nothing."

Two weeks later, much to the ant's surprise, he received a notice from the government that there would be a 20 per cent deduction from his grain to help support the grasshopper. The ant tried to call his Senator to protest the action, but was told by the Senator's secretary that his elected representative was on the campaign trail. That night the Senator was scheduled to be in the state capital, to address a group of grasshoppers.

Dorothy Sakaguchi

The Death of the Maître D' or Never End a Word with a Preposition

In a recent advertisement for a New York City de luxe hotel, there was a picture of its flower room under a plaque reading *Maître du Jardin* . . . and the florist was referred to in the text as the *Maître du*! Presumably this was an etymological offspring, recently conceived on Madison Avenue, of that popular Americanism the *Maître d'*. That term was spawned many years ago by someone (Walter Winchell, I think) for the benefit of Broadwayites who pronounced *Maître d'Hôtel* as three distinct words, without the French elision, and whose time was so

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Sony's exclusive closed-loop dual capstan tape drive system solves a major cassette problem—pronounced wow and flutter. This system (shown here) helps make the Sony 160 and 165 stereo cassette decks perform better than any other. Why? Because it drives the tape at a constant speed, exerting the *same amount of tape-to-head pressure from one end of the tape to the other.* (Not only a steady pressure but the correct amount of pressure to reduce modulation distortion drastically.)

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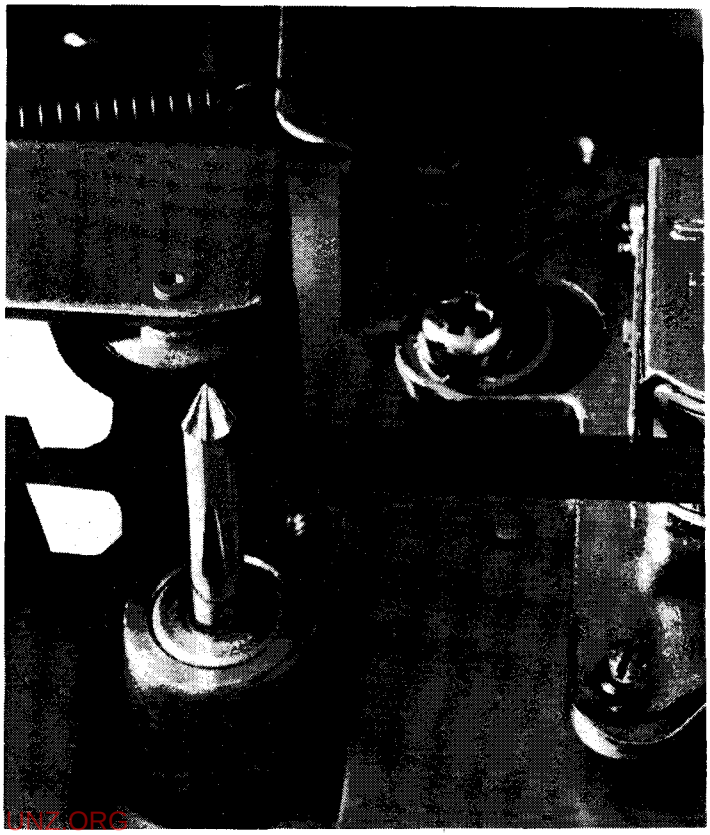
Sony keeps th



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precious that they had to save a split second by omitting the word *hôtel*.

So widespread has been the acceptance of this Winchellism by popular writers, restaurant habitués, and even the public generally that it now seems about to propagate some new truncated French terms.

Let's see where this could lead. Let's dine *tout de* in Paris at the *Tour d'* with the *crème de la*, rather than at the less fashionable *Boule d'* or *Table du*, even though the first has no *table d'* menu and we must select *à la*. Start the meal with Strasbourg *pâté de* or some *hors d'* or assorted *fruits de*. Then have the specialty of the day by ordering the *plat du* (perhaps a *gigot d'* or a *coq au*) or the *caneton à la*, that is its *pièce de*, served with some soufflèed *pommes de*. For a vegetable you might like the *épinards en* or the *pointes d'* or even the *fonds d'*. Choose a wine from the *carte des*, either a *Côtes de* from the *Côte-d'* in Burgundy or a lighter *Côtes du* from farther south, or you may prefer a Bordeaux, naturally one *mis en bouteille au*. With the dessert (perhaps a *baba au* or a chocolate *pot de* or some tiny *fraises des*) have a rare *Château d'* well chilled in a *seau à*, and then a liqueur or an *eau-de-*.

While dining, enjoy the window view of floodlit Notre Dame on the *Ile de la* and plan a visit the next day to the Louvre to see its *chefs-d'*, the *Vénus de* and the Mona Lisa by *Leonardo da*, or possibly to admire a realistic *trompe-l'*. Add your signature to the restaurant's *livre d'* and then drop in for a *tête-à-* at a pleasant *boîte de* in nearby *St.-Germain-des-*. Later, after a drive around the obelisk in the vast *Place de la* and up to the *Arc de*, stop at a brasserie for a *soupe à l'*, before going to bed in your room at the *Hôtel Prince de* or at your *pied-à* or your secret *ménage à*. By then you should be pleasantly *hors de*.

On Sunday have a light breakfast of *jus d'* and *café au*, perhaps just one *oeuf sur le*, and then head out to seek some antiques or *objets d'* at the *Marché aux* (unless you prefer to bid on Monday at a *vente aux*). Later have a picnic in the lovely *Bois de* before attending the *course aux* at nearby Longchamps, and afterwards go for tea on the terrace at *St.-Germain-en-*. For dinner go to a bistro for a *bisque d'* or a *pot-au-* and then perhaps a *vol-au-* or *tripes à la mode de*, accompanied by a carafe of *vin du*. Instead of a *tarte aux* for dessert, select a cheese, either a *Pont-l'* or a *bleu d'*, along with a *fine à l'*.

For a cultural evening, go to the Comédie Française to see *La Dame aux* or to the Opera to hear *Lucia di* or *Les Contes d'*, or to a performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du*, or to a ballet to enjoy the *pas de* in Tchaikovsky's *Lac des*, or just stay at home to peruse a new novel by *Simone de* or the memoirs of *Charles de* or some recent *succès d'*.

Next day (after your wife has been to the coiffeur to get a *mise en*) take the *chemin de* south from the *Gare de* (being careful that the taxi does not take you to the *Gare d'* or the *Gare du*) for a visit to the sunny *Côte d'* (preferable in July to *St.-Jean-de-* or the seaside resorts of the *Pas-de-*), perhaps staying at popular *Juan-les-* or fashionable *Cap d'*. From here you can make enjoyable excursions in the Midi, to see the *moulins-à-* painted by *Vincent van* or to visit the studio of Picasso at nearby *St.-Paul-de-* to attend the Music Festival at *Aix-en-* (not to be confused with *Aix-la-* or *Aix-les-*) or just loll on the beach at *Beaulieu-sur-*. What a place for a *lune de*!

If there should be a *coup d'*, and your Ambassador is replaced by a *Chargé d'*, perhaps you had better rush to neutral Geneva, where you can take pleasant strolls in the Old Town (avoiding any *cul-de-*) and then *au bord du* until you are *vis-à-* the well-known *jet d'*.

Well, this guillotining of the language could get even sillier by not merely omitting words after prepositions but, for example, by wishing you *bon ap* and *au rev*. So let's get to the *raison d'* of this *roman à* and bring it to an end by giving a well-deserved *coup de* to *maître d'*.

Harold Newman

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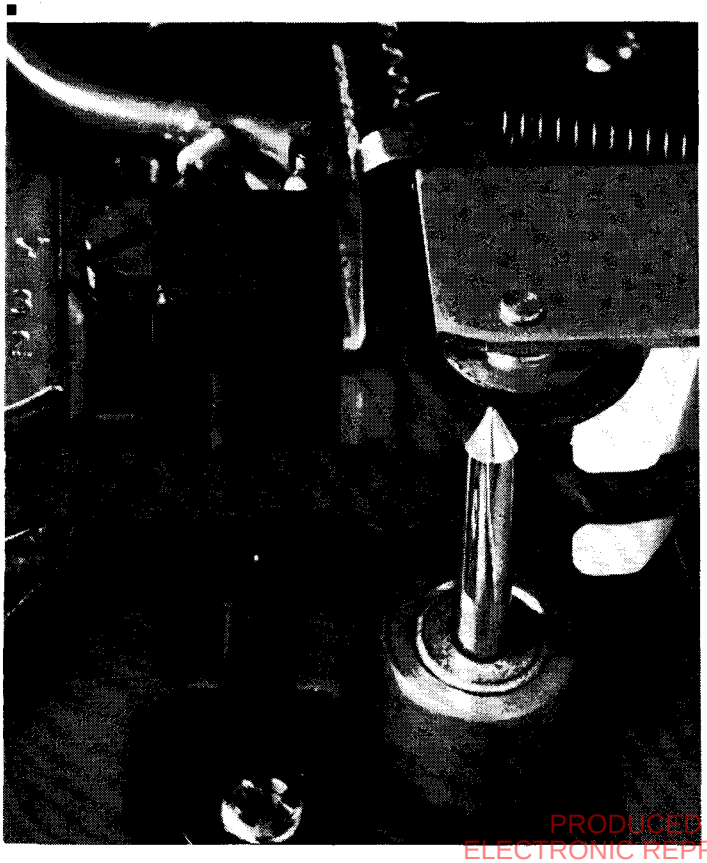
pressure on!



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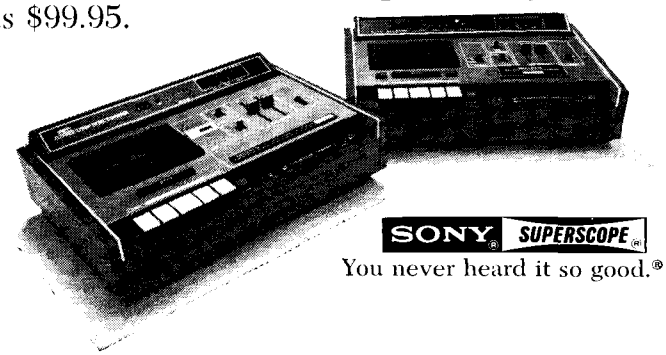

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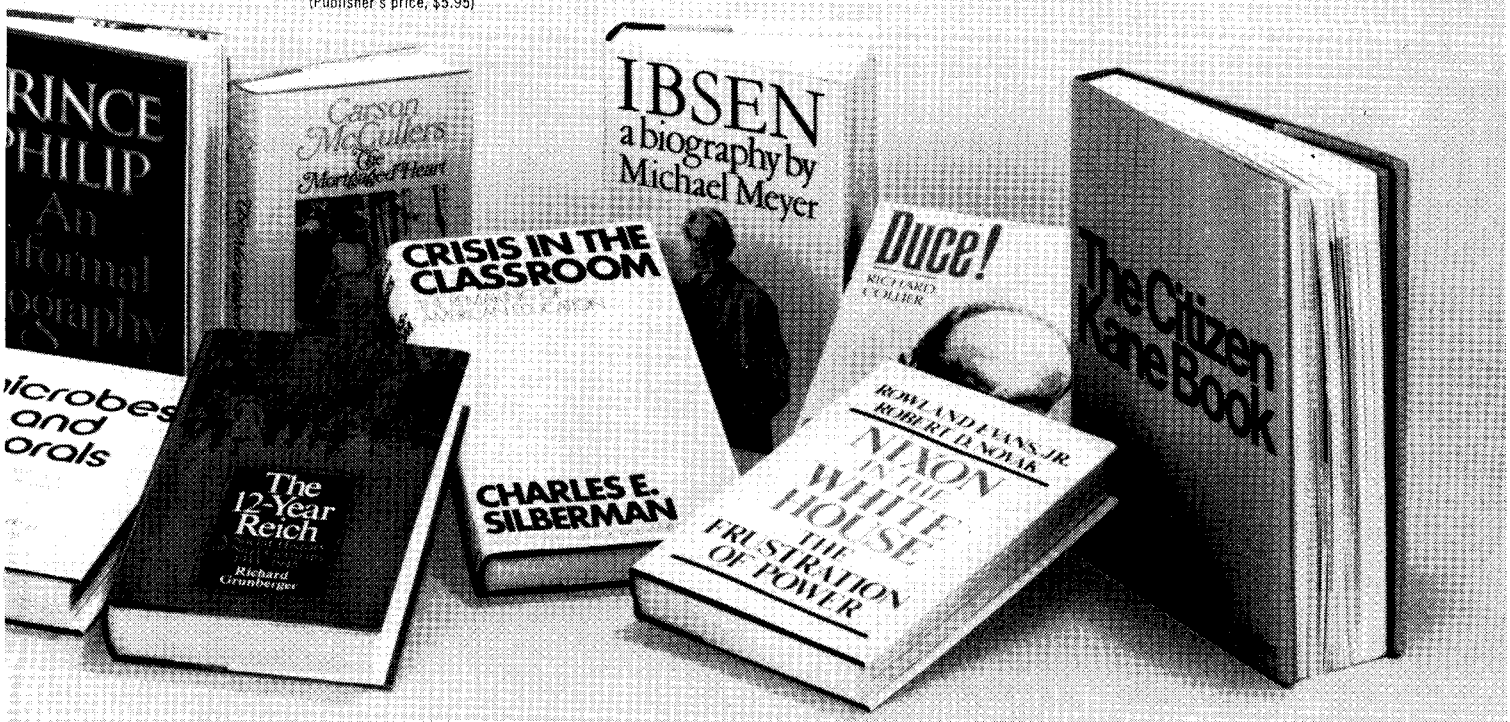

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Alternate Routes

For the past six weeks or so, an ever increasing number of with-it New Yorkers have been tumbling out of bed of a Sunday morning and making their way to the Elgin Theater, a rather seedy house on lower Eighth Avenue whose décor preserves the scalloped angularities that were considered terribly modern in the late Twenties. What brings them, of course, is no passionate attachment to architecture but a movie, *Viva la Muerte*, that seems to be building the same kind of following that carried *El Topo* from that same Elgin to Broadway and then on to national distribution.

There is no long arm of coincidence at work here. The people who handled *El Topo* realized from the start they had a picture that would not please everyone (as subsequent reviews corroborated). Opening a film in New York generally costs about $20,000 for the ads alone, not to mention the weekly guarantees to the theater owner, as the movie tries to build an audience. One reason for the swift disappearance from the swankier midtown art houses of many an estimable picture that has failed to draw what are called, frankly if inelegantly, "money reviews" is the distributor's understandable reluctance to continue underwriting a losing proposition. Theaters set their own "holdover figure"—the money they must earn each week to hold over a picture from one week to the next. Most theater owners couldn't care less if that figure is met by box-office attendance or out of the distributor's pocket. But the distributors do.

El Topo and *Viva la Muerte* followed an alternate route. *El Topo* played very quietly for about six months at the Elgin—after midnight, after the regular programs were over. Instead of a full-page ad in the Sunday *Times* and a number of hard-sell television spots, the promotion campaign consisted of an occasional few lines in the classified section of *The Village Voice*. As one critic put it, "The film has been playing midnight screenings at the Elgin Theater since January on a publicity budget of at least $30." But he added, "Only during the first weeks were there empty seats. Now there are standees."

Nothing fans the interest of theater owners quite so much as reports of standees, and *El Topo* finally left its humble origins behind to open on Broadway, its move heralded by a block-long sign on Times Square that rents for a mere $60,000 a month. The rest, as they say, is history—including the ironic footnote that, though the picture was denounced as "corrosive and corrupting" when it was run at the 1968 Acapulco Film Festival, it has now become the official Mexican entry in the foreign films category of the current Academy Awards competition.

I must confess that I went to see it not only belatedly but reluctantly, anticipating some variation on the Sergio Leone formula that would turn a spaghetti Western into a tortilla Western; and indeed, for the first reel or so of *El Topo*, that seemed to be precisely the case. El Topo, played by Alexandro Jodorowsky (who also directed the film and wrote its screenplay and score), rides into an outpost town that has just been ravaged. Corpses are everywhere; blood splashes the walls and reddens the mud of the central street. A man, the sole survivor, crawls forward and begs to be put out of his misery. Without a word, El Topo pulls out his pistol and hands it to his seven-year-old son, naked except for a large sombrero. The child aims and shoots.

It is the nakedness of the child under a broiling sun that provides the first hint that *El Topo* is no ordinary Western, and also that Jodorowsky has an extraordinary feeling for visual detail that can prove unsettling, disturbing, or dislocating to the viewer. The images mount, and few of them are pretty: bloodshed, deformity, degradation. The maggoty underbelly of the world seems to exert a morbid hold on Jodorowsky's imagination; nor is he above inserting an extra tinge of sadism or sexual perversion simply, one suspects, as box-office bait. At the same time, the metaphysical aspects of this movie, however murky, give it a texture far removed from the Leone epics. Jodorowsky is more than willing to confuse and confound his audiences; he makes sudden transformations, disappearances, and leaps in time and place intrinsic parts of an ultimately intriguing style. It isn't difficult to see why tens of thousands of New Yorkers were willing to stay up past midnight to see *El Topo*—although how they slept afterwards is another matter.

If *El Topo* set a current vogue for midnight matinees, *Viva la Muerte*, hopefully, will do the same for Sunday mornings. Written and directed by the exiled Spanish playwright Fernando Arrabal, it explores in surrealistic nightmare visions the horrified reaction of a young boy on learning that his mother had surrendered his father to the Franco authorities at the close of the Spanish Civil War. Far more erotic, far more sophisticated than *El Topo*, *Viva la Muerte* has the same feverish intensity and singleness of vision. It is virtually guaranteed to shock, but this first film clearly establishes Arrabal as one of the world's boldest new talents —and one well worth getting up for. □

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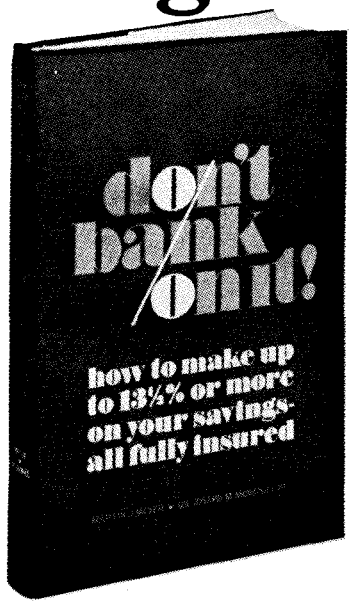

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"The millions of people who have saved a few dollars in the form of savings accounts and insurance have been prevented from gaining any profit from their investment—indeed they have been forced to accept real losses—by what amounts to government agency fiat. These depositors have contributed more, perhaps, to the growth of our economy than any other group, and it is unjust that controls apply only to interest rates to depositors, while there are no controls over the inflationary wage and price increases. Conditions permitting this 20 years of discrimination should be changed."

I am quoting from a book, titled, "Don't Bank On It! How To Make Up to 13½ percent and More on Your Savings—All Fully Insured."

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**Bank Marketing Management, Feb., 1970.*

About the Authors

Martin J. Meyer is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr., recently elected President of the World Health Organization, was Secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government service with the Economic Cooperative Association.

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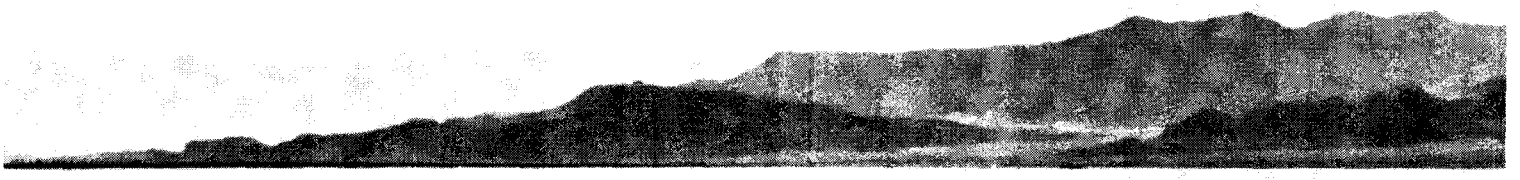
THE BIGGEST SELLING
VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING



This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

And to give you an idea of how good it is, here's how it stacks up, point by point, against America's favorite, the Volkswagen.

And not just the regular Volkswagen. But the Super Beetle.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car. And also because pulling is a much more efficient way to move something than pushing.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how impor tant that is.)

Now, since engines alone do not deter mine how well a car performs, there are a few other subjects we'd like to cover.

For instance, the Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

Secondly, the Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road

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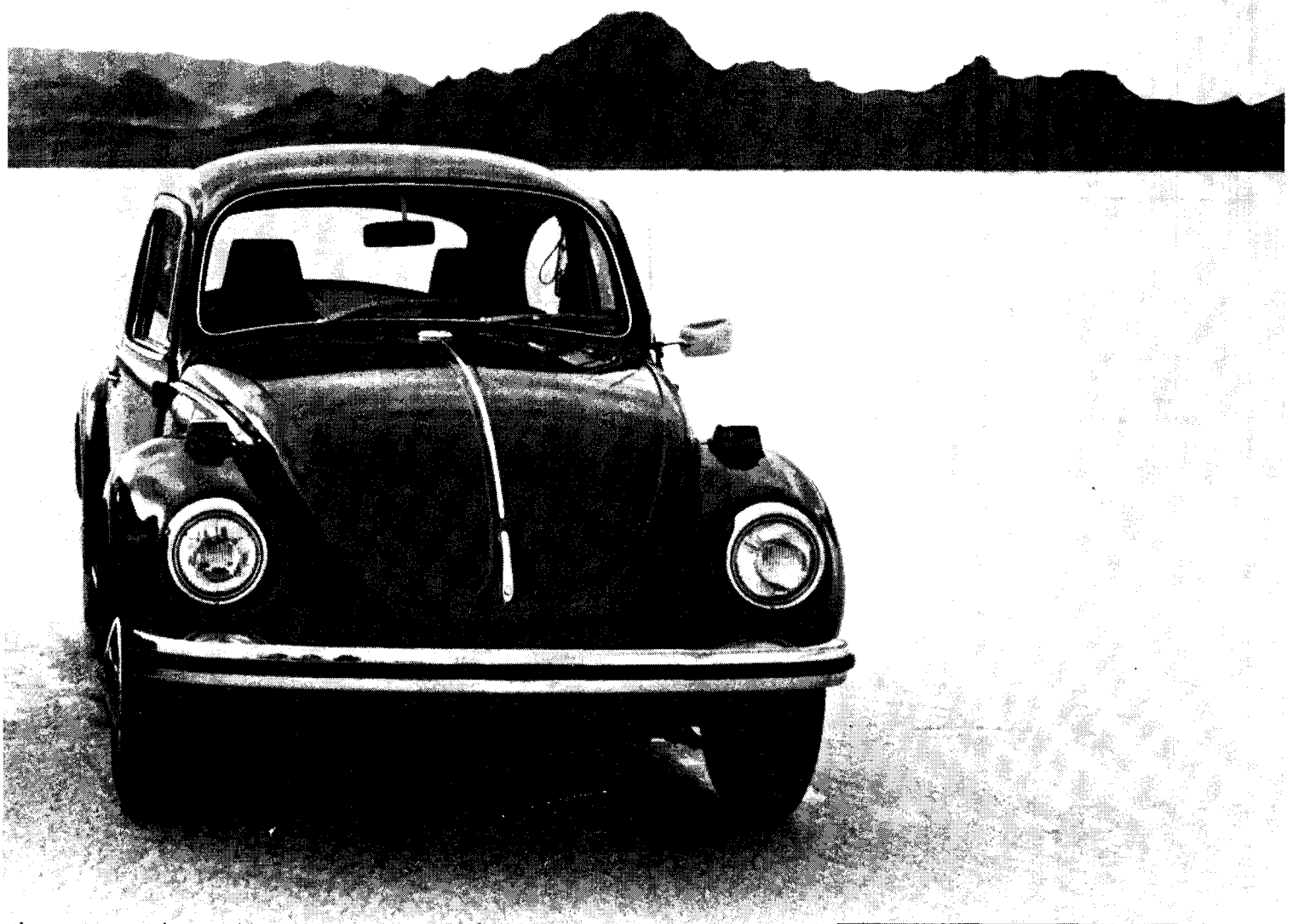
SMALL CAR IN EUROPE
SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.



they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs $167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of. According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

ACCELERATION		
FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	20-50 mph	11.635 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.
BRAKING		
FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.81 in.
VW		160.24 in.
FRONT SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		53.50 in.
VW		46.0 in.
REAR SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		49.875 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT–KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Want of the Week was supplied by Mrs. Ralph Gallagher, who found it in the Dunellen (New Jersey) *Star News*:

PART TIME FEMALE
WISHES POSITION
Mornings preferred; typing, filing, clerical.

Wonder what she is the rest of the time. Hope not a chauvinist.

Our Olympian view came to us from Robert Campbell, who located it in the *Indianapolis Star*:

Curt Gowdy was at the helm, wearing a snappy sheepskin jacket, introducing Jack Perkins, whose beat is downtown pretty Peggy Fleming in her Sapporo. Among the commentators, Pucci wardrobe is the only feminine face, besides heading a roster of former Olympic winners who will comment on how this year's crop is doing.

Well, why don't they double-team it. One crew cover downtown Peggy Fleming in her Sapporo, and the other give Pucci wardrobe an on-camera try.

Our Poem of the Week came from M. A. Pryor of Moorhead State College:

In the Secret Peace Talk aftermath
the melancholy stinger
is to learn our Henry Kissinger
is not a secret swinger.

Instead of walking lovelies
down Parisian boulevards,
he was closeted with commies
dealing diplomatic cards.

To impersonate a playboy
is no statutory crime,
but the nerve of using romance
to disguise your overtime!

Our Dedication of the Week was spotted by Glenn Porter of the Harvard Business School, who read our previous column on dedications and brought to our notice the following. It is from, Mr. Porter wrote us, a book entitled *Merchants and Manufacturers: Studies in the Changing Structure of Nineteenth Century Marketing* (Johns Hopkins Press). It is co-authored by Harold Livesay and Mr. Porter himself.

This book is dedicated to two men whose spirit all historians might contemplate with profit SUDDEN SAM McDOWELL the world's greatest drag bunter, and EARL WEAVER who always has another pitcher ready.

Finally, our News Story of the Week was uncovered by Mrs. Bruce Perry of Bradford, Pennsylvania, who came upon it in the *Allegheny Citizen*:

Ira Billingham, Jr., 24, of Humphrey has been charged with first degree manslaughter. . . .

Billingham reportedly never has been employed. He was the son of a former Salamanca attorney who died in 1960 as the result of being stung by a fee. . . .

He wasn't the first, and he won't be the last.

Is anybody *not* writing about Howard Hughes? McGraw-Hill, as you may have heard, is now called the Irving Trust Company. Equally unIrving, so to speak, was Ralph Graves's report in *Life*. "I was right to be skeptical," Mr. Graves wrote, "wrong to feel relaxed."

In any case, when an eager-beaverish photo-journalist named Ron Laytner blew into New York from Toronto and met us at the Russian Tea Room with two girls—one of whom bore suspicious resemblance to Helga, alias H. R. Hughes—and said he too was working on a book about "Howard"—well, you had better believe it, we were as taut as a bowstring. Howard who? we asked. These days you just *can't* be too careful.

Mr. Laytner, we learned, was the old-fashioned kind of newspaperman—no college, the old copyboy type. Formerly with the *Toronto Daily Star*, he now free-lances. What papers, we asked him, do you write for? "If you put all my papers together," he said, "the circulation is twenty-six million. Papers all over," he waved his hand. "Bangkok, Singapore. . . ."

We nodded dully. Actually, we were relieved, if not relaxed, to find that Mr. Laytner was not writing *just* about Hughes but also and primarily the story of Mr. Hughes's ex-Nevada assistant, Mr. Robert Maheu. Furthermore, he not only had Mr. Maheu's approval but, to prove this approval, pulled out his tape recorder, turned it on, and declared it was Mr. Maheu's voice.

How, we demanded, do we know that? We weren't born yesterday, we added. Where Hughes was concerned, we wanted evidence of evidence. To

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emphasize our point, we pointed to one of the girls. Who, we asked, is she? "She's a friend of my ex-secretary," he said. "We're engaged." And your ex-secretary? we asked. We took nothing for granted. "My ex-secretary," he said, "traveled all over the world with me for two-and-a-half years."

Aha, we said. We indicated the other girl. And who, pray, is she? That girl, however, answered our prayer herself. "I'm Robin MacNaughton," she said. "I'm publicity director of Quadrangle."

She looked about twelve. How long, we asked, have you been publicity director of Quadrangle? "Two weeks," she answered. Ahaha, we said. Fishier and fishier. "Quadrangle," Miss MacNaughton went on, "is the trade-book division of *The New York Times*. We are publishing Mr. Laytner's book in April. The title is *Up Against Howard Hughes*. I personally think this is going to be the big Hughes book. The McGraw-Hill book is over."

"Originally," Mr. Laytner told us, "we were trying to beat McGraw-Hill to the press. I went full speed week after week, night and day. I've lost thirty-three pounds, but now I feel I've got a breathing space.

"Actually," he continued, "I feel close to Clifford Irving. At first I was excited for him, and then for a while I felt badly for him. But now I'm furious at him. What he did was bad for all Hughes writers." He paused. "For all writers," he said.

How, we wanted to know, did Maheu feel about it? "Well," he said, "Maheu's theory at first was that the material was real. But he also thought that if it were real it would drive the people around Hughes mad with worry. And that if it were actually published it would bring on the biggest series of legal actions in history.

"Therefore," he went on, "he wasn't particularly surprised when Hughes denied it. He thought it was Hughes's voice, too. But now—now that it's not real—he just can't understand it. He can't understand an organization like McGraw-Hill running their business like that. Or *Life*."

What about Maheu? we asked. "Maheu," he said, "is a truly incredible story. A former very high-ranking man in the FBI—a counterspy during World War II. The Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., part in *The FBI* series is based on the man he worked for. When he went to work for Hughes, Maheu made $10,000 a week. He spent hundreds of millions of Hughes's money; yet he never once got to meet him face to face. Never once, in seventeen years. 'The two times I did see him,' Maheu told me, 'I don't think he saw me.' That was the one thing that worried him about Irving's story—those face-to-face meetings. He told me Hughes was such a bug about germs that if Irving had just coughed once, he could have blown the whole deal."

Mr. Maheu, Mr. Laytner told us, bought a large yacht. But although a lot of other people got to go on it, Mr. Maheu never did. "Why," Mrs. Maheu told him, "Spiro Agnew has been on our boat, enjoying himself, but not Bob. He could never go out and enjoy it. Never! He was always on the phone. Wherever we went, it was always Howard, Howard, Howard, Howard."

We told Mr. Laytner to tell her to cheer up. Lately, it's been pretty much that way for all the rest of us.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1976)

(CECIL) WOODHAM-SMITH:
THE REASON WHY

The Brigade made a brave show as they trotted across the short turf. They were the finest horsemen in Europe, drilled, and disciplined to perfection, bold by nature, filled with British self-confidence, burning to show the "damned Heavies" what the Light Brigade would do.

collaborative conferencing to invent some
ALTERNATIVE PURSUITS
with you ⟵ for our third century

"Where are you going?"
"Out."
"What are you going to do?"
"Nothing that means much."

Meaning. Seems it's been replaced by confusion. Joy, honest-to-goodness joy. Seems it's been replaced by apathy.

How are the people in your community finding their life these days? Plodding? Avoiding each other? Drinking? Abusing drugs?

There are other ways. With your help, we'd like to explore some. We think we can invent and instigate designs for more rewarding involvement in community life.

We think, together, we can play a part in creating a more exciting future.

We need innovators and motivators who will join in the process of discovering alternative resources and pursuits that will diminish alienation and create a healthier society.

Will you try with us? Soon after your reply, we'll begin to talk, by phone, mail, cassettes and in person. Your only cost will be time. Write Alternative Pursuits, Dept. SR, PO Box 861, Del Mar, Ca. 92014. Phone 714 453-5900

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Letters to the Editor

The Relevance of Economics

Re: "Does Economics Ignore You?" [*SR*, Jan. 22]. The critical articles warrant the attention of traditional economists. I want to further agitate their introspection by criticizing the soothing position taken by Charles L. Schultze. My suspicion that he failed to comprehend the radical critique was confirmed by his two concluding paragraphs. Here, the traditional economist is portrayed as a pragmatic social scientist directing the materialistic motivations of "man as he is" toward the public good; the radical economist is an idealist seeking to change man in pursuit of "more lofty goals."

In fact, the radical economist takes man as he is: a social being whose consciousness is determined by society, not a hedonist seeking some abstract equilibrium in response to pleasure/pain stimuli. Economic relationships extend beyond the market to the state and to other institutions. Internal contradictions and social conflict give rise to historical change. The radical economist formulates hypotheses for empirical testing fully utilizing scientific method. Thus, he is a social scientist, but his assumptions, like those of the traditional economist, are not value free.

Furthermore, Dr. Schultze exposes his misunderstanding of traditional economic assumptions in attacking the radical view. By reviewing Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments* he will find that love is at the very foundation of his economic theory. Agape provides an ethical constraint on the competitive, self-regulating economy. Smith's normative, almost utopian economic theory represented a powerful radical critique of mercantilist England. While his theory has been revised, refined, and extended, its basic assumptions remain unchallenged or ignored by traditional economists.

Emil E. Malizia,
Assistant Professor,
Dept. of City & Regional Planning,
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I wonder if anyone else noticed the dichotomy of views among the six articles: The academic economists seem unanimously pessimistic and hypercritical of the "science," while Messrs. Silk and Schultze acknowledge some usefulness, as well as shortcomings. Those of us who are practicing economists, subject to the daily demands of producing a profit or implementing a policy, have always envied the academic luxury of being able to scorn current theory, practices, and institutions. It would be mentally refreshing to sweep away the past completely (possibly "throwing the baby out with the bath water" in the process) in order to concentrate on the future, but what do we do in the uncomfortable interim? Surely, as Mr. Schultze says, we have to keep plugging away with the tools we have, trying to improve both tools and end product.

Along this line, perhaps there should be greater recognition that econometric models are tools and not targets. I believe this is generally understood among practicing economists, whereas our academic brethren (and their university students) often reverse the identity, as Robert A. Solo points out. Any profession needs its toolbuilders, and the more so in a sophisticated culture or society, but let us recognize them for that.

Margret A. Beekel,
Shaker Heights, O.

Now that we're serving up conventional economists, may I add a pinch of light verse to the recipe?

Economists have waved their wands.
"Trust us, you won't be sorry!"
With fiscal thaumaturgics
They will spend us all to glory.
Nine times the peoples of the world
Our deficit will be.
"Don't worry! Watch the other hand.
Just see our GNP!"
If those statistics are too low—
They promise not to fudge it—
"Presto! Majesto! We will use
A full-employment budget!"
Macro-magicians, they join in
A Wiz of Id alliance.
The only thing that bothers me
Is—they call this a science.

Mrs. Donald L. Smith,
Lake Oswego, Ore.

Into the Wilderness

Carolyn Heilbrun's article "The Masculine Wilderness of the American Novel" [*SR*, Jan. 29] describes a literature so exclusively masculine that it is literally homosexual in its obsession with hunting and fishing, war, and losing one's self in the wilderness. This wilderness has already claimed many more victims than she supposes.

Women may be the primary targets of suspicion and exploitation, but they are not alone. One need only recall Hemingway's increasing frustration as he caught himself in the tangle of masculinity he created—an explorer-victim of the wilderness. But what of the other men, the ones who never were athletes, who shrank from that brusqueness that passes for masculinity, who cared instead for painting and reading, thought, music, the dance, and writing? These men, ironically enough, are the artists who perpetuate the "masculine wilderness" in their work. They are suspect for their creative androgyny, yet compelled by the tradition of our society to serve the myth in order to survive as artists. Not only is their person exploited but their art.

Michael E. Moriarty,
Cincinnati, O.

How can Carolyn Heilbrun damn the whole stream of American novelists with such profound ignorance of them? "Has a great or famous American novel ever been named after its central female character?" she asks. Offhand, how about *Miss Lulu Bett, Alice Adams, Kitty Foyle, My Antonia, Karen, Lolita,* and *Pollyanna*?

"Has it [the great or famous American novel] ever had the word 'woman' in its title?" Oh, come now, she cannot annihilate *Little Women* by pretending the book does not exist. If she wants some more sophistication, there is always *Portrait of a Lady*.

Margaret Harman,
Alamogordo, N.M.

All of Hawthorne's heroines in the novels (except pale Hilda) are intensive human beings, and all of James's women are morally dynamic, including the incomparable Isabelle Archer and the lesbian Olive in *The Bostonians*. But the greatest of American novelists, William Faulkner, achieved perhaps the most perfect androgynous fiction in Western literature with *The Sound and the Fury*: Candace constitutes "the whole spectrum of experience" in the first three sections of that work, and she greatly influences the last.

Perhaps there is another "tradition" in American literature other than Professor Heilbrun's penis syndrome.

Joseph L. Dean,
Dothan, Ala.

Why does Miss Heilbrun undercut her argument by adopting the kind of dogmatic reasoning that men invariably label as feminine? She admits that Dickens is second only to Shakespeare in at least two vital literary virtues and then denies him a place in the "mainstream" of the novel. The mainstream of the novel is a very tricky body of water, and few critics dare chart it with the supreme confidence that Miss Heilbrun assumes. No doubt she makes her arbitrary and personal criterion of what the mainstream of the novel is, or should be, for rhetorical purposes. To insist that only the androgynous novel belongs in the mainstream of fiction, *her* mainstream of fiction, is an excellent means of consolidating the prejudices of men, even of men who share her hope of achieving full humanity and dignity for both sexes.

Catherine R. Thomas,
Chicago, Ill.

Correction

The silhouette caption accompanying Calvin Tomkins's article on Merce Cunningham, "A Kind of Anarchy" [*SR*, Jan. 29], is in error. All graphic materials in that article are photographs from a forthcoming book on Merce Cunningham by yours truly. The photographs in question show his company at work on a film. They are *not* stills from the film. The film, by the way, has a name: *Assemblage*. It was a production of KQED-TV in San Francisco.

James Klosty,
New York, N.Y.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Queries should be sent to "Reader Services." Manuscripts or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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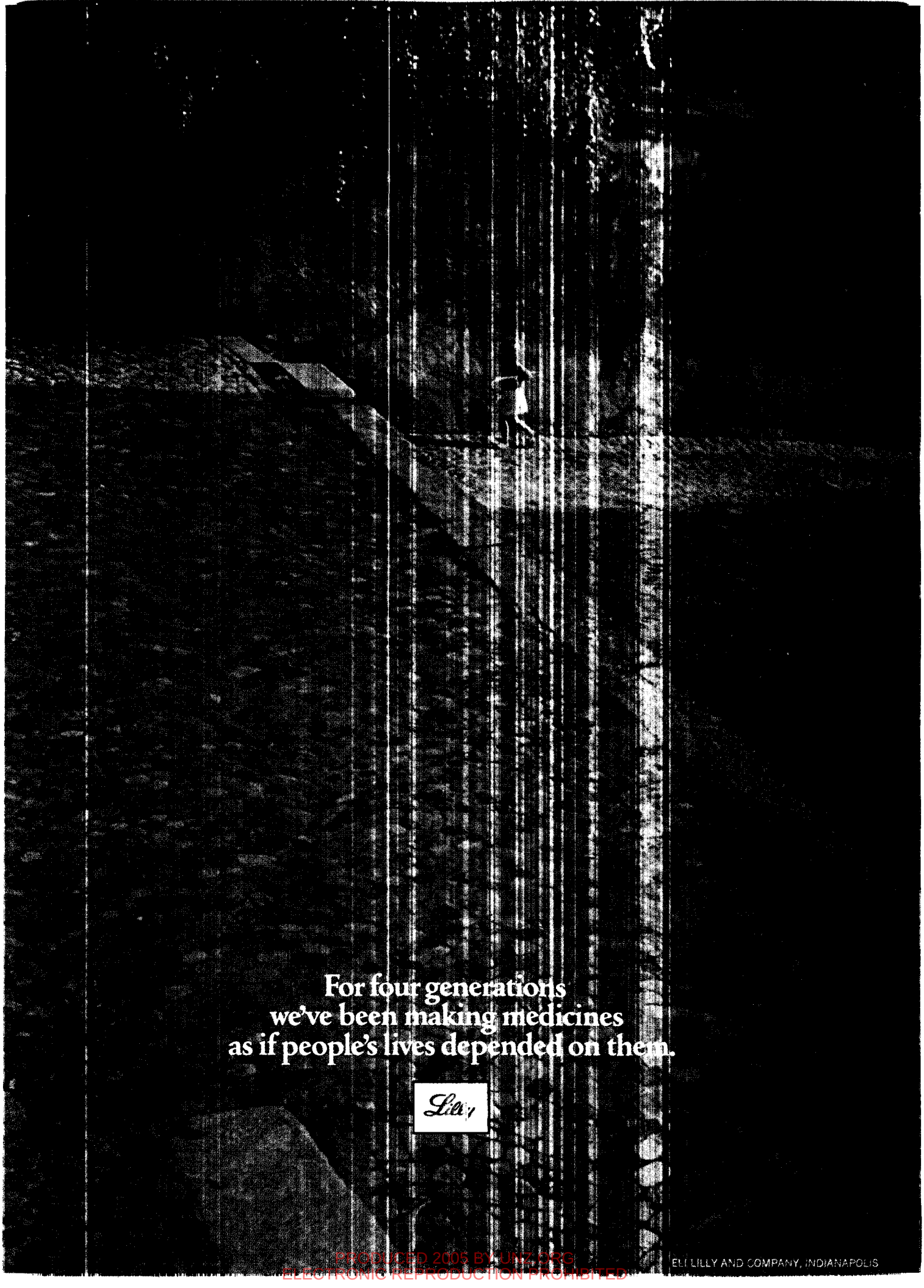

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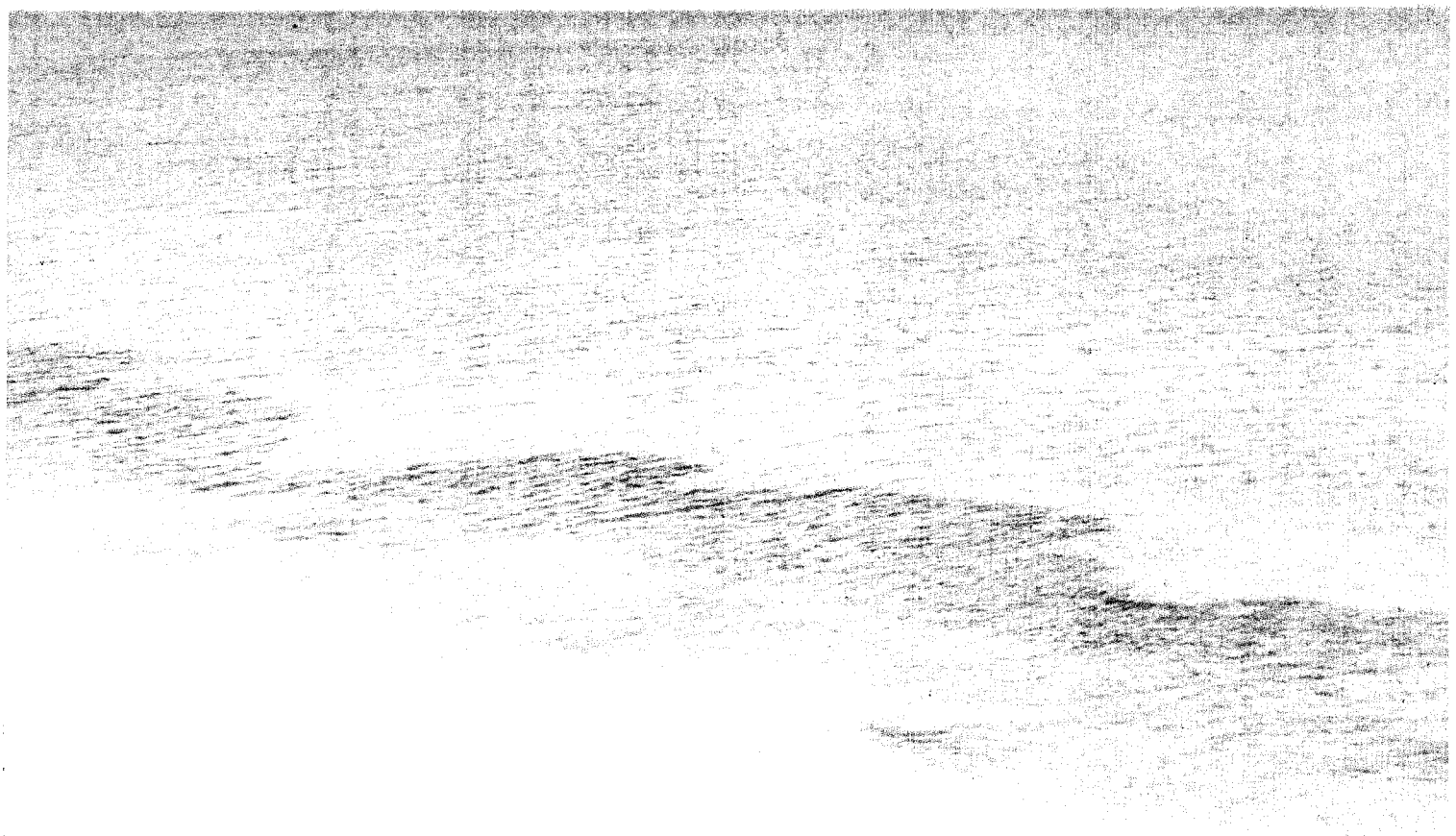

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THE CHINESE BOXES OF MUHAMMAD ALI

There are worse things than defeat in the ring, Ali says, and from even worse tragedies people recover. The Fall and Rise of Muhammad Ali is practically instant. And here is where the Lord of Boxing, whose name may also be Allah, may have allowed Ali to blow the technical decision in order to save him for the big allegorical finish. If Frazier had flattened him in eleven, or even knocked him stiff in fifteen, he may have left too big a hole in Quixote's armor. But Ali lived to fight another day, in other, bigger rings. Yes, Joe Frazier is undisputed champion, but the allegorical Ali lives!—that's the ongoing drama. While Frazier slowly recuperates, Ali is back on television, explaining how he won nine of the fifteen rounds. He's back on the campus circuit, bringing thousands of young white students to their feet cheering poems no longer directed at Frazier but at the white man's presence in Asia. He's our black Johnny Appleseed. He's in pursuit of a buck and in pursuit of the truth, and somehow the expansiveness of his personality bridges contradictions that would undo the normal you's and me's.

BY BUDD SCHULBERG

Cassius Marcellus Clay was minus six when quietly invincible Joe Louis was demolishing Max Schmeling and sending him back on his shield to the land of the self-styled master race. The Joe Louis of Clay's childhood was another man, a balding, overweight ex-champion getting a boxing lesson from Ezzard Charles and a pathetic thumping from Marciano. Manager-trainer Angelo Dundee, a fixture in Cassius's corner from the first fight to the last, remembers Clay as a bubbling sixteen-year-old bouncing into the Louisville gym and begging to put on the gloves with Angelo's flashy light heavyweight Willie Pastrano. Flying up from Ali's training quarters last March for the latest and greatest Fight of the Century, Angelo reminisced about his champion. In his voice was the awe one reserves for first meetings with the gods.

"There was something special about him even then," Dundee remembered. "Something about the way he moved, like the song says. Something about the way he talked. He's learned a lot, traveling around the world, being with people—he really feeds off people—little people, big people—that's his college. He doesn't learn from books—truth is he never really learned to read, but he sucks up knowledge, information, ideas like an elephant sucks up water. And he trumpets it all out just like an elephant too."

"Do you go along with Ali's description of Ali? Is he the most unusual fighter you ever handled?"

Over the big Cuban cigar in the small Groucho Marx-like face the answer poured forth without a second's hesitation. "Not just a fighter, he's the most unusual human being, the most fascinating person I ever met—period."

In those hectic days before and after "The Fight"—the most widely attended single event in the history of the world—we were to enjoy an intimate look at the man who created the first $20-million rumble through the force of two unique qualities: his physical coordination and his metaphysical personality. A personality as changeable as a March weather report, a psyche simple one moment, complex the next, loving, suspicious, overgenerous, self-protective, with flashes of brilliance lighting a dense thunder sky. We were privileged to sit with him in his introspective moments, get caught with him in the midst of crowds that threatened to crush him to death with their love, watch him handle rival hangers-on with the delicacy of a born diplomat, and see him swing from playful child to a man under all the pressures our hyped-up sports world and superstate Pentagon can bring to bear on a quixotic and sensitive nature.

We have said with conceit (in the old-fashioned sense) and also with conviction that, just as a people get the government they deserve, so each period in our history seems to create the heavyweight champion it needs to express itself on the platform where body language and social currents fuse. This seems to have been true of every true knight we have studied in the lists from American slavery's heavyweight champion Tom Molineaux upward. But never has there been a prize fighter who seemed so to our manner born as Cassius Marcellus Clay a.k.a. Muhammad Ali. His career began, appropriately, in 1960, in the Camelot days, in the time of the Kennedys that welcomed the decade, promised it hope, and asked for sacrifices in exchange for solutions. The New Frontier. Already antique,

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Budd Schulberg's many books include *What Makes Sammy Run, The Harder They Fall, Waterfront,* and *Some Faces in the Crowd.* This article is excerpted from *Loser and Still Champion: Muhammad Ali,* to be published by Doubleday in April. Copyright © 1972 by Budd Schulberg.

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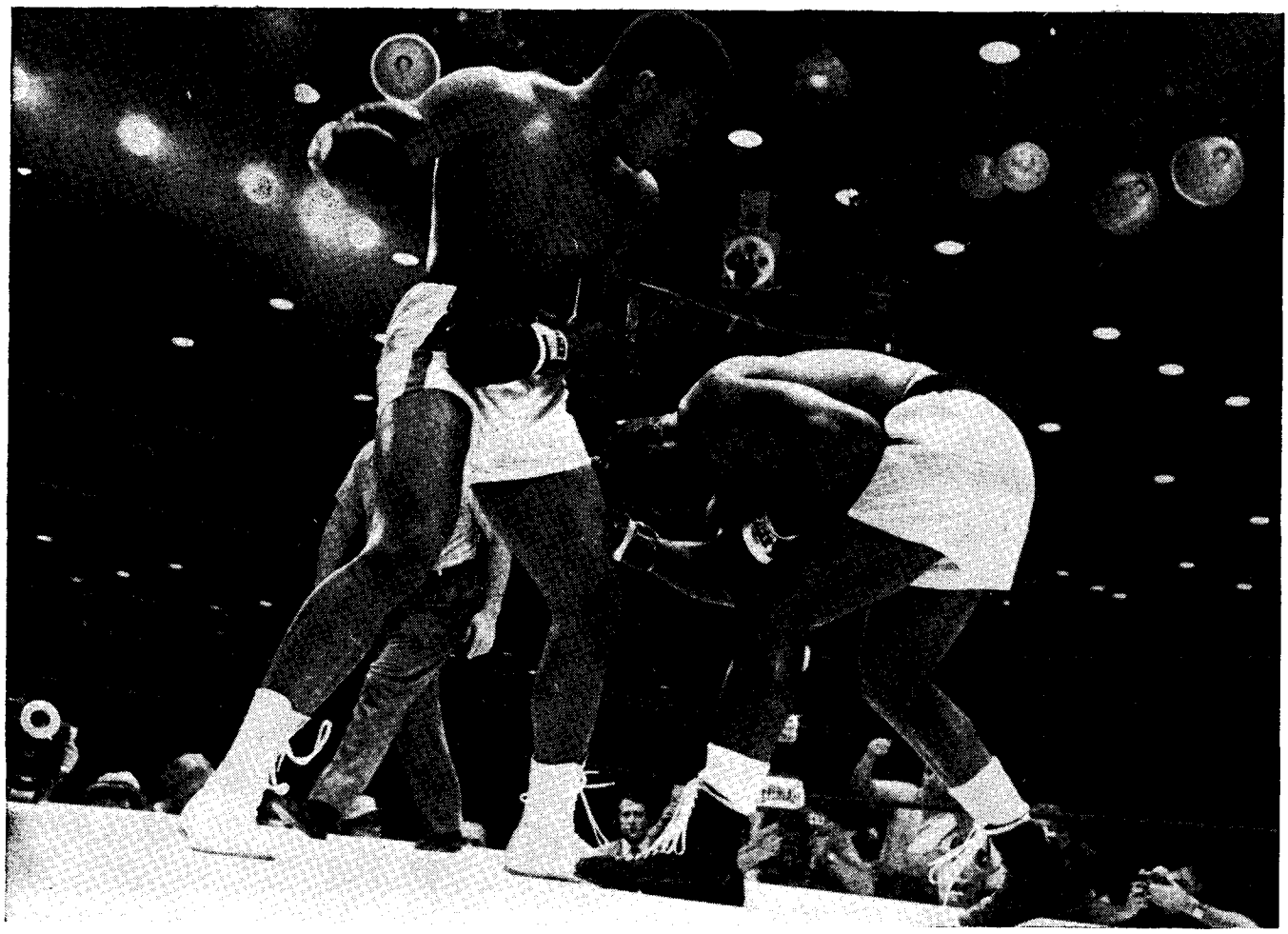

Clay defeating Sonny Liston for the title—" 'This fight is the truth,' Malcolm told Cassius. 'It's the Cross and the Crescent fighting in a prize ring.' "

the words ring with the sound of pewter respectfully aged and polished for Sunday visitors. Imagine a time before the Bay of Pigs, before Dallas, before Watts, before the attempted Americanization of Indochina, before assassination became an annual horror, Medgar Evers, John Kennedy, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy. . . . Before the credibility gap of LBJ. Before the Chicago Convention, before Kent State and Jackson State. Before Nixon promised to get us out of the war by invading Cambodia and Laos and North Vietnam.

As our only world-famous athlete of the Shook-Up Decade just past, C.M.C. a.k.a. M.A. received into his beautiful black body every one of the poisoned arrows mentioned above. Wounded by all those arrows of our social misfortune, he refused to die. Hate him for this or despise him for that, he is still our youth, our conscience, our Mark Twain of bitterness and laughter. Of all our champions, gloved and bareknuckled, from the end of the eighteenth century to the dawn of the twenty-first, he is, in his own words, "the most unusual." Taunted by the ofays, Jack Johnson taunted back. Accepted by whites who offered him the national laurels and social responsibilities that came with the championship, Joe Louis accepted back. Never quite an Uncle Tom, he was the Good Joe who knew his place. He was the hero but never the author of his allegory.

But the Sixties were a whole different number. In a time of prodigies turning on their dads—or rather, tuning out their daddies—ready for the bell, ready to take on all comers in and out of the ring, was that prodigious brown descendant of Henry Clay: Cassius Marcellus Clay, the Fifth Beatle. Before we were prepared for the impact—but what were we prepared for in innocent 1960?—the loud laughing mouth in the handsome Greek god of a head was shouting, "Here I come, ready or not!" And who except his fellow teen-agers could have been ready for the innovative style that was to revolutionize not only the heavyweight division but the heavy social order that it entertained?

Watching him dance around the best and biggest of the amateurs on his way to AAU and Golden Gloves titles, *cognoscenti* of the game were more amused than impressed. A heavyweight who prances around the ring like a lightweight? Look at the way he bends his dancer's waist backward to avoid being hit! A tough pro would move in and break his back when he pulled that kid stuff. That just ain't the way a heavyweight fights. But this was more than fast tactical footwork; it was excessive mobility, sometimes physically unnecessary, a new psychological weapon—hit and run, jab and dance, befuddle, frustrate, and tire the enemy before zeroing in.

Beatle V had begun to create his own pop culture in the ring. Archetype of

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the young athlete in the Age of Aquarius, he bounced happily to Rome for the 1960 Olympics, dazzling foreign challengers who could not believe a six-foot-three-inch will-o'-the-wisp. Or a bronze Mercury, for the eighteen-year-old original convinced an adoring audience that he was that earlier Roman deity incarnate, combining speed and grace with eloquence, wit, and a mysterious elegance.

Home to Louisville he came wearing his gold medal and his boyish grin, and the white world seemed united with the black in agreement with his own efflorescent image of himself: the prettiest, the wittiest, the greatest. He strutted the streets of his hometown and paused to admire his reflection in store-front windows. "Look at me—I'm beautiful! An' I'm gonna stay pretty cuz there ain't a fighter on earth fast enough t' hit me!" Then he would dance and throw his lightning combinations into the air, or in the direction of a half-scared, half-awed ten-year-old black brother—he has always been drawn to kids, and especially black kids, though this was still 1960 and the pattern was all ego-popping ebullience, a narcissism that might have been irritating but that was instead irresistible because it was so utterly without guile, because it spoke to you with the directness of the wild rose who says, "Look at me, am I not beauty? Inhale me, am I not perfume?" You could no more resent the natural arrogance of the rose than you could the insouciant "Look, Ma, I'm dancin'!" of young Cassius Marcellus. Of course a rose also has thorns, weapons concealed for its protection. That might have been a warning as to the deeper nature of the brown deity preparing for his pivotal role in the epic drama of the Sixties.

Scene 1, Act I, was deceptively harmonious, as truly made epic dramas demand, festooned with integrated hero worship and gratitude seemingly requited.

A group of well-to-do Louisville sports put their money where their local pride is and set up a syndicate to sponsor Cassius's professional career. In return for half the anticipated profits, they pay him a comfortable weekly salary, with a down payment on a tangerine-colored Cadillac, the first of a long line of exotic chariots. His first pro test is a win over a tough white sheriff, Tunney Hunsaker. Clay's fights are performances—put-ons with blood. As he moves up into the big time, he rhymes his predictions—"Archie Moore will fall in four"—and the ancient light heavyweight, almost thirty years older than the quickfooted bard, suffers the prophecy.

Next we see Clay at, of all places, The Bitter End, a hip Greenwich Village launching pad for avant-garde talent, where he sports a new tuxedo to engage in poetry competition with a line-up of ezra-pounded bards, grooving to his impending Garden bout with tough and highly rated Doug Jones. In a style all his own—call it an infectious boxing supplement to the anti-over-thirty spirit of the oncoming youth style—he laughs off all the old champions. Who's Liston? Louis who? To a generation splitting from its elders and their traditions, he's "The Greatest." Under that title he cuts a record of chatter, doggerel, and song, and long before the hard-eyed experts of the ring think he's championship material or ready for Terrible Sonny Liston, his LP is discovered by teen-agers, including my sons, who find in his uninhibited ego-tripping nonsense that indescribable pleasure of being different from us, yes, and better than us. When my younger son was playing Clay's platter for the third consecutive time, I tried to cross-examine him as to what was so great about "The Greatest."

Across the generation net the answer was slapped back into my court in impatient monosyllables, "I dunno, Pop. I jus' dig 'im. I think he's cool. I dig the way he dances around those older fighters and makes 'em miss. And the way he rhymes and picks the round. He makes it more fun than in your day. And he's not a hypocrite. He knows he's 'The Greatest.' So why not say it? Why be a hypocrite? Be honest."

We retreated strategically, doing a verbal imitation of Cassius's defensive backbend, sensing the chronological lightning crackling in the atmosphere. We closed his bedroom door, and he went on singing along with Clay. The message was clear: The jib of "our" athletic heroes was cut to modesty. To every age its style, and "ours" (if we had to be consigned to the past) was for winners to hang their heads in mock self-deprecation. "Well, those guys in front of me opened up a pretty good hole and I just ran to daylight and got lucky, I guess." Did we ever hear a broken-field runner telling the press, "Look, I'm so shifty and so fast, it's impossible for the defense to lay a hand on me"? It's true that Joe Louis was asked one too many times how he expected to handle Billy Conn's speed and boxing ability and came up with the mot, "He c'n run, but he can't hide." But when the fight was over, and the job accomplished, it simply wasn't Louis's or "our" style to speak the exuberant truth: "Look, I tried to tell you how great I was, and you chumps wouldn't listen. There's never been anything like me in the history of the world."

Truth, man. Don't hide behind a lot of well-gee-whizzes like your daddies. Come to think of it, a whole new generation coming of age in the early Sixties thought of the preceding generation as slower, dumber, less musical, less honest, more hung-up, less where-it's-at. Every generation wants to devour its predecessor, and we have only to go back two generations to conjure the Jazz Age of Fitzgerald and College Humor when bare knees, rumble seats, ukuleles, bathtub gin, wild parties, and free verse were creating a new life-style almost as horrifying to the people who grew up in the nineteenth century as the present youth culture is to the parents of Woodstock Nation. The key to that sentence is almost. Maybe it's because we're still going through it, but the intensity with which that Now generation wants to rip off daddy and mommy (*vide*: the latest "youth-oriented" epic at your neighborhood moviehouse) makes the Scott-Zelda rebellion seem as dangerous as a game of post office.

If the child of our times carries a flower in one hand and a stick of dynamite in the other, it is because he is an Oedipus who has read one book too many of Marcuse (or Che or Fanon) and is ready to lay down his guitar and his strobe light to fight for something he defines dimly, but deafeningly demands—a better world, an environment that will contain and harmonize our nuclear genius.

And where does this bring Cassius Clay (as he still called himself in his antechampion days)? To Las Vegas in the hot July of 1963. President Kennedy is still safely in the White House. There are some 15,000 U.S. Army "advisers" still noncombat in Vietnam. Sonny Liston, first a homeless St. Louis waif, then a tough old jailbird, later a Teamster goon, is heavyweight champion of the world. Yet to burst on the American consciousness is a black intelligence burning with scorn for "the collective white men" and "the so-called American Negro"—Malcolm X.

Cassius Clay has come to Vegas as the heir-apparent to the heavyweight

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throne. He has just butchered the British and Empire champion, Henry Cooper, in five rounds after having been saved by the bell himself at the end of four. Proximity to disaster hasn't dampened Cassius Clay's love affair with Cassius Clay. "He thrives on the precipice," says faithful Angelo Dundee. "He could give Norman Vincent Peale lessons on the power of positive thinking." And it's true that the clout of the Cooper hook that put him down has served only to convince young Clay that the most powerful punch in the world can deflect him but momentarily from his climb to the top of the mountain. He is twenty-one years old, and one of his roommates is Destiny. The other is his brother Rudolph Valentino Clay.

When David Brinkley and his TV producer, Stuart Schulberg, call on the Clay brothers, they find them stretched out on their luxurious beds, barechested and barefooted, wearing expensive slacks. "Da-vid Brinkley!" Cassius cries out, in that natural comedy style that makes his emphatic pronunciation of names laugh-provoking without being insulting, "Da-vid Brinkley, you're my man!" Cassius is on the phone to room service ordering breakfast. "Orange juice, a couple of jugs, a box of corn flakes. And milk. Can you send three quarts? And eggs—scramble up a nice batch for us, say about two dozen? Two or three rashers of bacon and a loaf of toast. What, service for six? No, ma'am, this is breakfast for two!" The recent conqueror of the British Empire and his brother Rudolph Valentino fill the room with their laughter. Then Cassius turns to Brinkley with those large eyes framed like a movie star's between butterfly brows and high cheekbones. "Say, David, will you do me a favor, let's do the 'good nights' together." And the supercharged contender lapses into a more than passable imitation of Chet Huntley. "This is Cassius Marcellus Clay in Las Vegas. Good night, David." And Brinkley responds in his patented sign-off. "And this is David Brinkley. Good night, Cassius." Clay breaks up. He pounds his brother in joy. "Hey, David, that's out of sight!"

Watching him roll his marvelous brown body and bark with laughter like a frolicking young sea lion, who would guess that this would be the same man who was soon to frighten, infuriate, and finally confront the white power structure of America? But looking back on the twenty-one-year-old Cassius with the hindsight gained from observing and visiting with the twenty-nine-year-old Ali, we now know that within the beamish boy who bantered with Brinkley lurked the racial anxiety, producing anger as causatively as boiling water releases steam. We follow joyously flamboyant Cassius Clay through his visit to Vegas for the Liston-Patterson "fight." And since everything about the transformation of Cassius the Caterpillar into Muhammad the Butterfly is instructive, we wonder at the meaning of his existential acts. He invades the casino where Liston is playing blackjack, calls him an ugly bear, invites him to an impromptu match to settle the title here and now, laughs at the scowl that had frozen the blood of men who had thought themselves brave.

Onlookers were merely amused by the brash kid with the big mouth who seemed to have borrowed his publicity buildups from the wrestlers' division of the classical school of acting. What was dangerous about Cassius was not immediately appreciated: the intensity, the concentration, the determination with which he played. It was this that separated the fools of Shakespeare from mere Middle Ages merrymakers. Wise kings listened to inspired fools while foolish kings laughed at the exterior apparatus of their jokes.

The best of fools was a set of delicate Chinese boxes, and just such a fool was Brother Malcolm's "so-called American Negro," a series of ingeniously fitted personalities, each larger one concealing and protecting a smaller one within until you finally come to the true resilient core. Many hundreds of years of slavery and now more than a century of hypocritical "freedom"—a democracy with the black man still locked into the steaming cities while the white man retreats from his day's work to the flowering suburbs—this is the historical imbalance that conditions all but the most profoundly integrated (or whitened, Ali might say today) black man to take refuge in his Chinese boxes as a fox hides in the hedge from the hounds.

I may have more black friends than 95 per cent of white Americans, and sometimes I feel I have succeeded in reaching the box within the box within the box—but I never leave the room without a feeling that the brothers left together will now continue to remove black Chinese box after Chinese box until at last they are left sitting around in their naked souls, like a game of spiritual strip poker that reveals all to each, an exclusive deal played in a private club off limits even to sympathetic white players who would join the game.

What has all this to do with Cassius Clay in pursuit of Liston's title and his subsequent odyssey? To our minds, a great deal. We are preparing ourselves not to be surprised when a young man, making of each boxing bout his parable, exchanges one image for another as dramatically but also as easily as an actor changes costumes between scenes.

And make no mistake about it, they were scenes in a drama that young Cassius knew he was playing, an allegory in the Brechtian manner that he was consciously authoring and acting out. On many different levels—the physical, the psychical, the religio-political. From his training camp for the first Liston fight Cassius waged an intense campaign of psychological warfare. The old bus Cassius had bought to move with his entourage was painted red and white with "World's Most Colorful Fighter" emblazoned across the top, and covered with signs broadcasting his low opinion of the champion: Bear Hunting Season. Liston Will Fall in Eight. Big Ugly Bear. . . . Cassius would invade Liston's training camp, hose him with a torrent of insults and threats—poetically alone in America in thinking he could supplant the brooding, dangerous Sonny, who was expected to spank the obstreperous Cassius as a stern papa would whup a wayward son. The odds on Liston were eight to one. Of the press who were on the scene from every continent, we remember not one who gave the strident challenger a chance.

But Angelo Dundee, who somehow managed to remain uninvolved in the psychological high jinks and the gathering morality play, had warned us that Cassius had the style to outbox and defeat the ponderous, aging Liston. An odd group had believed in Cassius Clay. Our teen-aged son David, who sent me twenty-five dollars he had saved from allowances to bet on youth vs. age; Drew "Bundini" Brown, an ancient mariner and saloon-keeper with a gift of gab, almost as seven-tongued as Cassius, who was called "assistant trainer" but was really the guru-in-residence; and an unobtrusive black man who was quite possibly the most remarkable man, black or white, then living in America. This was the acknowledged spokesman for blackness in Harlem,

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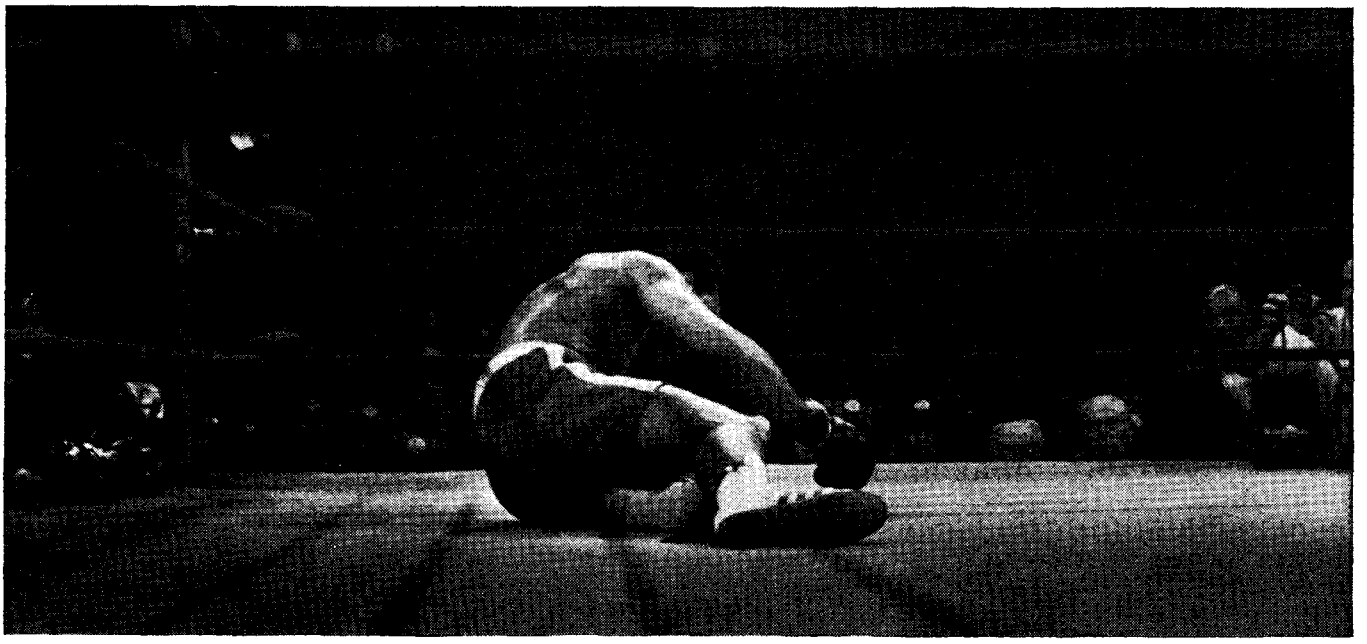

Ali on canvas following knockdown during fight with Joe Frazier last March—"Wounded by all those arrows of our social misfortune, he refused to die."

the scourge of Uncle Toms and Negro civil rights leaders who spoke of integration and gradual improvements. This was the rising star of black militancy, the ex-hoodlum, thief, dope peddler, and pimp who finally, through the teaching of Elijah Muhammad, had come to understand his life of ghetto hustling as the painful preparation for his eventual role as liberator of his more than twenty million brothers suffering a living genocide in white America. Born Malcolm Little, he was known in the street as Big Red before he became even better known as Malcolm X.

In tracing two centuries of major prize fights, we can see how inextricably they are woven into our social fabric. From Molineaux to Louis, our champions were heroes of related acts that served as parables of cultural change. But B.C., Before Clay, they had only dimly recognized their roles. Now it was A.D., After Dallas, which Malcolm X had called "America's chickens come home to roost." There was a keen black hatred of all white institutions in Malcolm's mind when he made the statement that Elijah used as the official reason for silencing him, pending his excommunication from the Black Church. The headline, seemingly a crass post-mortem on the catastrophe in Dallas, had been taken from a context in which Malcolm had been discussing the atmosphere of racial hatred and social violence that the white man had created in America, a rabid intolerance that finally had struck down the Chief of State himself. This was too tragically true. A liberal white President had no business driving in an open car through a hate-filled Texas city where his enemies were articulate and armed. Camelot was in ruins, the boiling volcano in Harlem was getting ready to erupt again, and Malcolm X, in the moment of greatest travail in a life that sensitively reflected all the nightmare distortions of the American dream, was counseling the challenger along lines either totally unfamiliar or anathema to the sports world.

Malcolm was not a fight fan; indeed he hardly knew who Cassius was when he met him and Rudolph at the Detroit mosque several years before. Cassius impressed him then simply as a likable, friendly, clean-cut, down-to-earth youngster with a contagious quality.

But in The Fight of 1964, Malcolm was convinced that Cassius had invited him to Miami to help the young fighter prove to the world the superiority of Islam over a white Christianity that had brainwashed the Negro community to accept inferior status and servitude. Molineaux had fought merely with his fists. Johnson had fought with his mocking smile and his wicked tongue. Cassius would fight with weapons never before carried into an American ring, his faith in a non-Western religion, as well as his growing awareness that, while he might be part of a minority 10 per cent in the United States, he was also part of a global family of nonwhites among whom Caucasians were in turn a minority doomed to eventual defeat. While Cassius was rattling his bear trap and playing the loud-mouthed fool, while white Miami was either disgusted or entertained by this shrill showboating, a new philosophical and social confrontation was taking place that would prove as crucial to the middle Sixties as was the Louis-Schmeling debate to the late Thirties.

"This fight is the truth," Malcolm told Cassius. "It's the Cross and the Crescent fighting in a prize ring—for the first time. It's a modern crusade—a Christian and a Muslim facing each other with television to beam it off Telstar for the whole world to see what happens." The mystical reformed master hustler with the razor-blade mind was convinced that Allah had brought Cassius to this moment in order to prove something to black men with stunted egos who thought they needed white spiritual advisers.

Those who attended the wildest weigh-in in the history of the heavyweight division thought that Cassius was more in need of psychiatric than spiritual assistance. Minutes before he burst into the ring at the Miami Beach auditorium we could hear the threatened promise of his arrival, like thunder before a storm. Then he and Bundini exploded into view, furiously pounding canes in angry rhythms on the floor and shouting their tribal slogan, "We're coming to rumble. . . . Float like a butterfly—sting like a bee!

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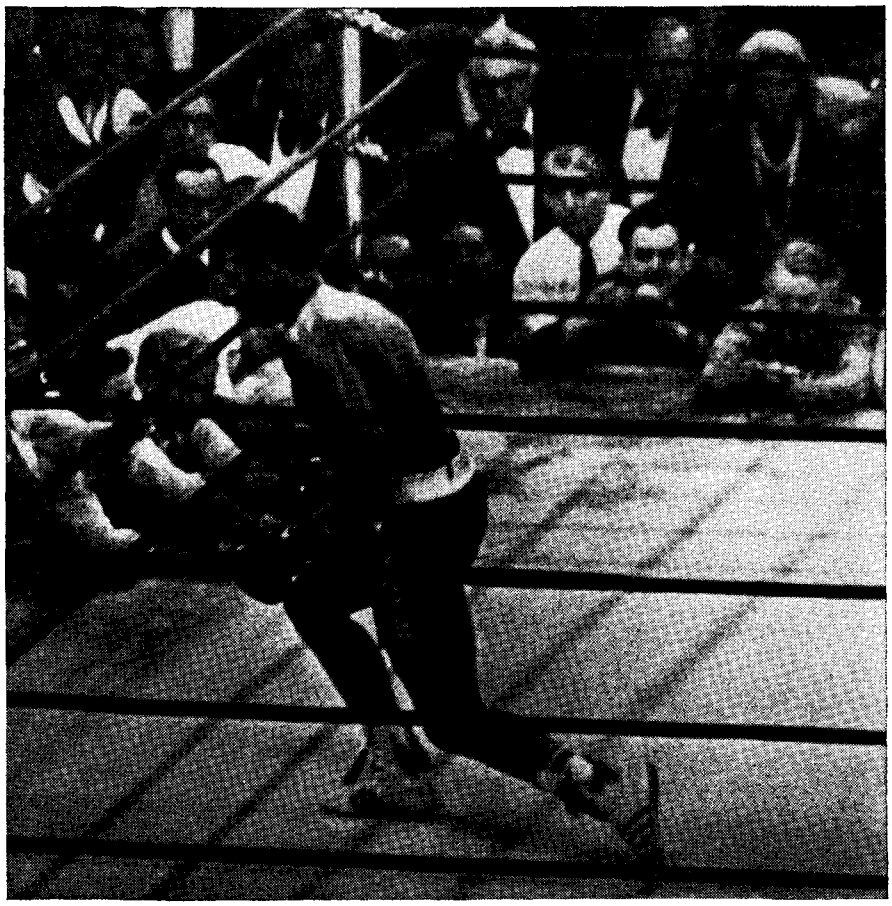

Ali during Frazier fight—"Hate him for this or despise him for that, he is still our youth, our conscience, our Mark Twain of bitterness and laughter."

Where's the ugly bear?..." For an hour the demonstration went on, with Cassius screaming, lunging at Liston, shaking his fists, bulging his eyes. Cool and seasoned Jesse Abramson of the New York *Herald Tribune,* trained to report without involving his emotions, was for the first time shaken at a weigh-in. "I think they should call it off," he said to us. "He's in no condition to fight tonight." Most experts decided that Cassius was terrified and suffering from manic hysteria at the prospect of having to enter the ring with the dour-faced champion. Liston did his best to fix him with "the look," a baleful stare he had perfected during many years in prison. But Cassius would not be transfixed like Floyd Patterson. Screaming like a banshee, pounding the stage with his feet as if possessed, he kept up this bizarre performance until his blood pressure had bubbled over the 200 mark and observers were convinced that the next stop was the psychiatric ward.

While reporters were asking the local boxing commissioners if they were considering calling off this unequal contest between a seasoned old champion and this hysterical boy, Cassius was back at his motel being examined by Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who found his blood pressure miraculously normal. "A case of self-induced hysteria," diagnosed Pacheco. As Malcolm said, it was a case of mind over matter. There wasn't a man in the world Sonny Liston was afraid of. But was this towering dark screamer a human being or a whirling dervish?

What we were seeing, along with all the other innovations Cassius was bringing to the climactic ritual of the heavyweight championship, were the new tactics of confrontation politics. Already a cult figure to the young, he was applying to the traditional ceremony of the ring the outlandish behavior of an Abbie Hoffman, a "crazy," against which the old-fashioned prison aggression of Sonny Liston could not aim its cold inner fire. Old-time boxing purists were disgusted, but there was Muslim method in his madness. In that hour of simulated rage he had cried, "You're the chump and I'm the champ! It is prophesied for me to win! I cannot be beaten!"

In the fight that night, a macabre affair haunted by goblins and doubting Thomases, Cassius confounded his army of skeptics by making Sonny Liston suddenly look very slow and very tired. The old bull was winded after two rounds, punching ponderous gloves into the spaces that Cassius had occupied a moment before. At the end of seven rounds Liston hulked in his corner like a rejected Buddha, a worn-out god with a hole in his cheek toppled from his throne by a new religion —while the irrepressible standard-bearer of this new religion leaped around the ring proclaiming to the world he had just conquered symbolically for Islam, for Harlem, for Birmingham, for South Chicago, for a billion dark-skinned rooters around the globe, "I am the king! I am the king!"

Next morning at the press conference we discovered another of the Chinese boxes that make up the complex called Cassius Clay. Or so he had been called until that morning when he announced, in a voice with the volume now turned so low he was barely audible, that he was giving up his "slave name" and from now on would be known as Cassius X.

He chided the reporters for almost unanimously picking against him and informed them that he believed in the religion of Islam, that he believed Elijah Muhammad was his apostle, and that this was the religion believed in by more than seven hundred million people throughout Africa and Asia. Now reporters in the back of the room were calling "Louder," whereas the day before they had feared that Cassius's vocal gymnastics might burst their eardrums. When he stepped down from the platform we asked him about his immediate plans, and he told us he thought he would travel to Africa, the Middle East, and Asia. "They will all want to see the new champion of the world who believes the way they do," he said so quietly you had to lean toward him to hear it all. "And I will talk with the leaders and the wise men of those countries."

Of the past eight heavyweight champions, six had been Negro, but this was the first black champion to proclaim his blackness, to say to the white world, "I don't have to be what you want me to be," the ideal practitioner to tap out on the heads and bodies of his opponents the message: Black Is Beautiful. □

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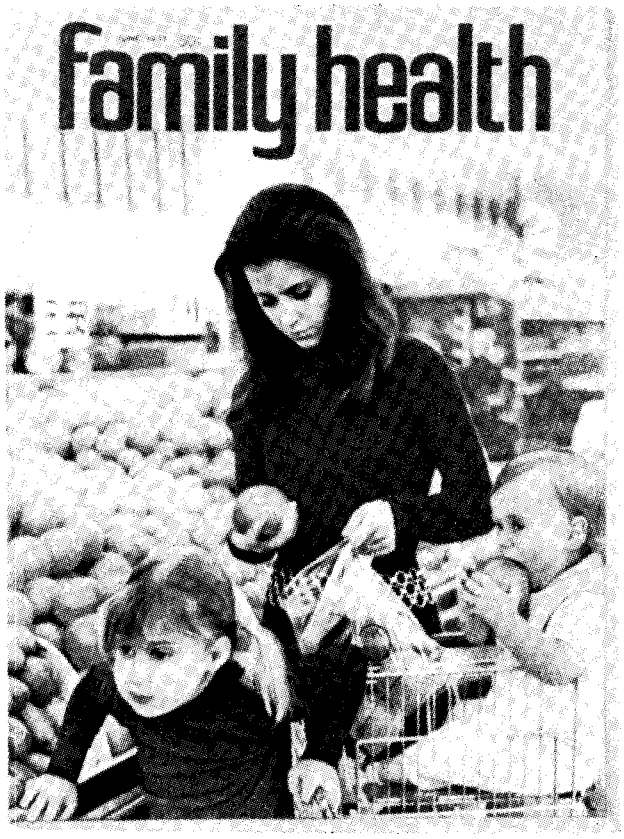

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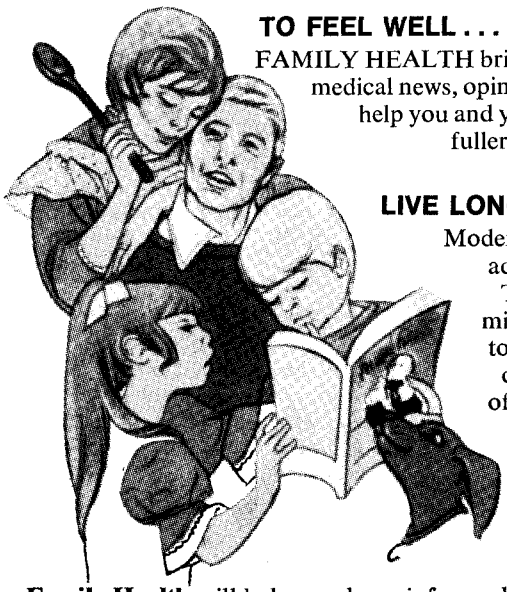

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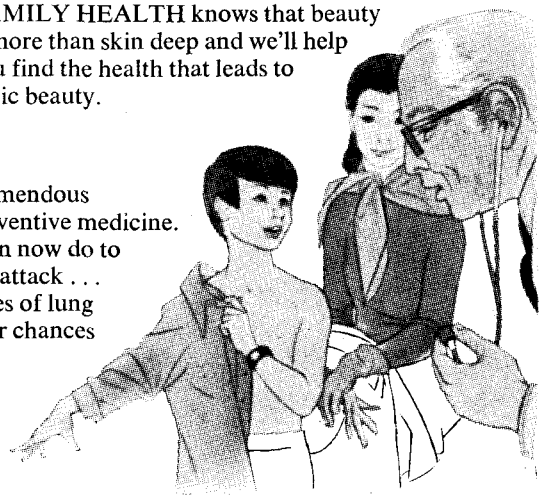

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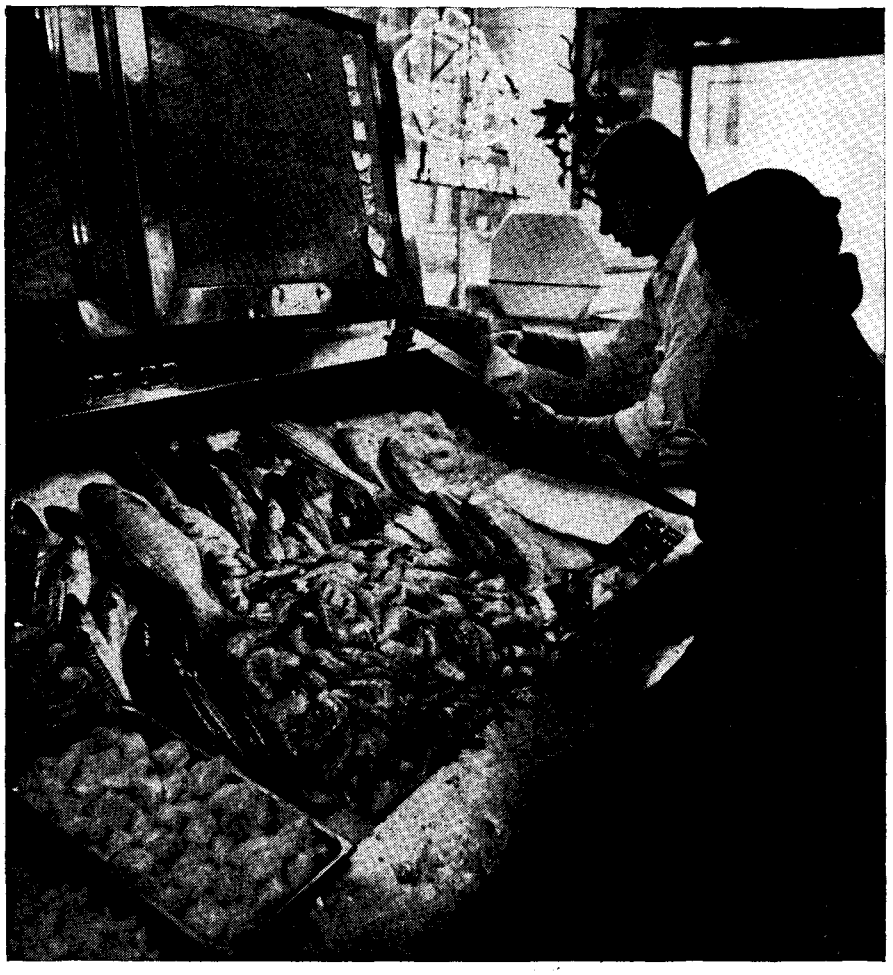
Booked for Travel

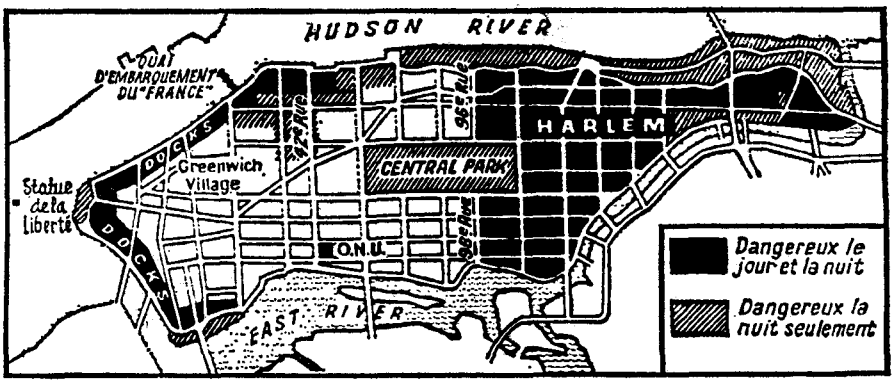
David Butwin

Les Dangers de New York

As any traveler knows, you don't have to paddle up the Amazon or climb Kilimanjaro to find intrigue and peril. Residents of large American cities can get all that at home. New York seems to lead everyone's list as the city where you scarcely have to leave your hotel room to experience a thrill-packed evening of danger and suspense. Now comes the French newspaper *L'Aurore* to warn that New York is even scarier than New Yorkers thought it was.

In a recent story aimed at helping French youths to see the U.S.A. this summer, reporter Maurice Guillon listed some potential dangers of visiting New York and told how best to avoid them. "There are about 20,000 drug addicts in New York. They are unable to work, but they need $50 to $100 a day for drugs. So they attack and rob anyone, anywhere." To avoid being mugged, tourists were advised to walk in the middle of the sidewalk, board only yellow cabs, and, if possible, retain the services of a ferocious dog. An accompanying map of Manhattan showed various areas of the city Guillon considered dangerous either day and night or at night only. Generally, people were warned to confine nocturnal strolling to a small rectangle formed by First and Third avenues and 57th and 68th streets.





"Guillon is such a nice, mild-mannered fellow, I just don't understand it," moaned John MacBean of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau the morning the story broke in the *Times*. "He was here last March, stayed at the Waldorf, and marveled about it in a story he wrote. I often take visiting reporters around, so on that trip we went to the Autopub in the General Motors Building, which I thought a zingy thing to do. Then we went to Paddy's Clam House, so a Frenchman could taste Long Island oysters and Maine lobster. He had a terrific time. Then we went up to the top of the Empire State Building, and it was all icy and beautiful, and I took him back to his hotel.

"This time he came by on January thirteenth," MacBean went on, recounting the details like a detective testifying at a murder trial. "He dropped in and said he was writing an article for the young people who will be coming over in droves with the lowered air fares. He said many French youths are so naïve that they need instructions on how to travel. He mainly asked about low-cost housing and meals. I took him to the Ground Floor, which is a very youth-oriented restaurant in the CBS Building. All kinds of porcelain and glass and cute little waitresses wearing smile buttons. He loved it. I just can't believe it, he's such an unassuming man."

MacBean and his boss, Charles Gillett, executive vice president of the bureau, come to work each day faced with one of the toughest tasks in the American labor force: trying to promote New York as a pleasant place to visit. New Yorkers who bad-mouth their own city are the bane of Gillett's life. He particularly recoils at the one-liners Dick Cavett and Johnny Carson deliver each night in their opening monologues. "No sense of responsibility there," said Gillett. "I suppose we could lodge objections, but then they'd claim we were trying to curtail their freedom of speech, and, come to think of it, they'd be right."

MacBean keeps a file on positive things written about New York. He doesn't cut out negative articles; he

How perilous is New York? The Fulton Fish Market, above, is hard by the docks of the East River, but is perhaps too busy a place for city toughs. Maurice Guillon's map of Manhattan's danger zones, below, warns young Frenchmen where not to stray without a ferocious dog.

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would suffer from clipper's cramps. So the files don't contain stories, for example, about Franz Josef Strauss, the West German political leader and former Finance Minister, who was robbed of $180 by two prostitutes outside the Plaza hotel last March; or about Pasquale Bottero, an Italian businessman, who a few days earlier was stabbed to death by one of three women who accosted him in front of the Hilton. MacBean's sunny clipping service does show that President Nixon enjoyed himself on a recent holiday visit to New York, that New York restaurants are emerging from a two-year slump, and that crime statistics indicate other cities can also be dangerous. "Crime in London Shows Increase" says one headline. "Homicide Rate for Washington Twice N.Y. City's" reads another. MacBean, Gillett, and other tourist officials around town are equipped with 1970 figures showing New York ninth among the nation's ten largest cities in murder and manslaughter rates.

What rankled everyone in the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau that cold, blowy week in late January was that Guillon's story upset a modest streak of articles and columns favorable to the city. From his file MacBean produced a Russell Baker column of January 17 entitled "New York, Yes!" an article from the January 10 *Times* by Lady Haire of Whiteabbey headed "If you are tired of New York, you must be tired of life," and another by Clay Felker under the head "New York, New York, a Hell of a Town."

From another drawer in the bureau's 42nd Street office MacBean pulled a precious sheaf of Xeroxed letters—mail from out-of-towners who have written to praise the maligned city. Understandably this file is not thick. Two young women from Miami who won enough money at Bingo to make their first trip to New York wrote the following in December:

"Everyone warned us about getting mugged on every street corner and the unfriendly people. Well, we found it just the opposite. People were helpful with directions when we got lost, we were able to walk down Broadway after dark and even ride the subway down to the East Side and shop without incident. Now we did get involved with a demonstration Sunday nite before we left at the Americana, but the police were terrific the way they handled things even when my friend and I got separated, and with 20,000 screaming men, helped me locate my friend without any trouble.

"We would like to thank the cab drivers who were so nice, including the policeman from Brooklyn who had to drive a cab.

"It's too bad about all the bad pub-

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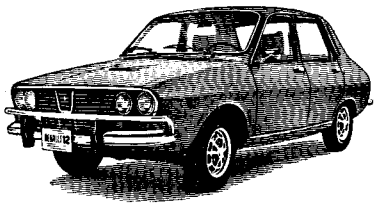

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"Thanks again to New York City for a wonderful time; we are planning on coming back soon (as soon as we hit a big one at Bingo)."

Central Park and New York summers are two subjects writers have rarely rhapsodized, but a poetic French-Canadian told the bureau in a letter last August: "Central Park is a lovely park, a quiet place to walk and seat [*sic*] on a bench with only the whisper of the wind and laughters of happy people."

Guillon's young readers of course have been prepared to hear more ominous whispers in Central Park this coming summer. In fact, if they follow his map of danger zones, they won't venture into the park at night. Most New Yorkers skirt the park after dark, but not MacBean. "Well," he amended, "I wouldn't go through the Ramble, which is a wild, rustic area of Central Park preserved in the manner of old Manhattan." Confronted by tourists who want to roam New York far and wide, the bureau will advise caution—"as any tourist office would do in any city," MacBean said. "In Cairo you don't go into the Souks without a guide. In London you would stay out of the dock area by the Thames—Jack-the-Ripper country."

Gillett even goes so far as to say that visitors from Houston, Baltimore, St. Louis—all high crime centers—"would be a hell of a lot safer here than in their own hometown. Our advice is to take the same common-sense precautions you would take at home. Lock your door, of course using the safety bolt. Yes, this is a busy city, but we also feel this is a safe city because there are always people on the streets. Would I walk in Central Park at midnight? No. But I wouldn't walk in the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park either. I think it's foolish to walk in any neighborhood where there aren't people."

Just to prove that most of New York can be safely negotiated day or night, MacBean led two expeditions to downtown extremities labeled by Guillon "*dangereux le jour et la nuit.*" On a windy night that would have kept the Headless Horseman indoors, we ventured deep into the West Village near the piers along the Hudson. There in the heart of Guillon's no man's land stands one of New York's newest *petits parcs*, complete with wood benches and plantings. Beside it, jutting into the river, is the Morton Street Pier. The pier was deserted at this hour, but on weekend afternoons it attracts scores of Villagers who come to kibitz, show off their dogs, and cruise the long walkway.

Bucking the wind, we moved north to El Faro, a Spanish restaurant on Greenwich Street and Horatio known to every underground and overground gourmet in the city. If there is one condition a New Yorker can't tolerate, it is cold weather, so there was no wait for a table. Surfeited with *mariscada* and margaritas, we pressed northwest into the wholesale meat district. Shadows danced in the wind. Hardly another soul was about. Silvery meathooks hung beside loading docks, and the smell of bloody carcasses was thick. Paris and particularly Les Halles flashed to mind. Guillon, with his ferocious dog, would have loved the Parisian brick square formed by five converging streets, one of them Little West Twelfth. On one side stands a bar and restaurant called The Needle's Eye, whose black and white customers come to eat fried chicken and hear jazz, a reviving downtown art.

At 17th Street and 10th Avenue the droning of refrigerated meat trucks gave way, with the opening of a door, to the mellow sounds of a piano and bass duo. The West Boondocks also draws a mixed crowd, mercifully small this night because of the cold. There is sawdust on the floor, gold balls undulating from the ceiling, and a long L-shaped bar. We drank brandy and toasted the end of our first safari.

Next day we journeyed to the Fulton Fish Market by the East River, another of Guillon's never-never zones. Sloppy Louie's and Sweets are seafood restaurants that open early, close at 8 p.m., and take in every manner of customer from fishmonger to financier (Wall Street's towers loom large nearby). Mounting the flight of wooden steps to Sweets, we met a man in suit, overcoat, and top hat on his way down. He was fairly floating. "Don't look around, just eat," he said, referring to the restaurant's rustic décor. "I'm from New Jersey, and I come down here all the time. Flounder is great. Martinis too."

In a few years the fish market will be moved to Hunt's Point in the Bronx, and a Manhattan institution will die as Les Halles has died in Paris. But institutions are born, too. Slowly the South Street restoration project (the Seaport Museum) is touching up an area of five square blocks, turning the four docks, various purchased vessels, and nineteenth-century brick buildings of the neighborhood into a model of a seagoing age. We strolled the docks in the cold sunshine. Across the water the buildings of downtown Brooklyn stood out clearly on this rare crystalline day. Where were the muggers? "There's very little crime down here, day or night," a clerk in the restoration museum told us. "In the day it's full of Wall Street people. At night the fish people take over, and everyone protects everyone else." So it goes on the wild frontiers of Manhattan. □

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Editorial

What Dream for Ulster?

Compared with other conflicts of recent years, Ulster ought to rate as a relatively minor rumble. In Vietnam, Biafra, and Bengal, death tolls have run well into the millions, including appalling numbers of noncombatants. Since the middle of 1968, when Ireland's latest round of troubles began with civil rights protests by Catholic marchers in Londonderry, no more than 250 people have died. Yet the crisis in Northern Ireland has been at the top of the news for weeks, if not months. Why?

Perhaps the answer lies in the atavistic nature of the conflict. One can look at Vietnam in terms of contemporary geopolitics—Communist vs. non-Communist or, if you will, a mature, industrial, Western society pitted against a developing, largely agrarian, Asian population. Both Biafra and Bengal can be seen as secessionist struggles by groups whose countrymen either envied them, as in the case of the clever Ibos, or despised them, as in the case of the nonmartial Bengalis. At the root of the bloodshed in Ulster, however, is the sort of Catholic-Protestant religious hatred that was the scourge of Europe four centuries ago. Such passions were assumed to have lost their virulence by now—at least in more or less modern states—but this is not true in Ulster.

Half a century has elapsed since Ireland's thirty-two counties were partitioned—twenty-six counties forming the overwhelmingly Catholic Republic of Ireland in the south, with 3,000,000 people; six forming Northern Ireland, with a Protestant majority of two to one among its 1,500,000 people. Only in the last few years, however, has Ulster's Protestant government taken even the first steps toward righting wrongs inflicted on the Catholics in terms of jobs, housing, and voting.

There may well be, as Marxist analysts argue, an important element of class struggle in Ulster's agony. But what is paramount, what colors and affects all else, is the unbridled hostility between "Papist" and "Prod." That is what makes the task of keeping order so difficult for the British soldiers who were sent in a year-and-a-half ago. And that is what makes some of the measures adopted or approved by the British government so difficult to comprehend, let alone condone.

The most notable of Britain's blunders was the policy of internment without trial, adopted last summer by the Belfast regime and enforced without protest by London. To be sure, the terrorist "Provisional" wing of the outlawed Irish Republican Army set the stage for a crackdown with its campaign of arson, bombing, and assassination. But was internment, directed solely against the Catholics, the answer? If known Catholic troublemakers were going to be tossed into compounds, the British should have had the sense to realize that such a policy would only further alienate the Catholic population unless at least a few Protestants were rounded up as well.

Still, only Catholics have been clamped behind barbed wire—more than 600 by the latest count, at Long Kesh and Magilligan Point, in Belfast's Crumlin Road jail, and aboard the prison ship *Maidstone*. When rumors of torture coursed through the pubs and grimy Catholic ghettos of Belfast and Londonderry, a British government investigating committee concluded lamely that there was evidence of "physical mistreatment, but not brutality or torture." That is a pretty fine distinction—one that was almost totally lost on a people already near the exploding point. Increasingly, Catholic moderates found themselves taking tougher positions. Where once they spoke of a "six-county solution" for Ulster's troubles, they began speaking of a "thirty-two-county solution"—unification with Eire.

Perhaps saddest of all was the fact that the British Army seemed genuinely convinced that its tactics were working. Some British officers, sounding eerily reminiscent of their American counterparts during the 1965-68 phase of our Vietnam operations, suggested that if only some reinforcements were sent in, the terrorists could be mopped up once and for all. As the *Guardian* noted in commenting on the disturbing parallel: "The more General Westmoreland was 'winning the war' in Vietnam, the more troops he required."

Then came Bloody Sunday, January 30, with its thirteen dead civilians in Londonderry. It may never be known precisely how the firing started, or whether British troops were actually aiming at bomb-throwers and snipers and not, as many marchers insisted, firing indiscriminately into a retreating crowd. But two points are already clear: 1) that the maroon-bereted paratroopers who were blamed for most of the deaths were under criticism from other British soldiers for their unnecessarily tough tactics even before Bloody Sunday; and 2) that internment was simply the wrong policy, no matter what Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath was being told by his military commanders, To cite another parallel with Vietnam, Heath's failure to jettison an unsuccessful policy recalls how U.S. strategists clung to search-and-destroy tactics in Vietnam long after they had proved counterproductive.

In the aftermath of Bloody Sunday, there were cries for the immediate withdrawal of the 15,000-man British force. But with at least 70,000 Protestants legally carrying arms and untold others illegally in possession of weapons, the situation could lead to a massacre of Catholics. Possibly, the establishment of a definite date for withdrawal could prod Ulster's paralyzed politicians toward a settlement.

What sort of settlement is something else. Before internment and Bloody Sunday, a good number of Catholics would have settled for a program of real reform in Ulster. After all, they enjoy the benefits of Britain's welfare system and, to a lesser extent, of an economy that may be hardscrabble but is still substantially more prosperous than the South's. Now the balance appears to have shifted strongly toward unification. Under agreements reached in 1949, the consent of both the people and Parliament of Northern Ireland is required before Belfast can sever its ties with London. Neither of those Protestant-dominated groups is likely to consent voluntarily to secession and a linkup with the South.

Nonetheless, pressure is growing for unification. Former British Prime Minister Harold Wilson strongly supports such a solution, and many Laborites in Westminster agree with him. "A substantial term of years will be required before any concept of unification could become a reality, but the dream must be there," Wilson said. "If men of moderation have nothing to hope for, men of violence will have something to shoot for." Derry proved him tragically prophetic, and, given the temper of the Catholic population, he could be proved right again. Protest marches at Newry and Enniskillen have gone off without disruption, but will that be true of some future Sunday in Armagh or Belfast or, once again, Derry?

Of course, unification poses a familiar moral dilemma. Wouldn't enforced unification amount to the rewarding of violence, paying off the triggermen just to still their guns and imposing an unwanted solution on the majority? And wouldn't it lead to civil war? Perhaps. But the guns might have remained silent had it not been for Ulster's long record of indifference to the rights of its minority. And besides, even now civil war looms as a forbidding possibility for tortured Ulster.

Ronald P. Kriss

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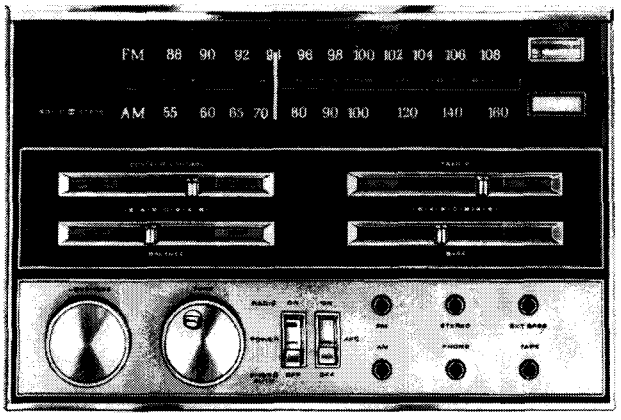

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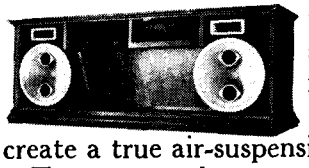

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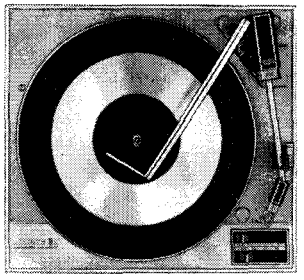

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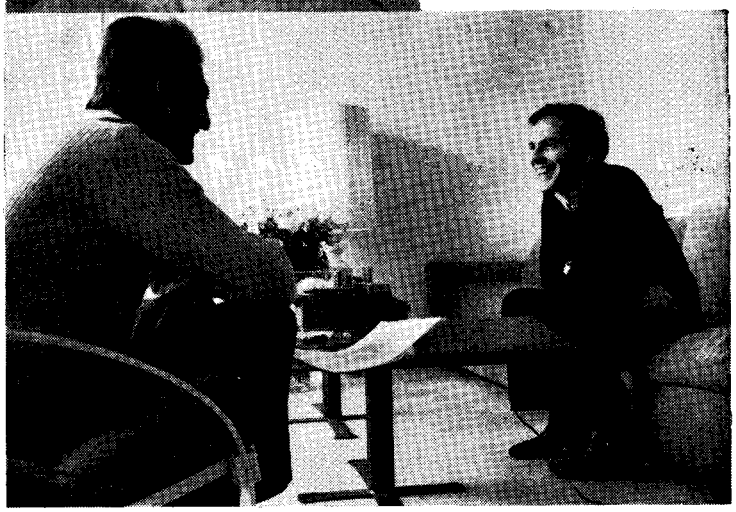
Saturday Review of

THE ARTS

Jean-Louis Trintignant (below) with interviewer Philippe Grumbach

Vera Stravinsky

Joseph Papp



People make art under varying conditions and for a host of reasons. In the following pages, Igor Stravinsky's widow recalls how her journeys affected her painting, Trintignant tells how he chooses film roles, and New York producer Joseph Papp explains why he desires to create a new national theater.

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A French film star speaks candidly about actors, acting, sex, violence, and his personal politics.

JEAN-LOUIS TRINTIGNANT TESTS THE LIMITS

An interview by Philippe Grumbach

In the fifteen years since he played the unhappy husband of Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman*, Jean-Louis Trintignant has become one of France's leading actors. Among his fifty-two film credits are such critical successes as *A Man and a Woman*, *The Conformist*, *Les Biches*, *Ma Nuit chez Maud*, and *Z*. Trintignant was born forty-one years ago in Nîmes in the south of France. Today he lives in Paris with his wife, film director Nadine Marquand Trintignant, and their ten-year-old daughter, Marie. Costa-Gavras, who directed Trintignant in *Z*, describes him as "the only star who makes films he likes even if those films can ruin his career. I hope he will never change."

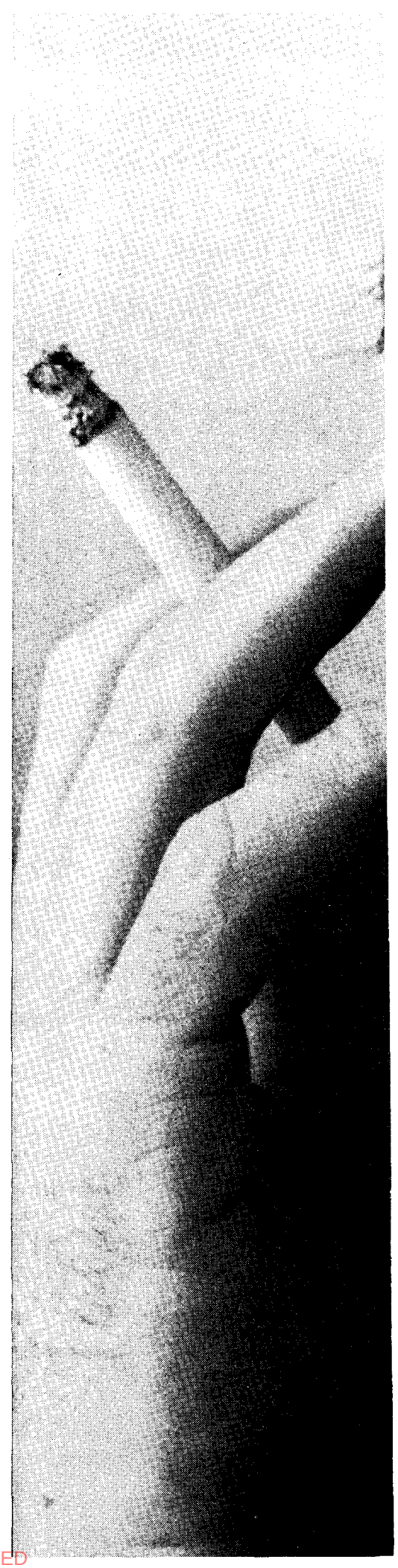
Philippe Grumbach: When did you become interested in the movies? Jean-Louis Trintignant: A long time ago, when I was fifteen. But I didn't want to become an actor, I wanted to be a director. I came to Paris to become a director, but I took some drama lessons to learn how to direct actors. I was very timid then. I felt that trying to be an actor would help me overcome my timidity.

Have you succeeded in analyzing what lay behind your timidity? It's all very simple. I was born in the south of France; I had a very heavy southern accent. That's what paralyzed me in Paris at the start. I lived for months without talking to anyone, without daring to open my mouth. But I think that if you examine timidity closely, you see that it's just a form of arrogance. You're timid because you feel you're very important, that people are paying attention to you. But that simply isn't so. I could have opened my mouth, and even if people had laughed at me, it wouldn't have been out of cruelty. Yes, timidity is a form of arrogance; it's very bad and I cured myself of it by thinking about it.

And also through your work? Yes, because being an actor means that I can hide myself behind the roles I play. I hide behind my role, but little by little I peel off the mask and finally succeed in being myself.

Do you believe that a man can be a very good actor if he's happy and satisfied? No, I don't think so. First of all, if a man is happy and satisfied he doesn't *want* to be an actor. Happy people can find so many more interesting, calmer things to do. I don't believe there's an actor whose sensitivity isn't made up out of complexes. Certainly there are a lot of people who have complexes and who aren't actors. But that's only because they haven't had the opportunity to become one. Acting is a minor form of art; it may be the *most* insignificant form. But it is, nevertheless, an art if it's done with a certain amount of dignity. Actors are only interpreters, secondhand creators. They create, but only from something that already exists. Of course, their work can have an artistic value. Basically, I became an actor because I was not gifted in any other art. If I could have played a musical instrument just a little bit, or if I could have drawn or sculpted, I would definitely have preferred to be a real creator.

But acting is a technique, just like painting or sculpture or architecture. Art is inevitably the interpretation of the world through someone else's



Despite his success, Trintignant often projects an intense, brooding quality. One director for whom he has worked says: "He is a lonely actor, the loneliest of them all."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN-REGIS ROUSTAN

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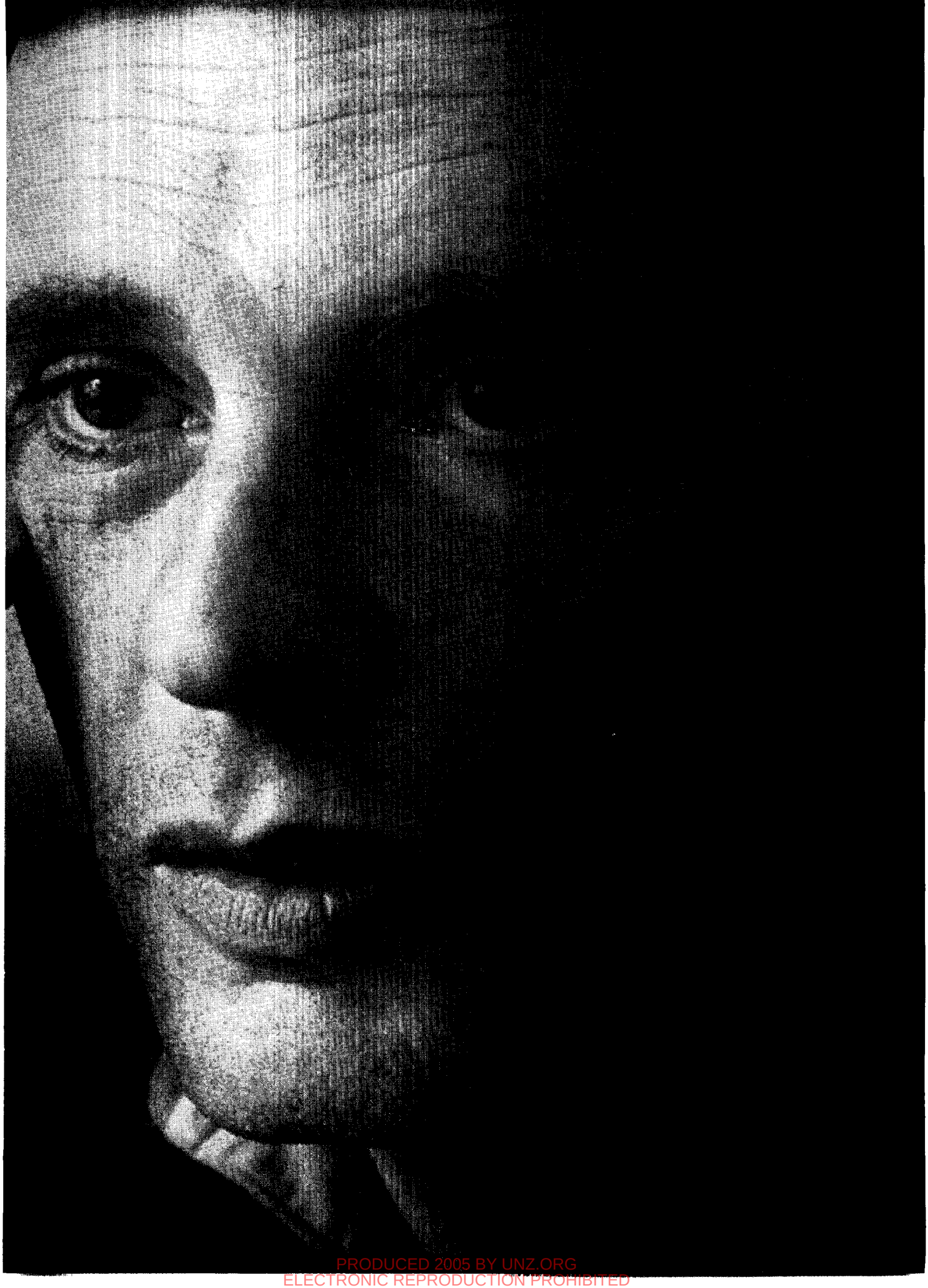

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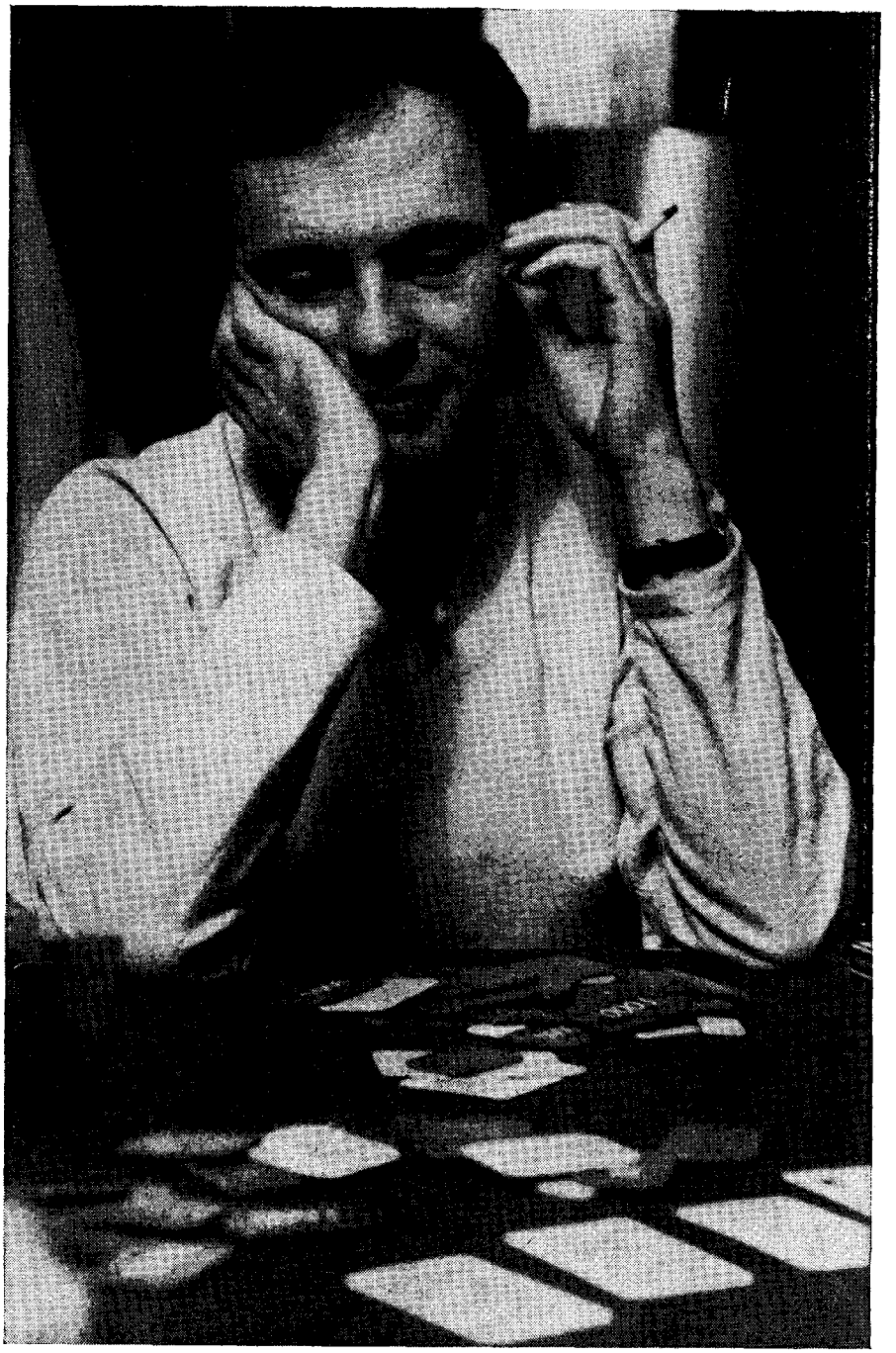
sensitivity. Can't the interpretation of a part become the essential factor of a movie, a first-rate artistic factor? Not really. Because we're limited. I think that in the movies the actor is an assistant to the director. At best, he can be an inspired assistant.

Therefore, you feel that the work of a director offers greater possibilities of expression. Four billion times more! But you just mentioned technique. I believe that in any art, if you don't master the technique, you can't do anything. It's taken me twenty years to acquire some technique, but I still have a long way to go. There are two different things: On the one hand there's technique and on the other sensitivity. I am cultivating both at the same time. I work on my technique, and, at the same time, I try to enrich myself personally. For me, being an actor means impersonating complex, varied, ambiguous characters. That's why I try to bring out the extremes in myself. An actor's got to be—at the same time—both good and bad, generous and miserly.

It's a question of exploring, then? That's right. You can't play something in a movie if you don't feel it deeply. That's why it is very important for a movie actor to do everything—to hurt himself, to court insanity, to search for odd sensations within himself. One example: In private life I'm a nice guy, and I wouldn't know how to be a bastard. I couldn't play the role of a bastard if I didn't develop all the badness there is within me. There's good and bad in every person. Generally, you use only one part, but the hidden part is still there. I *cultivate* the bad part, the part I don't exploit in my private life. I cultivate it mentally.

Basically, what's the difference between Trintignant in the movies and Trintignant in his private life? In the movies, as I said, I try to portray a full character. In order to have a complex personality in the movies, I believe my private life must be very simple. I'm a fairly dull person, without much originality. But I cultivate my inner life. I went through an erotic period. I experimented in eroticism with my wife, because eroticism is very stimulating for the imagination. And then I went off in another direction; I tried jealousy—still with my wife. But jealousy was very hard for me. I just couldn't believe in it. I also tried to understand insanity. I tried fasting. I fasted to discover within myself things that I couldn't find naturally. I don't talk about dope—because it's forbidden—but fasting has basically the same effect as drugs.



Trintignant relishes poker games because they let him cultivate his "bad" side. "Poker is an evil game," he says. "If you want to play it well, you've got to be vicious."

What is it about insanity that attracts you? It's a generous way of losing oneself, of being on the verge of going too far. Insanity means running a risk. It isn't a physical risk, like a car accident, but it's just as great a

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"The character I played in 'Z' is timid but knows what he wants. This is me, exactly."

danger. I know because I went into it a little bit. I went on the other side a bit. I made it back. But I might not have made it back.

When did you feel the closest to going insane? I don't know if I can say it. It was during an experiment under the effect of—let us say, a long fast. Three days of fasting can bring about a full trance, make you hypersensitive and very receptive. And if you want to go further, you can reach a frightening stage, release things within yourself you hadn't dreamed were there.

Do your two favorite hobbies, racing cars and playing poker, have anything to do with your desire to test limits? Racing is a very exact way of finding out just how far I can go. If I go too far, I run off the road and can kill myself. Therefore, racing is a very precise way of gauging my limitations—precise but not intellectual at all. Poker, for me, is a way of practicing at being bad. Poker is an evil game. If you want to play it well, you've got to be vicious. When a player's in trouble, you've got to pretend to extend him a helping hand—and then push him down until he sinks. You can live a lot more intensely around a poker table than during months and months of talking to people. That's what excites me.

In America you are compared to Humphrey Bogart. Is this a valid comparison in your opinion? The first person who told me I looked like Bogart was Michèle Morgan. About fifteen years ago I did a film with her, and she told me: "It's wild how much you look like Bogart." But I think that if I look like Bogart it's only because my lower teeth are ugly. So I learned to smile without showing them, baring only the upper teeth, and that's what turns me into Bogart. That's why people say I look like him. If I didn't like Bogart, I'd have my lower teeth fixed. But for me Bogart is a wonderful actor. After having been, as I have been, a very bad actor in his early pictures, he ended up by being a remarkable actor. He finally achieved a form of simplicity that I am trying to attain. That is my goal. The best actor in the world is one who feels the most and shows the least. And Bogart reached a prodigious point of thrift in acting. He became the Matisse of dramatic art.

Which actors, besides Bogart, impress you most? I liked Montgomery Clift very much. I am attracted to destruction and madness and I believe that an artist must take risks. Clift, as his life and his death have shown, was a man who destroyed himself. There are other actors, better balanced, whom I also like very much: Paul Newman, for instance. He has made great progress; he is bettering himself constantly; he is also very honest, I think. There's George C. Scott, and a lot of new names like Warren Oates and Jack Nicholson; it's really a new school of actors I am fascinated by. An actor is really a fragile being. There's a time when the actor reaches his peak. Success stimulates you to reach this peak. But it is also very dangerous to go beyond. And I'm afraid—maybe I'm wrong—that Dustin Hoffman has already gone beyond that point, just as Marlon Brando did. But Brando may find himself again because he is such an extraordinary actor. In Italy, there is Marcello Mastroianni, whom I like very much too. In France there are Michel Simon (the most wonderful actor and human being of all), Michel Piccoli, and Jean-Pierre Léaud, Charles Denner, and Michel Bouquet.

What makes you decide to accept or refuse to do a movie? Do you accept a film with a director you don't personally like? What makes me decide is, first, the director, the personality of the director; then, the script; and in third place, the part. That's it, in that order. I believe that the director is the most important. An interesting man will never make an uninteresting film. Then I look at the script. Sometimes I refuse a script no matter who is going to shoot it. Either because it expresses political views I do not agree with or because I have to play a love scene. I hate doing that. It embarrasses me terribly. I would love to do an erotic film. But one in which the characters would not touch each other.

You've worked with the best film directors. Which ones impressed you most professionally? I've not done much work with already acknowledged great directors. I've often been there at the start of a director's career. When I met Claude Lelouch, for instance, he'd already made four or five films, but he was really an unrecognized talent. He became important after *A Man and a Woman*. When I met Eric Rohmer, he'd already made three films that got absolutely no recognition. Bernardo Bertolucci had also made four films. Of the four, one was interesting, *Before the Revolution*. But he was still a marginal director. I'm not saying that all these people made a good film because of me. But they are recognized now as great directors, and they were not known when I met them. The same for Costa-Gavras. I was in his first film that had some success, *Compartiment Tueur* (*Killer Compartment*), and then *Z*, which was enormously successful. In the meantime he made another film, *Un Homme de Trop* (*One Man Too Many*), which didn't make it. Bertolucci is probably the most complete of them all. He is intelligent, *engagé*, with a very rich personality and an acute plastic sense; he has an extraordinary sense of the movies. He is probably the greatest of all those I have known. There's also Lelouch, but he's a little different since he's a movie animal. His body was built around his camera. There is Costa-Gavras, who is really a director in the tradition of the great American film directors, a complete director, a man who belongs to the entertainment world, and a very attractive human being. Who else? Clément, of course, who belongs to another period, to a generation that is disappearing bit by bit. But he reached a kind of perfection in that style. Then, there's Nadine Trintignant, who's a woman. (He laughs.)

Does she impress you professionally or personally? Professionally too, she is very impressive. Besides, she made her best film without me, not like the others. (Nadine had made two films with Jean-Louis: *Mon Amour, Mon Amour* and *Le Voleur de Crimes* [*The Crime Thief*]. Her last film, *Ca n'arrive qu'aux autres* [*It Can't Happen to Us*], is about the death of their eleven-month-old daughter.)

You've made a number of films that could be qualified as "political." Is it merely a coincidence, or did you decide intentionally to do this kind of film? It is not a coincidence; I believe that not enough political films are being made. Each time I've had the opportunity to make one, I did. And now I am shooting a new film, *L'Attentat*

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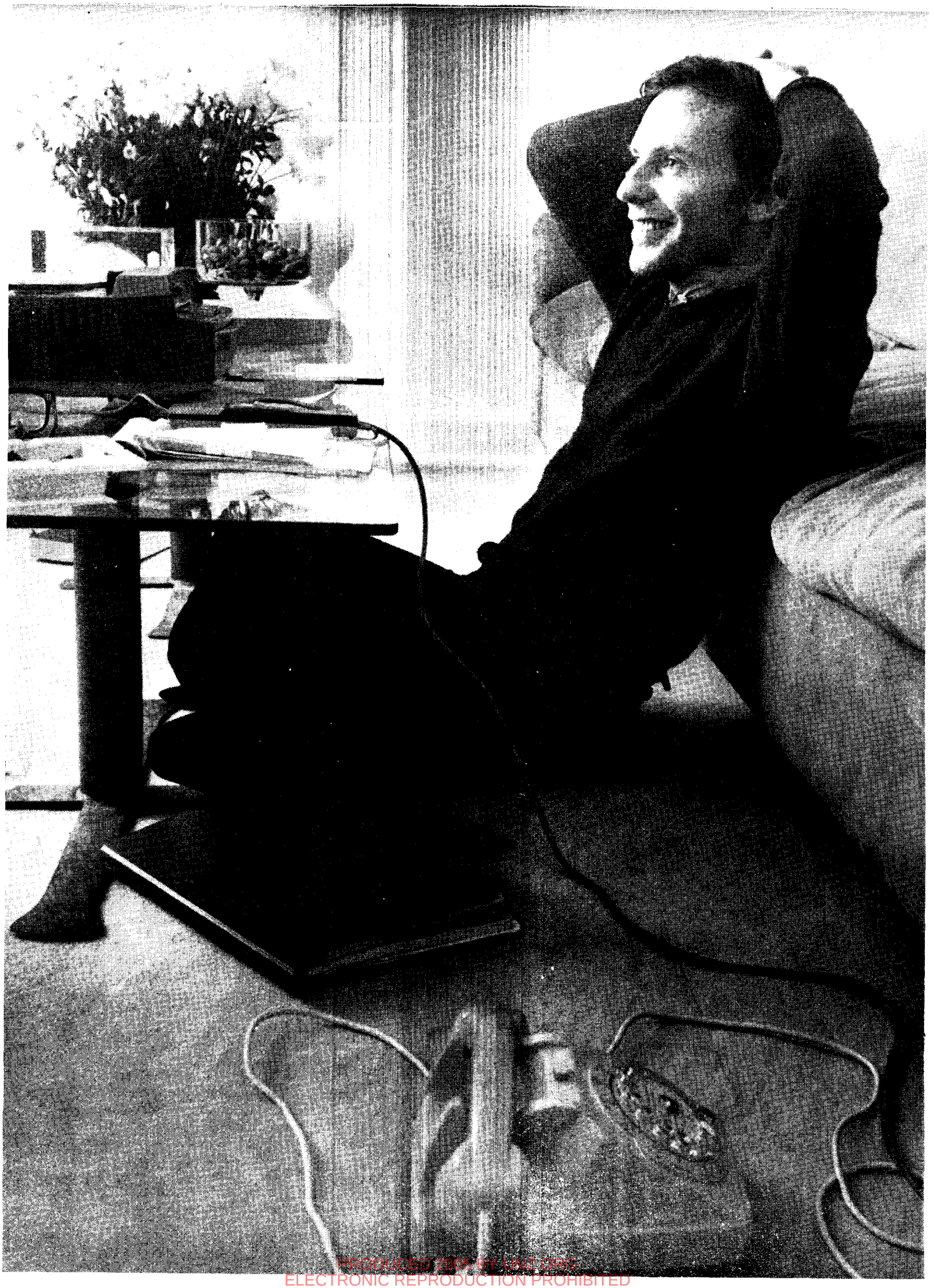

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"I'm such a wonderful husband that I feel I do my bit to improve the lot of women."

(*The Assassination*). I can't tell you what it's about, but it's a very courageous political film. If I am asked to do more such films, I'll do them.

Do you believe that the audience reacts to the political film directly, or does it reach them as a distraction, a show? I am against didactic political films. There must always be—from the very start—the notion of a show. If a spectacular political film is made, it naturally gets a large audience. I do not believe in political films that are meant to preach to those who are already convinced. There is a type of political film, like the most recent films by Godard, for example, that are propaganda movies. That's all very well, and I don't want to criticize Godard, whom I like and respect. However, I believe that it is more important to make *Z* than to make the films that Godard has been making recently. Even if Z is not perfect, it attracted a very large audience, and if it did not have a great influence in countries such as France, Italy, or even the United States, I know that in South America, particularly in Argentina, *Z* almost set off a revolution. Someone who was at the opening in Buenos Aires told me that there was an extraordinary wave of emotion when the film came out.

Do you believe that it was a political act to make films like "Z" or "The Conformist"? No! I participated, that's all.

But what did this political undertaking mean for you? The ideas I found right and generous. I am not political at all. I belong to no political party and I take part in no political movement. But I believe some causes to be just. I only feel they are just, by instinct, without analyzing them.

What ideas, what problems affect you? Questions of oppression, children, women? Women, not too much. Oppression, of course. Children, certainly. In general, minorities; I believe that all good things come from minorities. The condition of women? I'm such a wonderful husband that I feel I do my bit to improve the lot of women. I don't feel the need to do anything more about it.

A number of your friends are politically active people. People like Jorge Semprun, Costa-Gavras, Bernardo Bertolucci, Yves Montand, Simone Signoret. Is this a coincidence? No, there's no coincidence there. Politics is, when you come down to it, choosing a side, rebelling against an obvious injustice. People who don't rebel against injustice don't interest me. But I don't like people who militate too much; they become unbearably boring. Sure, I approve of being *engagé*. But it has to be spontaneous. It's not following the dogmas of one political party or another. Being *engagé* is a private affair. That, of course, is a Rightist idea. I would like to be a man of the Left. But in spite of myself, I realize—and I'm ashamed of it—that I often have Rightist ideas. I chase them away. For instance, what I've just said about individualism in politics.

Do you believe that there are purely political solutions to the world's problems? When I think about it, I really don't believe in the great revolutionary movements. I believe things evolve little by little. This is why I want to do political films every time I can, to make my contribution to this progress. I am a man of the Left because, basically, all social progress has come from the Left.

Trintignant starred in the first film directed by his wife, Nadine (above, center), titled "Mon Amour, Mon Amour." Opposite, he flashes a "Bogart smile," done by baring only the upper teeth. "If I didn't like Bogart," he says, "I'd have my lower teeth fixed."

When you come down to it, for a man who was once timid, you're very sure of yourself. Yes. It's funny. I'm doing a film now with an actor, Jean Gaven, with whom I made my very first film. We've met again after fifteen years. One night, at a friend's house, we were talking, and I said that I had never been ambitious. He said this wasn't true: "I knew you fifteen years ago and I assure you that you were ambitious." I think he's right. Only I'm not aware of it. I look timid or reserved. But I must be very self-assured. For example, a role I managed to do—I don't say I did it well, but easily—was *Z*; the character I played in *Z* is a man who is timid but knows exactly what he wants. I think that this is me exactly.

Therefore, you believe that the most efficient political weapon for you is your work? Yes. With a film like *Z*, I'm sure not to go wrong. I'm sure that the Greek colonels are a bunch of bastards. In *The Conformist*, I'm sure that the Fascists in Italy were the bad guys. Did you notice that in practically all my political films, except *Z*, I was on the wrong side? Funny? But it doesn't bother me to play the bad guys as long as the film's message agrees with my ideas.

Are you a bad guy or a good guy in the movie you are presently shooting, "The Assassination"? A bad guy!

Philippe Grumbach is the editor of the French newsweekly *L'Express*.

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JOE PAPP SEEKS A BIGGER STAGE

The man who brought free Shakespeare outdoors is fighting for a socially committed national touring company.

BY STUART W. LITTLE

American plays in the 1970s may well be simpler and more human than those of the last decade. They may also attract a bigger audience drawn from every region and social class in the country. Or so Joseph Papp predicts.

Papp is the energetic and innovative producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater. His organization has two homes: One is a 2,300-seat open-air amphitheater in Central Park, where Shakespeare is presented to the public free every summer; the other is a complex of four separate auditoriums housed since 1967 in the former Astor Library on Lafayette Street in downtown Manhattan. At both locations, which are financed partly by public funds and partly by private donations, many people who never have seen a play before are beginning to love live drama. Vibrant productions and the low ticket prices on Lafayette Street (student tickets sell for as little as $2) are packing them in.

Papp recently turned fifty and is generating ever more plans and ideas. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a rock adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy, Papp has given Broadway its freshest musical of the season. Another Papp production, *Sticks and Bones*, has been so well received at the Public Theater on Lafayette Street that it is being transferred uptown, where it will become Broadway's only serious new American play. David Rabe, the author, was discovered by Papp and may well be the best new American playwright since Edward Albee.

Since the first of 1972, Papp has been trying to clear his desk of all the clutter of production details that accompany success in order to concentrate on what matters to him most: a populist concept of an American national theater.

No one who has watched Papp plan and maneuver over the years would be surprised by this bold ambition, for from small beginnings he has built a major theatrical power base. He was born Joseph Papirofsky of Eastern European parents in Brooklyn in 1921; his father pushed a wheelbarrow through the Williamsburg section. At the public library and at free band concerts, Papp acquired an early love of culture. His first theatrical experience was as an actor; he once toured in a national company of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. In the late 1940s he began a career in directing. Brooks Atkinson, the critic for *The New York Times*, panned his first attempts, some one-act plays of Sean O'Casey.

His New York Shakespeare Festival had its origins in a church basement on New York's Lower East Side in 1953 when he organized a workshop. He first took Shakespeare outdoors in 1956 by staging plays in the East River Amphitheater, thus establishing the pattern of free performances that survives to the present. The following summer he moved his stage to Central Park.

Beginning in 1966, Papp established a year-round operation by acquiring a permanent indoor home, the Astor Library. Papp, in financial straits last spring for the costly renovation, suc-

In Rabe's "Sticks and Bones," a blind veteran (David Selby) is brought home by a sergeant (Hector Elias) to the boy's father (Tom Aldredge). While the veteran is tormented by visions of his Vietnamese girl, his family tries to cheer him up (bottom). Brother Rick (Cliff De Young) picks a guitar while father and mother (Elizabeth Wilson) feign festivity.

Stuart W. Little writes often for *SR*. In April his book *Off-Broadway: The Prophetic Theater* will be published.

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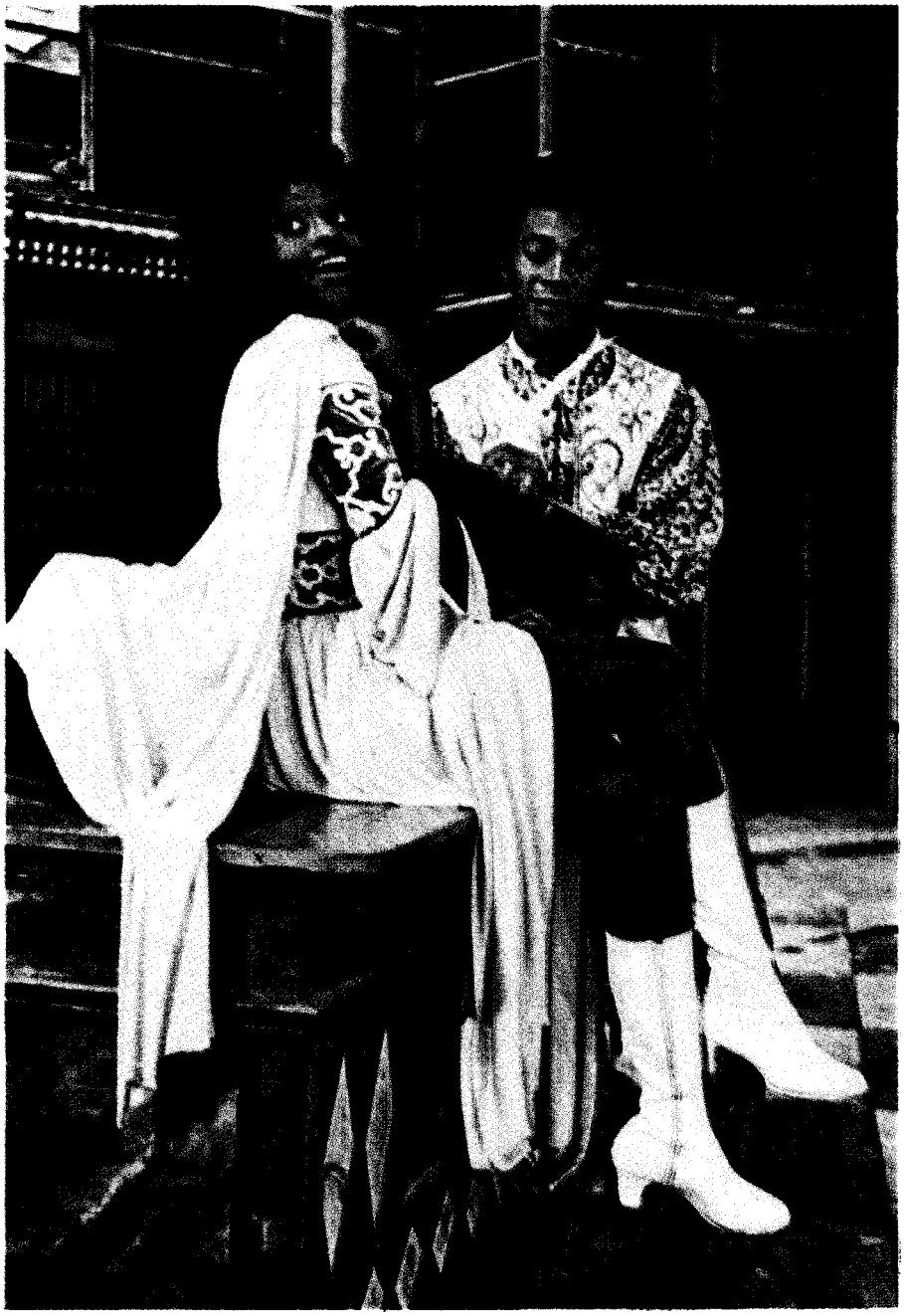

In the rock version of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen," Clifton Davis eyes Jonelle Allen (above). Frank O'Brien is also courting Jonelle (top right), and his suit has been approved by Jonelle's father, Norman Matlock (center). But everything ends well. Davis gets Jonelle, and another pair of lovers (Raul Julia and Diana Davila) is also reconciled (bottom).

ceeded in selling the building to the city for $2.6-million—its cost plus improvements. Typically, he had turned a narrow escape into a major cultural victory. Now he was ready to fight for a national theater.

His plans have not yet been fully worked out, but Papp envisions setting up, through massive government aid and private funding, the American National Theater Service. Its most important function would be underwriting the financial losses incurred by a national tour of almost any serious play. Papp, moreover, hopes his productions will reach not only those cities with theaters but also small, remote towns that have facilities no grander than a church or a high school auditorium.

Papp's operations in New York already represent on a small scale what his projected American National Theater Service might be able to do for the entire nation. He has taken his Shakespeare productions out into the streets of the five city boroughs in the summer; each street company works out of a mobile unit, a truck that contains all necessary sets, props, and sound equipment and that can be opened up into a small stage. In the winter his actors tour the city schools. Papp has also organized university tours of such one-man shows as Jack MacGowran's dramatic readings from the plays and novels of Samuel Beckett. Joe Papp, in short, has had plenty of experience taking the theater to the people, but now he wants to reach not just New Yorkers but all Americans.

How will the American National Theater Service be funded? For the service's first year, Papp seeks $1-million from the federal government and $400,000 from private sources (the first private donor might well be the Rockefeller Foundation, which Papp already has approached). For the second year, an expanded program would require $2-million from the government and $600,000 from private sources. In its third year Papp's program would be in full operation and ideally would receive an annual government subsidy of $3-million and an increased amount of

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private money. When fully operative, the service would not only underwrite tours of plays but also publish scripts and make films. In the near future Papp hopes to be able to present the whole scheme to President Nixon.

The National Theater Service has been conceived at an opportune historical moment. With the Vietnam War drawing to some kind of close, Papp feels we are at the beginning of a more positive era. The service would assist in the "liberation and purification" of this era's spirit. In the kinds of scripts submitted to him, Papp detects a shift. He senses a growing reaction against the experimental, dehumanized drama of the past decade. Many plays of the 1960s more often assaulted the senses than made sense. Actors moved in restless patterns, produced choral shrieks and moans rather than coherent individual speech, and flung one another about more like angry gymnasts than sensitive, normal human beings.

"I think there is a kind of revulsion against the purely formal aspects of art," Papp says, "and a need to get back to the humanness of theater. I only know this by reading what is submitted to me. There is less death and negation in the writing. Black playwrights seem to be less angry than they were and more personal. They write about love, about family, about a real-life situation in a bar." A return to a simpler, more human treatment of fundamental problems, Papp believes, will help the theater to address a broader public.

Papp's recent thinking has obviously been profoundly influenced by his "discovery" of David Rabe, a playwright whose name Papp mentions in the same breath with Eugene O'Neill's. For many years Papp dealt with only one playwright: Shakespeare. Papp's artistic and organizational energies went into developing an American approach to the classic plays. More specifically, he cast blacks and Puerto Ricans in leading Shakespearean roles, sometimes modernized the lines, and even added rock music—all on Shakespeare's own theory that a play must be as you like it. Papp's urbanization of Shakespeare hit a new high with *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, with its joyful rock score, its celebration of love, and its ethnically diverse cast.

Since his acquisition of the Public Theater, Papp has been turning more toward new plays and musicals. He helped create *Hair*, from which his theater still derives substantial royalties. He produced Charles Gordone's

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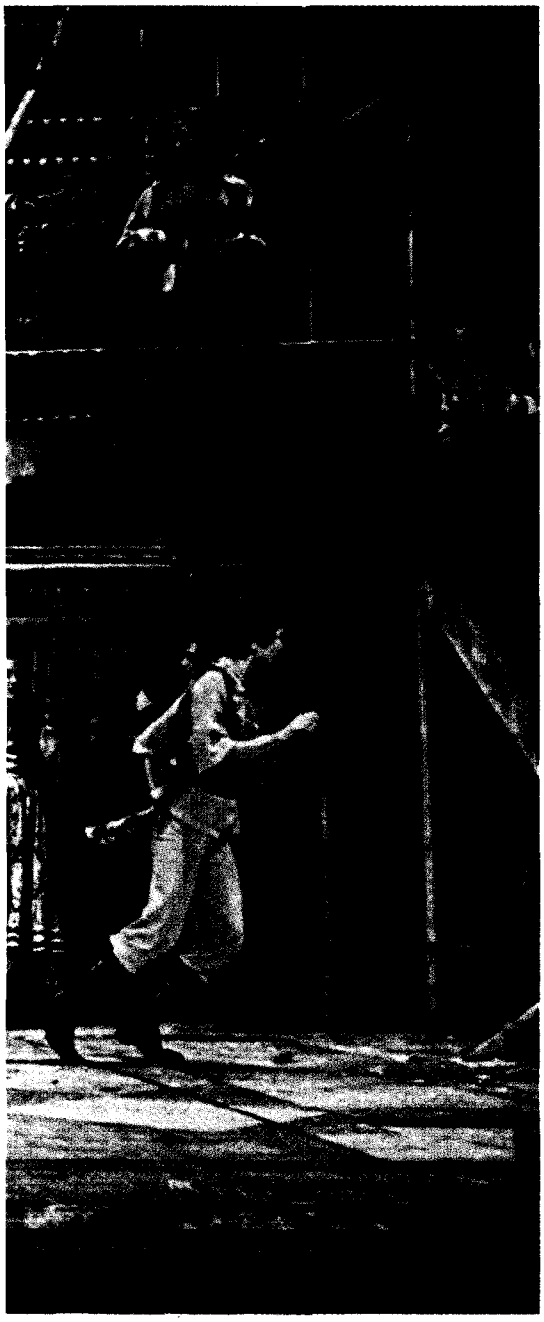

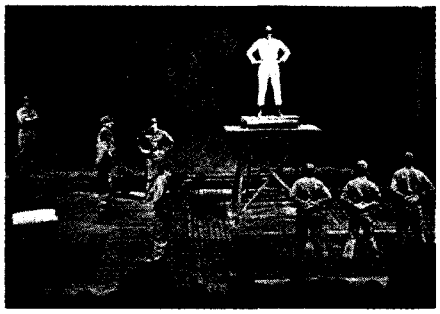

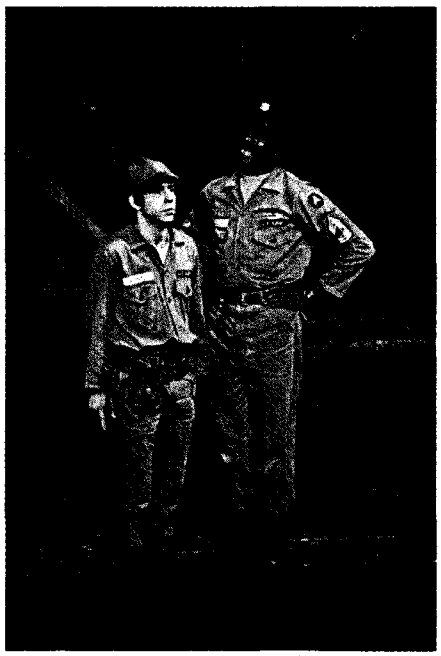

High-stepping fun in "Two Gentlemen" (left) is contrasted to brutality in Rabe's "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" (above). Pavlo (Bob Balaban) is chewed out by an officer (Frank Adu) and (bottom) meets a Saigon whore (Kalen Liu). In "The Black Terror" (right), Susan Batson and Kain are revolutionaries and Don Blakely (bottom) a wounded zealot.

No Place to Be Somebody, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1970. These spectacular successes and Papp's openness to new writers and writing brought scripts flooding in. David Rabe's first play, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, came in the mail. Although Papp was on the lookout for a play about the war, he had been getting only predictable antiwar preachments.

Rabe's play was different. It had a military setting, to be sure; in the rapid-fire dialogue and long monologue of the first few scenes, Rabe erupted with a magma of military slang, soldierly lore, swear words, and barracks insults. Yet it was more than a routine propagandist diatribe. And the central character was puzzling. "I had a strange feeling when I read the play," Papp recalled. "I didn't have an immediate positive reaction to it. I didn't know who Pavlo was. Was he a Puerto Rican? Was he working-class? It was a peculiar play."

Not quite knowing what to do with the script, Papp put it aside until another director brought it back to his attention. Mel Shapiro, who recently staged *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, arranged for Rabe to meet Papp. From the first Papp was taken with Rabe, a big, sandy-haired man with the build of a football player, who talks slowly and frankly but writes fast and wild for his stage characters. "He was modest and shy and thoughtful," Papp said. "But I felt we were not talking on the same plane. I needed to get a director who could relate to David. I had a feeling only a buddy in the war—and it had to be *that* war—would do."

Papp picked Jeff Bleckner, who had studied with Papp at the Yale Drama School and had served in Vietnam. At the initial meeting in Papp's office, Bleckner and Rabe, sizing each other up and getting to know each other, carried on the barest of conversations. New playwright and director fast became a firm team—*Pavlo Hummel* opened last May and is still running—and the two men now work together with great mutual respect.

"I participated with them in planning the production," Papp said. While

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the work was going on, I became more and more interested in the play. I decided to do it as a major production. Things I didn't *see* I began to *hear*. In reading the play, for example, the mother's speech had seemed tedious. But onstage it came alive."

The speech, as it happens, is central to the script. Pavlo Hummel is a strange, blasted character with an uncreated past, a tortured present, and a future he can foresee only as doomed. With mounting desperation but diminishing success, Pavlo labors to make his pride in his uniform compensate for the indifference of his family. Pavlo's brother doesn't bother to stop combing his hair in order to acknowledge Pavlo's return home on leave. Pavlo's mother belittles her son by derisively asking him about his service in the Army, "How do you like being a robot?" Acted-out scenes of violence tumble furiously one upon another: drill-field punishments; scuffles with sadistic buddies who loathe Pavlo's zeal; a battlefield rescue in Vietnam; and, finally, Pavlo's death, which happens when another soldier fights with him over a girl in a Saigon whorehouse and throws a grenade at the hero. But in a play studded with such overt brutality there is perhaps no greater crime than the understated neglect by brother and mother. In her long speech Pavlo's mother recites how a woman moving about in a department store finally receives the news of her son's death. The long, involved speech—Pavlo might just as well not be in the room—is designed solely to insulate the mother in advance from the personal pain of her son's probable death in Vietnam. On his first leave Pavlo Hummel has already been given up at home.

Rabe started *Pavlo Hummel* about six months after he returned from Vietnam in January 1967. He then began to write *Sticks and Bones*, a play about a blind Vietnam soldier coming home. These two plays are linked thematically; in both, the soldier's family refuses to comprehend the son's experience of the war. Rabe himself did not perceive the similarities until the second play was finished. He is now writing a third play, *The Orphan* (Papp hopes to produce it at the Public Theater next fall), and recognizes that when it is done he will have completed a dramatic trilogy, which was not his original intention.

Papp's main purpose in transferring *Sticks and Bones* to Broadway is to provide a larger and more conspicuous platform for a playwright with important ideas to communicate. Yet the transfer does pose a risk to the life of the play; Broadway audiences often do not respond to dramas that state strong ideas. But he believes a show that can sell out on a Tuesday night in a 300-seat theater in downtown New York has enough draw to fill the 799 seats of Broadway's Golden Theater: "It has that kind of push."

Papp will consider the move a success if the production breaks even; his regard for money is respectful if not altogether commercial. At the Public Theater *The Black Terror* is running at a weekly loss of $5,000. "I don't ask myself why we are supporting that play. I think in terms of perpetuating an important work. This is the most important black statement being made today in the theater. Why do you produce plays in the first place? You produce them because they have something to say and you want as many people to hear them as possible." Richard Wesley's argumentative play is the most eloquent treatment yet staged of the conflict among blacks caused by their attempts to justify the use of violent means to achieve liberation.

Joseph Papp

"I know exactly what plays I want," Papp said of his most vital function—the choice of scripts—a function he reserves to himself. "But you can't order them up. By producing certain playwrights you can attract others. We want those plays that will make an impact on society. I am looking for a kind of simplicity and directness in the writing, a kind of simplicity that David Rabe has, that will reach great numbers of people."

While setting up such criteria, Papp is not turning his back on the kind of avant-garde drama that provided so much theater excitement during the last decade. His small Other Stage at the Public Theater is open to "plays that are important to do, plays that are literary, that are sophisticated, that are probing, that are avant-garde."

But Papp takes a skeptical view of plays that do not relate to the wider problems of society. "I'm impatient with other plays unless they are brilliant. The brilliant play, even if it has no relevance to our times, is always an exception. Then I would drop all requirements, all limitations."

Papp has some further bold schemes for the months ahead. Concerned about the erosion of police morale in New York City that has resulted from public antagonism, he is ambitious to form a gigantic police chorus and see what influence such a singing group might have in altering attitudes. To the same end, he would form a parallel chorus of inmates from the city's penitentiaries. Out of his American National Theater Service, eventually he would like to see emerge a multi-racial acting company. "Then there would be a true national theater. It would not be just an Anglo-Saxon theater. We would have to have actors who speak well. They would be white, black, and Puerto Rican, and would express the true racial makeup of this country. Then we could start to build an audience."

To put these major schemes into effect, Papp has tried to reduce his administrative duties. Much of the load can be taken up by his able coproducer, Bernard Gersten, who is both everywhere Papp is and everywhere Papp cannot be.

Still, it is hard for Papp to relinquish detail. Large or small, most decisions land on his desk. Recently a talented young graphic artist came to Papp at the dragging end of the business day. Willingly adding half an hour to office time, Papp examined with care a portfolio containing a number of fresh and detailed drawings of children that showed a quick eye for their impish curiosity. When Papp, who was genuinely enthusiastic about the drawings, heard that a couple of publishers had rejected the artist's ideas, he turned to Gersten, "Maybe we ought to go into children's book publishing, Bernie." But the artist had come really to sell Papp on a logo, a typographical symbol for the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater. Papp, whose theater uses distinctive type faces but has never had a logo, wasn't really in the market for one.

"You know how long I've been hearing about a logo?" Papp asked rhetorically. "Twenty years. 'You need a logo.' People have been saying that for twenty years."

The artist, conscious of losing ground rapidly, switched to the consumer's survey as defense: "I've shown these to a number of people and their opinion. . . ." Papp interrupted. "You know the most important opinion you can get on that?" The Public Theater producer, the seasoned wager of so many public wars to build his theater to its present position of strength, looked at the artist levelly for a full four seconds. "Mine," he said. □

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WHERE'S VERA? SHE'S PAINTING

First an actress, then a costume designer, now a painter, Igor Stravinsky's widow has emerged as an artist in her own right.

BY ROBERT CRAFT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

"Where's Vera? Is she painting?" This was always Igor Stravinsky's first question, emerging from his room after a spell of composing. The answer that Vera was indeed painting assured him that in the center of his world, at least, all was well.

For nearly twenty years, composer and painter unveiled their work to each other first, before anyone else heard or saw it. And for twenty years the composer was the painter's most helpful critic. Stravinsky had an unerring eye for composition in painting, as well as the eye of a cartoonist for the characteristic feature, the essential detail. He cherished his wife's pictures. As for the painter's criticisms of the composer, I have never heard of any. But I can testify that he wrote all of his music for her first, that the first sharing of his discoveries with her was sacred to him, and that her response was more important than "the world's."

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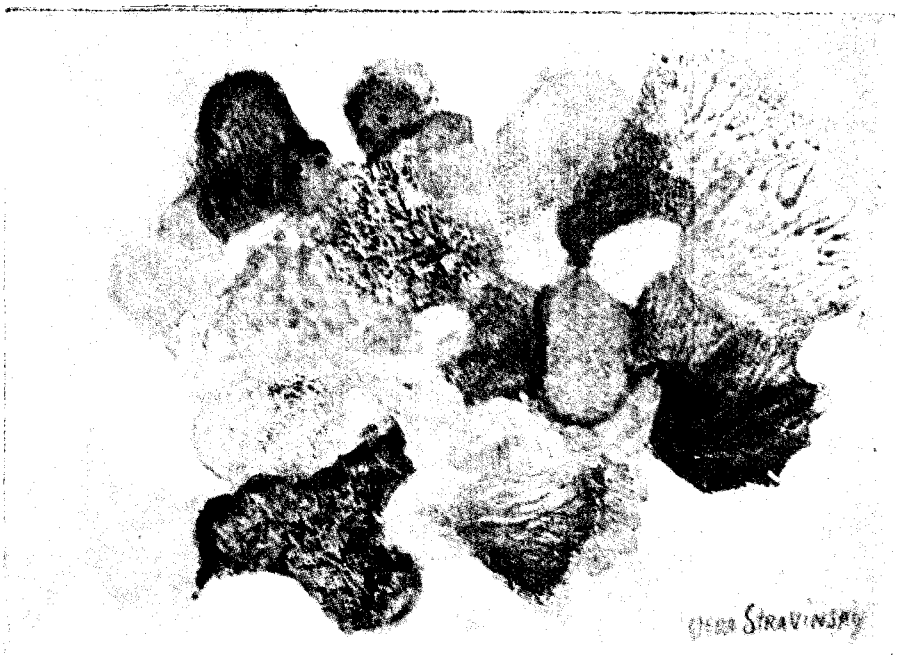

The paintings at left and above, which Vera Stravinsky did in 1967 and 1968, are untitled, but they all show the influence of nature on her art. In her New York studio, Madame Stravinsky works close to a vase of flowers, and her elegant painter's costume includes a string of opulent pearls.

Vera de Bosset was born on Christmas Day, 1892, in her family's home in St. Petersburg, near the icebound and snow-covered Neva River. Half a century later, Thomas Mann described her as a "specifically Russian beauty," but in fact she has no Russian blood. Her mother, Henriette Malmgren, was Swedish, and her father, Arthur de Bosset, was of French extraction, descended from a family of Huguenot refugees. Vera grew up not in St. Petersburg but in Gorky (which means "little hills" or "bluffs"), the De Bosset country estate in Novgorodskaya Province, midway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. The De Bosset home was surrounded by forests, fields, and lakes, a landscape that must have influenced the child profoundly for it is still evident in Vera's paintings. Even now when she mentions Russia it is usually with a nostalgic reference to forests and the slow pace of Chekhovian country life. Her education at Gorky was entrusted to governesses, Fräulein Erna in the winter, a Parisienne in the summer. Fräulein Erna was a competent pianist, and under her instruction young Vera became one, too. Thanks to her, moreover, the painter's second language, like the composer's, was German. (It is Franglais now.)

But Vera's closest companion in the country was her mother. The two rode horseback together, gathered mushrooms together, and even danced together. Later, as a student in Moscow, Vera came home after seeing Isadora Duncan, took off her shoes, induced her mother to do the same, and cavorted with her *à la* Duncan to the music of Chopin.

At thirteen Vera entered a boarding school in Moscow, where, with the exception of weekends at home and vacations there and in Switzerland, she was to remain for the next four years. School was a trial for her, and she was soon leading a hunger strike to protest the rations. "Shall I send to Tiestov's for lobsters?" the headmistress asked her rebellious boarder, who replied that that seemed like an excellent idea.

Her musical studies, however, continued under David Shor of the Shor, Krein, and Ehrlich "Moscow Trio," and she gave a recital at school, spicing her program with a seething étude by Alexander Scriabin.

But Vera's greatest delight in Moscow was the theater. She even pawned some of her most prized possessions to buy tickets. Her sense of values was sound. It was the heyday of the ballet, of Russian opera (Tchaikovsky's *The Little Slippers* was the first opera she had ever seen), of Stanislavsky. She had the astronomical luck to see, in the first two plays she ever attended, Eleonora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt. Vera made a great hit in drama class at school by fainting in the Bernhardt manner.

Graduated *cum laude*, gold-medaled, and certified to teach mathematics and

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French, Mademoiselle de Bosset hoped to continue her studies in Paris. But the young ladies of her father's acquaintance who had been "finished" at Parisian schools were distinguished less by their intellectual accomplishments than by their affectations and wanton ways. The German capital, Vera's father thought, was safer and more serious. Accordingly, Vera was enrolled in the University of Berlin. She studied philosophy and science (anatomy, physics, and chemistry) in her first year, but switched to an art curriculum in her second and attended the lectures of art historian Heinrich Wölfflin, who, she says, "finally opened my eyes." After that second year, the outbreak of World War One ended her formal education.

Back in Moscow, she entered the Nelidova Ballet School—"Not, of course, to become a ballerina," she says, performing a mock *arabesque penchée*. "I was too tall and too late-starting. But I wanted to acquire poise, to learn to move less brusquely, and to learn something about bodily expression." Dance was the best basic training for an actress, she thought, and an actress is what she had determined to become. After appearing in the Kammerny Theater as a dancer, she was discovered by movie scouts, or whatever the Russians call them. A screen test was arranged and in the next two years she appeared in a dozen film comedies, some of them with Marius Petipa, the actor son of the choreographer of *Swan Lake*. But the high point of her cinema career came later, in the part of Elena in *War and Peace*.

In 1916 she married the painter Serge Sudeikine and moved with him to St. Petersburg, where the couple lived in an apartment on the Ekaterinsky Canal. She was there when Rasputin was murdered and there during the revolution of March 1917. After being trapped in a bullet-raked street one afternoon and forced to lie in the snow, she returned to Moscow. Then, with her husband, she joined the exodus—of practically everyone who could afford it—to the Crimea.

There she began to paint, and her first works, silhouettes on glass, were exhibited in Yalta in 1918.

In the spring of 1919 the Red Army came nearer. The Sudeikines sailed for Constantinople, or so they thought. Vladimir Nabokov's father was on the same pier at Yalta, Vera Stravinsky recalls, as was the Czar's mother, who was rescued by an English cruiser. The Sudeikines' ark was a mere thirty-

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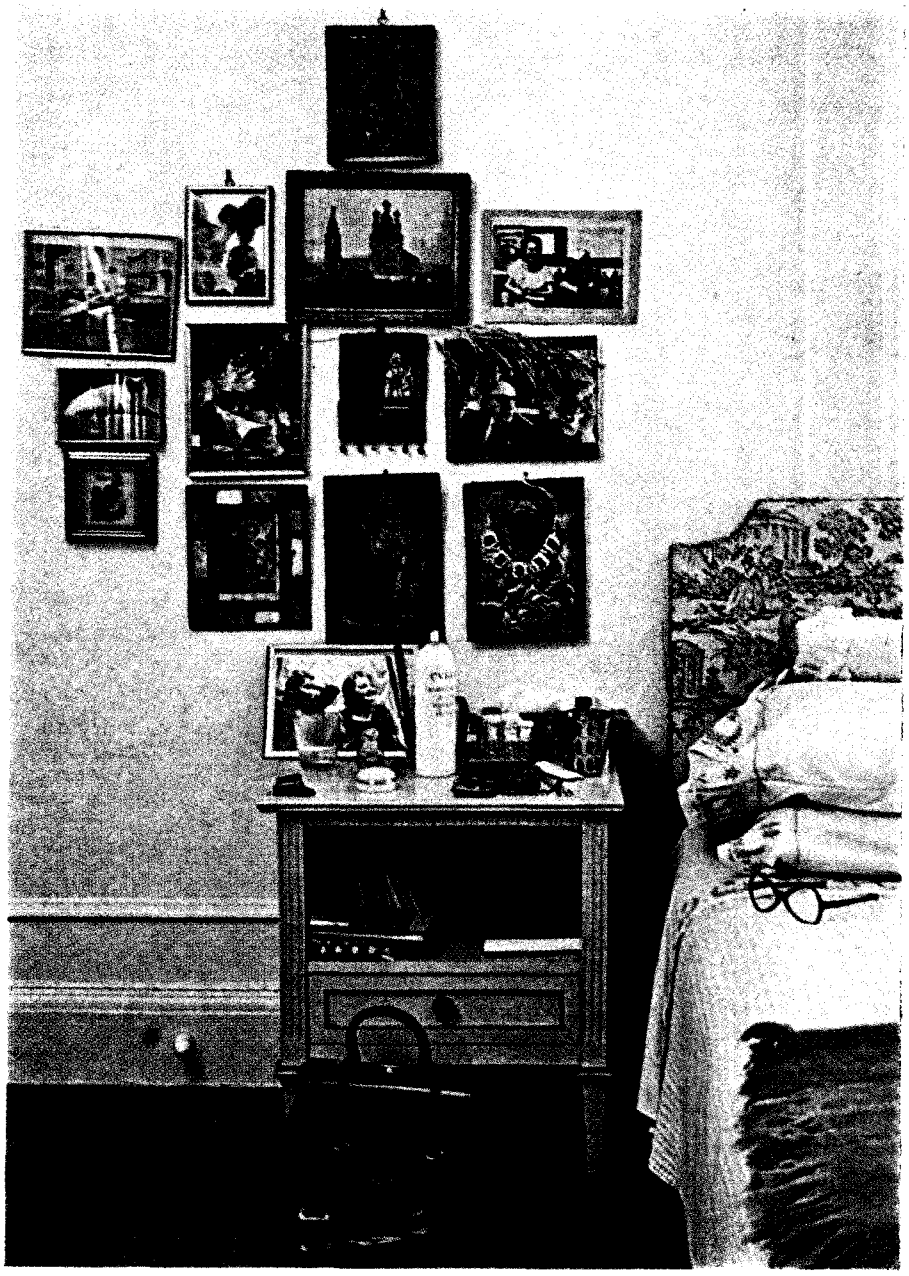

A bedside photograph in Madame Stravinsky's New York apartment (left) shows Vera in 1962 with Russian Minister of Culture, Comrade Yekaterina Furtseva (the woman to the left of Vera). In that year the Stravinskys visited the Soviet Union for the first time since the Revolution. At right, they chat in Vera's old studio in their Hollywood house. In a more recent photograph (above), Vera discusses a working manuscript with her late husband's collaborator, Robert Craft.

footer, and after a heavy storm came up they were landed at the wrong end of the Black Sea in Batum. From there they journeyed to Tiflis, which was to be their home for the next year, a happy one, despite the Revolution, to judge by Madame Sudeikine's diaries.

By the spring of 1920 the Sudeikines had saved enough money to buy passage on a steamer bound for Marseilles. But about three hours out of Batum they were pirated—by "Georgians who spoke Russian like Stalin," Madame Stravinsky recalls. Apart from herself, everyone aboard was relieved of his portable valuables. Not only was Madame Sudeikine not plundered, however, but the gallant corsair chieftain left a purse of Turkish lire at her feet when he parted—a tribute to her beauty, of course, for the discriminating swashbuckler could not have been aware of her warmth and generosity, her talent, charm, and intelligence, her goodness and grace.

The Sudeikines arrived in Paris on May 20, 1920, and soon encountered many prewar friends among the large population of Russian refugees, which included dancers and decorators of the Diaghilev ballet. Diaghilev himself, coming one day to see Sudeikine, met and was captivated by his wife.

Vera became a costume designer in France, at one time employing more than a score of seamstresses to make costumes for the theater and the Diaghilev ballets. Her first commission was to redesign Marie Laurencin's sketches for *Les Biches*; Diaghilev thought them incomprehensible. Drastic adjustments also were required in Rouault's designs for *Le Fils Prodigue*, a task that Diaghilev again entrusted to Madame Sudeikine. Shortly after, she herself designed and supervised the making of some 300 costumes for a *Carmen* in Amsterdam conducted by Pierre Monteux. It was not long after Diaghilev's first meeting with Madame Sudeikine that he called to invite her to a dinner at which Stravinsky was present. "He is moody today," Diaghilev said, "so please be nice to him." And, of course, she was. Of this first meeting, Madame Stravinsky recalls that the composer was "the wittiest, most amusing man I had ever met. Nor was he ever caustic or moody with me. His tempers were usually due to a terrible impatience with business affairs." Vera happened to have a pack of cards with her, and she told the composer's future, presumably saying something about the Queen of Hearts.

Nineteen years later, in January 1940, Vera arrived in New York on the *Rex*, and she married Stravinsky soon after.

They moved to Hollywood where Vera opened an art gallery, La Boutique, and began to paint. Her first American pictures were inspired by trips through the swamps of Louisiana and the redwood forests of the Northwest. (The Stravinskys traveled extensively by automobile during their early years in California.) Oil derricks in the ocean near Ventura, California, were another source of inspiration—"at night when they look like Christmas trees." Yet her pictures are not "of" any of these places, or "of" any thing. She

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does not copy, and does not sketch, or even take notes except for verbal reminders of the colors in a composition of nature. Aldous Huxley has said of her work: "She sees the heavenly oddity in things, she is touched by their absurd and pathetic loveliness; and she proceeds to render these aspects of reality, not directly, not in terms of impressions caught on the wing and recorded in calligraphic shorthand, but at one remove, through what may be called their visionary equivalent. This visionary equivalent of the world's preposterous beauties is a specially created universe of flat houses, depthless landscapes, two-dimensional aquariums—a private universe, where the colors glow with preternatural brilliance, where the darks are like lacquer and the lights like so many small apocalypses from another world of angelic gaiety and paradisal enjoyments."

Nature—leaves, seashells, flowers, clouds—is the source of Vera Stravinsky's painting. But she prefers nature to be in a certain mood, a rainy rather than a sunny one. "I like the *mélancolie* in a landscape," she says, "and I like early morning mists, woods and fields blurred by rain, night scenes with mysterious explosions of light."

Vera Stravinsky's techniques are her own. She has been, first and largely, a gouache painter, partly because she likes the velvety textures of gouache, but partly because of circumstances. Oil painting was impractical while she was concert-touring with her husband (which was much of the time), for he was seldom in one place long enough to allow her pictures to dry.

Vera Stravinsky applies paint with any implement—a sable brush, the flat of her hand—then treats it by any device—rubbing it with paper, scratching it with a table fork, even washing it in her bathtub. In the case of work that dissatisfies her—and her touchstones tell her immediately—this washing is an act of purification, the need to begin with "a clean slate." But she will immerse a gouache in the bath very briefly, too, and after the baptismal waters have dried, paint a new surface on the palimpsest of the old.

Vera Stravinsky did not paint for many months after her husband's death last April. Then one day she copied a poem by Kuzmin, forming large Russian letters in bright colors and surrounding and intertwining them with flowers, weeds or seaweeds, starfish or stars. It was the most "Russian" picture she had ever painted, but as a picture of her feelings it was a painful revelation—a vision of Stravinsky's grave in the Russian corner of a cemetery island in the Venetian lagoon. Yet at the same time it was a good painting and it broke the barrier. She began to work regularly thereafter, and with new inventiveness—for she has some of her husband's phenomenal powers of self-renewal. But more than once, in the dreaded lonely moment of finishing a picture and wanting to show it, she started toward his room, which she had hardly entered since his death. And eventually she did go there and began to paint there, until now she works exclusively in his room and seems happier there than anywhere else in the house. Stravinsky, of course, would be —or as I prefer to think, *is*—happy too. The answer to his "Where's Vera? Is she painting?" is "Yes."

When he was twenty-four, Robert Craft became Stravinsky's musical assistant. His book *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship* will be published soon by Knopf.

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Two Views of Mahler's No. 7

Mahler: Symphony No. 7. Georg Solti conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. London stereo, CSA 2231, $11.96; Ampex open reel, K-80249, $11.95; Ampex cassette, K-10249, $11.95. Bernard Haitink conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Philips stereo, 6700 036, $11.96.

As the fiftieth anniversary of Mahler's death recedes into the past, his status as a composer is one that every innovator longs for but few achieve. For half the half-century, detractors outnumbered partisans by ten to one. Now the partisans have not merely pulled abreast of the detractors but outnumber them by nearly as large a margin. Works about which the composer himself had private doubts are canonized by those seeing hidden virtue in obvious shortcomings.

The latest trend is toward the upgrading of the Sixth and Seventh symphonies, the last among the nine to be systematically performed and recorded. It is the new Mahlertruth that these two are special chapters in a unified growth rather than disgressive, perhaps even retrogressive, in quality. That they are transitional in style and experimental in content is self-evident. The point at issue is whether they are as satisfying as they are idiosyncratic.

Two recent views on the work present somewhat different answers. The prior versions led by Abravanel, Bernstein, and Klemperer have been joined by Georg Solti's resplendent sample of his rapport with the Chicago Symphony and Bernard Haitink's largest-scale effort with his orchestral brethren of Amsterdam. Both differ from the conventional. Haitink provides a series of briskly animated movements (faster than the conventional, whatever the basic tempo); Solti levels off the grotesquerie that obsessed Mahler in this work by placing strong stress on the gleams of lyricism amid the dramatic gloom.

He succeeds to the extent of persuading this partisan-detractor that the fifteen-minute "Nachtmusik" (II) is the twilight equivalent of some of the sunniest interludes of earlier Mahler. Every touch of carefully calculated instrumental detail with which Mahler articulated his ideas is beautifully clarified by the Chicago Symphony's peerless soloists under Solti's searching direction. It leaves Haitink's efficiently matter-of-fact version outclassed by leagues.

What of the hypnotic effect upon Mahler of the not so good material that he repeated inordinately, and then repeated again? It is all there in the Chicago orchestra's glossiest sound. But not even Solti's talent for vitalizing whatever stimulates his interest can convert dross into gold. I hear the whole work as patchy, inconsistent, but often marked by marvelous touches of instrumental ingenuity that Mahler turned to far greater musical results in the Eighth Symphony and *Das Lied von der Erde* which followed.

Reference to the fanciful "Nachtmusik" (II) as a "fifteen-minute" piece should be understood to mean that even this may vary from conductor to conductor. With Solti it is, more precisely, 15:45 in duration; with Bernstein, 16:31; with Haitink, a brisker 14:40; and even Klemperer is in substantial agreement with a clocking of 15:55. But his preferences elsewhere expand the five movements to a total of ninety-nine minutes. By contrast, Solti-Bernstein agree on approximately twenty-three minutes *less* (Haitink covers the ground in a virtual sprint, at seventy-two minutes).

Solti—a "resplendent sample of his rapport with the Chicago Symphony."

S. Richter and the "Eroica" Variations

Beethoven: Variations in F (Op. 34) and E-flat (Op. 35); Six Variations on the "Turkish March" from *The Ruins of Athens.* Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Melodiya/Angel stereo, S-40183, $5.98.

If the caption above suggests that the great Soviet pianist has returned to his first love—conducting—it is only slightly misleading. It is, rather, the articulation of an inner wish that he might apply himself to such a project now and then. In the current instance it would enable us to hear the famous Beethoven theme traced by a single artist from its first form of a contredanse and its usage in the *Prometheus* ballet music, through the elaboration in the piano variations, to its glorification in the finale of the Symphony No. 3 (subtitled *Eroica*).

Generically, Richter has become identified as an unpredictable performer, and the characterization holds true here. Of the possible aspects of these variations (and its near neighbor of Opus 34) that might be stressed, Richter has elected to put his emphasis on the pianistic. There is some justification for this in Beethoven's exploitation of keyboard resources not touched

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on in the sonatas through Opus 31. But there is, as the late Artur Schnabel demonstrated in his version with the complete recording of the sonatas now circulating on the Seraphim label, much more to the piece than pianistic deployment. The Variations broke new musical ground in extending the possibilities in a musical theme rather than merely embellishing it; it set in motion the interrelation of a simple thematic idea with a ground bass, or *ostinato*, opposed to it; and it joined a fugal finale to the Variations sequence in a way emulated by Brahms in his "Handel Variations" years later.

To be sure, the fifteen segments and the finale are beautifully played, according to the preference of the pianist. But it doesn't strike me that Richter exhausted all the possibilities in the material, or in himself. In the F-major Variations, whose content is rather more meager in quantity and less tempestuous in temper, the Richter treatment suits well.

More of Abbado, Less of Music

Scriabin: *Poème d'extase* (Op. 54). **Tchaikovsky:** *Roméo et Juliette.* Claudio Abbado conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. DGG stereo, 2530-137, $6.98; DGG 8-track, 89-434, $6.98; DGG cassette, 3300-184, $6.98; Ampex open reel, L-3137, $7.95.

Anyone bent on equating opportunity with ability would have a hard time puzzling out a reason for the repeated participation of Claudio Abbado in Deutsche Grammophon's Boston Symphony program. Though less a beneficiary of that activity than Michael Tilson Thomas, Abbado has reaped a harvest of attention from a rather scant scattering of results.

Unquestionably, Abbado has gained steadily in competence since he won the favor of a jury in the Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition of 1963. He is by now a thoroughly qualified professional, honored by the country of his birth with a prominent position in La Scala, Milan. This might argue some special aptitudes in the opera literature. In using him as a conductor of symphonic music, however, DGG has not merely promoted him but, in this view, overpromoted him.

That would apply particularly to the pair of works contained on this disc. Each has its share of musical rhetoric and orchestral exploitation. But neither is a score to be taken by storm, made airborne by bluster alone, nor rendered eloquent by converting a *forte* into a *fortissimo.* Such, however, are the major means Abbado has to work with. Subtlety, a true sense of orchestral coloration, insight into the carefully calculated ways in which Scriabin made his work both poetic and ecstatic or Tchaikovsky conveyed the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet as well as their love are not present in Abbado's very generalized treatment.

'S Wonderful, S'Marvelous, 'S Gershwin, 'S Available

This may not be the answer to everybody's idea of a dream Gershwin project, but it is the answer to anybody who was prompted to say at the end of the recent telecast (January 17), "Too bad there's no way to get a recording of the music." There is, and the way is to walk, not run, to your nearest record center and ask for Daybreak stereo record DR 2009, price $5.98. According to the immemorial custom of TV sound-track productions, one has to take the bitter with the sweet, meaning that Jack Lemmon's verbal vignettes along with his less than masterful singing of "I've Got a Crush on You" and "Looking for a Boy" will be there, like a scratch on the record, every time around. But the rest of it rings true, thanks to the always imaginative orchestrations of Elliot Lawrence and his direction of the music.

Even more to the productive point is the well-chosen content from the total Gershwin catalogue, which has been frisked through and strung together like so many pearls. There are, of course, the indispensables, all the excerpts from the standards (*Porgy and Bess*, the *Rhapsody*, Concerto in F, *American in Paris*, etc.) that cost grand rights money and run the cost of a show like this into major money. But there is also a refreshing prominence for "I've Got a Crush on You," "But Not for Me," "They All Laughed," and "Love Is Here to Stay," which are less than everyday encounters on radio or TV.

For those who were particularly taken by the lengthy period assigned to Fred Astaire and his inimitable use of it in a medley of "Lady, Be Good!" "They All Laughed," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," and other matter especially associated with him, they will find it accounted for, if at somewhat less than full length. Recognizably missing is the version of "The Babbitt and the Bromide" in which he was joined by Lemmon, an exercise of judgment difficult to endorse. On the other hand, the absence of Ethel Merman's strident (not Streisand) version of "I Got Rhythm"—due, doubtless, to contractual restrictions—is less lamentable. But both major omissions undercut the jacket statement attributed to producer Sonny Burke: "It's all here, an incredible collection of Gershwin, the heart and soul of a memorable musical experience from an 18 carat gem of a show!" The buyer should note and weigh the importance to him of these deletions. For those who missed the telecast, it may be mentioned that Linda Bennett served the songs she sang more creatively than the better-known Leslie Uggams. □

SIDE ONE

Opening:
'S Wonderful
Orchestra

Mose Gumble Comment
Jack Lemmon

Rhapsody in Blue *(Finale)*
Orchestra

Max Dreyfus Comment
Jack Lemmon

Medley:
Someone to Watch over Me
My One and Only
The Man I Love
Someone to Watch over Me *(Coda)*
Leslie Uggams

Medley:
Love Is Here to Stay
Larry Kert

(I'll Build a) Stairway to Paradise
(I. Gershwin-B. G. DeSylva)
Robert Guillaume

But Not for Me
Linda Bennett

Medley:
I've Got a Crush on You
Looking for a Boy
I've Got a Crush on You *(Coda)*
Jack Lemmon

Medley:
An American in Paris
Concerto in F
Rhapsody in Blue
Peter Nero with Orchestra

Paul Whiteman Comment
Jack Lemmon

SIDE TWO

Medley:
Jimmy Fidler Comment
Jack Lemmon

'S Wonderful
Oh, Lady, Be Good!
They All Laughed
Fascinating Rhythm

A Foggy Day *(in London Town)*
Let's Call the Whole Thing Off
They Can't Take That Away from Me
Fred Astaire

Medley:
Porgy and Bess
Summertime (DuBose Heyward)
Leslie Uggams

Comment
Jack Lemmon

A Woman Is a Sometime Thing (DuBose Heyward)
Larry Kert

Bess, You Is My Woman (DuBose Heyward-Ira Gershwin)
Robert Guillaume

I Got Plenty o' Nuttin' (DuBose Heyward-Ira Gershwin)
Peter Nero

It Ain't Necessarily So
Jack Lemmon

Strawberry (DuBose Heyward)
Robert Guillaume

I Loves You, Porgy (DuBose Heyward-Ira Gershwin)
Leslie Uggams

There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York
Robert Guillaume and Larry Kert

I'm on My Way (DuBose Heyward)
Entire Company

Finale:
Embraceable You
Entire Company

Obituary
Jack Lemmon

Orchestra arranged and conducted by Elliot Lawrence. All music by George Gershwin. All lyrics by Ira Gershwin except where otherwise indicated. Daybreak stereo, DR-2009, $5.98; 8-track, P8DR-2009, $6.98.

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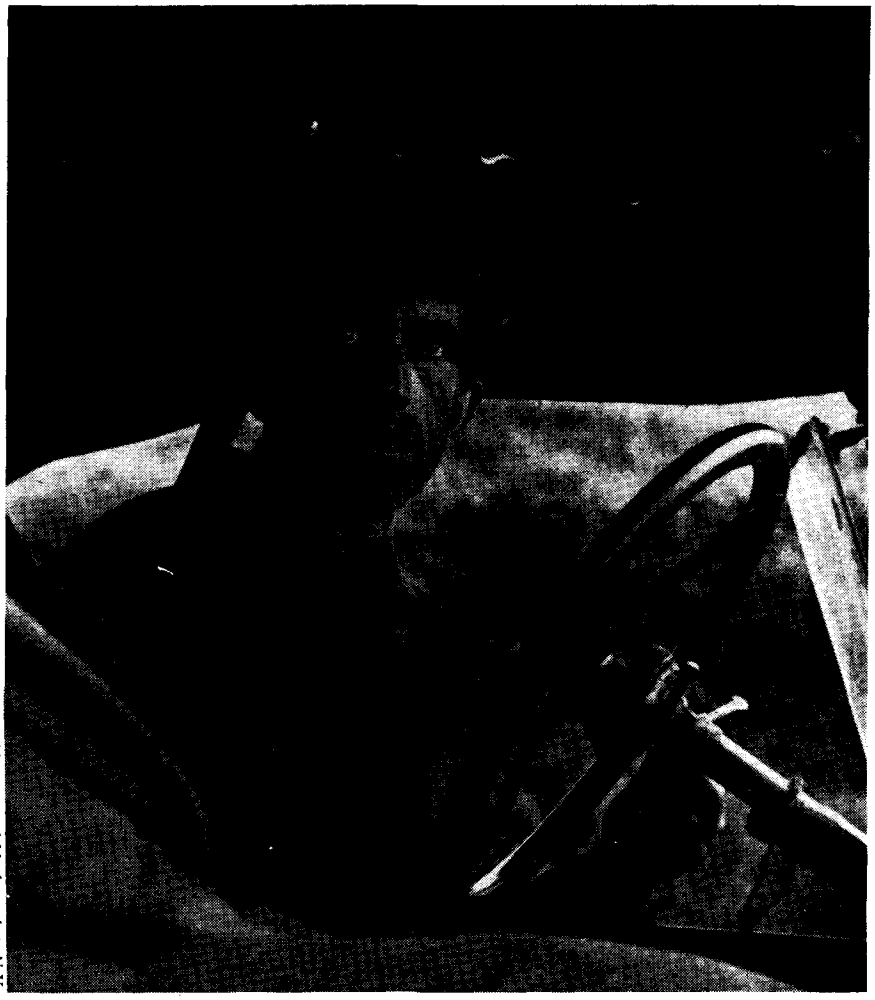
DOCUMERICA

Photographic promises to keep

BY JAMES R. GAINES



The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Dorothea Lange, "Ditched, Stalled and Stranded," San Joaquin Valley, 1935

When the Roosevelt administration launched a photodocumentary project under the aegis of the Farm Security Administration in the 1930s, its main purpose was propagandistic. The project was designed to show the "ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-nourished" of America in such a striking way that both voters and Congressmen would be willing to appropriate funds to relocate the rural poor. The photographs accomplished their original purpose by helping to sell the New Deal. Yet it is also indisputable that out of this propaganda effort came some of the finest photojournalism ever done. In short, the project was esthetically as well as politically successful.

The first venture comparable in scope to that of the FSA is now being mounted by the Nixon administration. Under the auspices of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), PROJECT DOCUMERICA announces that it intends "to record the impact of environmental problems on the health and welfare of the American people." Headed by Gifford Hampshire, a former picture editor of *National Geographic*, the project will be, in his words, "a contemporary application of the photojournalistic principles established by the FSA." But DOCUMERICA will not start commissioning photographers until April; not before then can any comparisons between the government's two great photographic experiments be made.

The original FSA project far exceeded the mandate given it by Rexford Guy Tugwell, a member of Roosevelt's "Brain Trust." Tugwell had simply asked Roy Stryker, an engineer and economist, to document the tragedy of American farmers hit by drought and soil erosion. Stryker did not know anything about photography ("I wouldn't know how to photograph my aunt"), but he did know how to choose photographers.

Among the first people he commissioned were Dorothea Lange and Walker Evans, whose pictures set a high artistic standard for the entire project. Lange's photographs of hungry children and adults in Oklahoma and California inspired John Steinbeck to write *The Grapes of Wrath*. Evans's utterly straightforward pictures of farmhouses and families were eventually used to illustrate James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. The painter Ben Shahn took unusual photographs that were mere fragments —glimpsed miniatures of truth suggesting a painful whole. Still others in the Stryker group became the country's most famous photojournalists: Carl Mydans, John Vachon, Arthur Rothstein, to name only a few.

Stryker demanded and got photographs that were at once useful and artistic. He briefed the photographers on each locale, but urged them to turn in not just records of fact but also socially important statements. From 1935 to 1942, the thirty FSA photographers, working no more than six at a time for about $6 a day, produced more than 270,000 negatives. The prints were picked up by newspapers and magazines and collected in exhibitions. Whether acclaimed or denounced, the pictures sparked strong reactions.

Circumstances conspired to make the FSA project a success. Photographers needed work. The government was in need of a push for New Deal relocation. Roy Stryker, despite his lack of training and experience, had perfect taste. But can it happen that way again?

Gifford Hampshire, assistant deputy director of communications of the EPA, believes it can, a belief he has carried with him from his photojournalistic training at the University of Missouri (class of '49), through his tenure at *National Geographic*, through ten years as a public affairs officer in the New Frontier, and into what will prove him finally right or wrong: DOCUMERICA.

He has been directed to document with pictures both the nation's environmental problems and the Nixon regime's solutions to those problems. For fiscal 1972 he has been given only $68,000 (enough money for about twenty assignments), but Hampshire and his consultant, Arthur Rothstein (one of Stryker's original cameramen), nonetheless hope to attract the country's top photographers. At a fee of about $150 a day, finding photographers won't be simple. But Rothstein and Hampshire are counting on the general rise in ecological awareness to attract talented men and women.

The whole scheme has certain definite drawbacks, as the five-page

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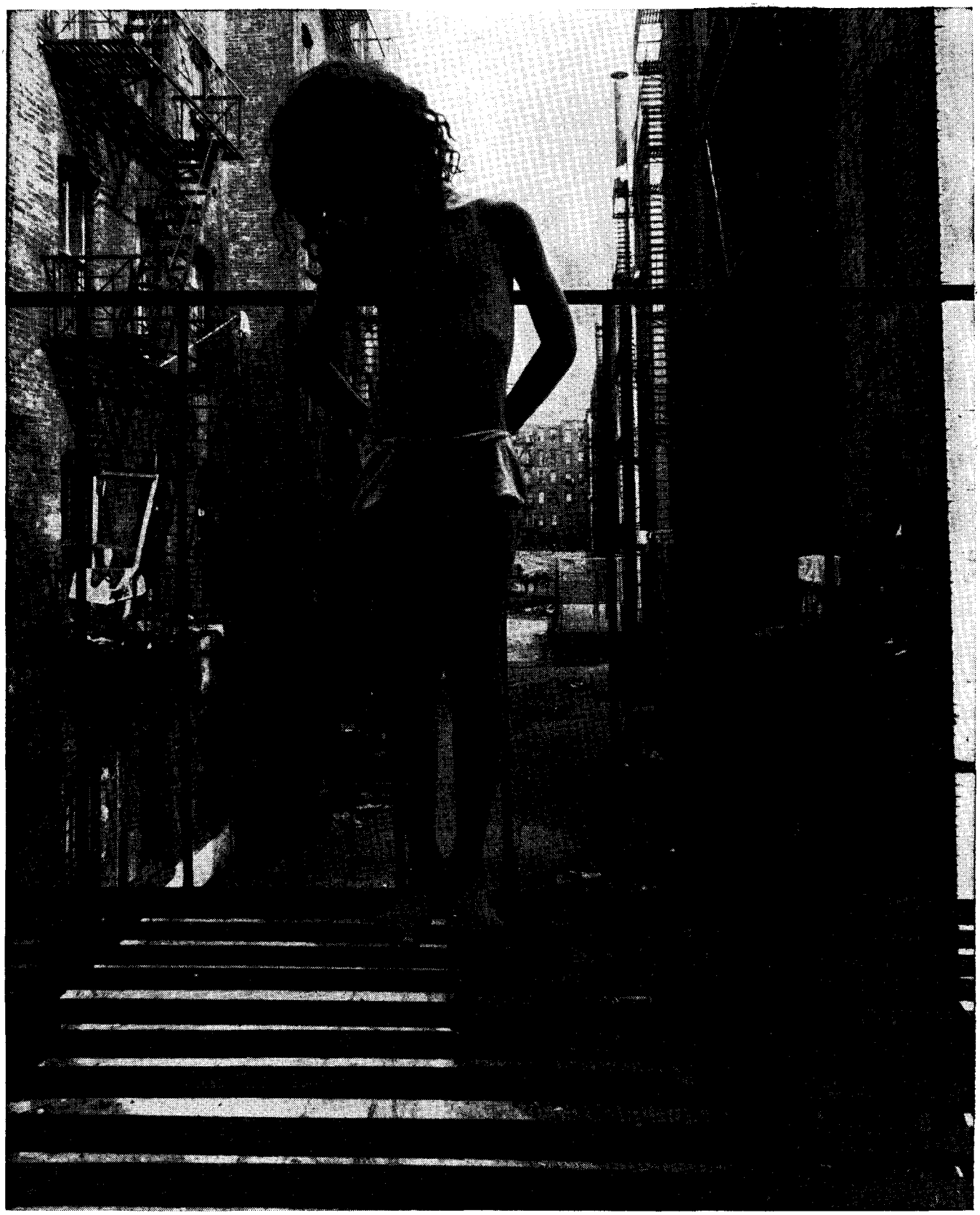

Bruce Davidson, untitled photograph from "East 100 Street," 1969

"Guideline to Photographers," put out by the project, freely admits. It's hard to take a good picture of a new municipal sewage treatment plant. But, fortunately, the manual also assures the photographers that the assignment can be interpreted broadly: "Urban clutter is connected to air pollution, to noise, to foul water. Agri-business is connected to the use of pesticides. Lifestyles are connected to solid waste. . . ."

Hampshire estimates that his budget for 1973 will go up to more than $250,000 and that the project will last a decade. All the project's pictures will be collected and stored in a computerized photo library capable of providing images on demand. They will be available free to all interested citizens.

Rothstein seems quite confident that some of the old excitement of the 1930s can be recaptured. DOCUMERICA, he promises, will be "the most exciting project in years." □

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CONTRARY FATHER OF SURREALISM

A Giorgio de Chirico Exhibition at the New York Cultural Center

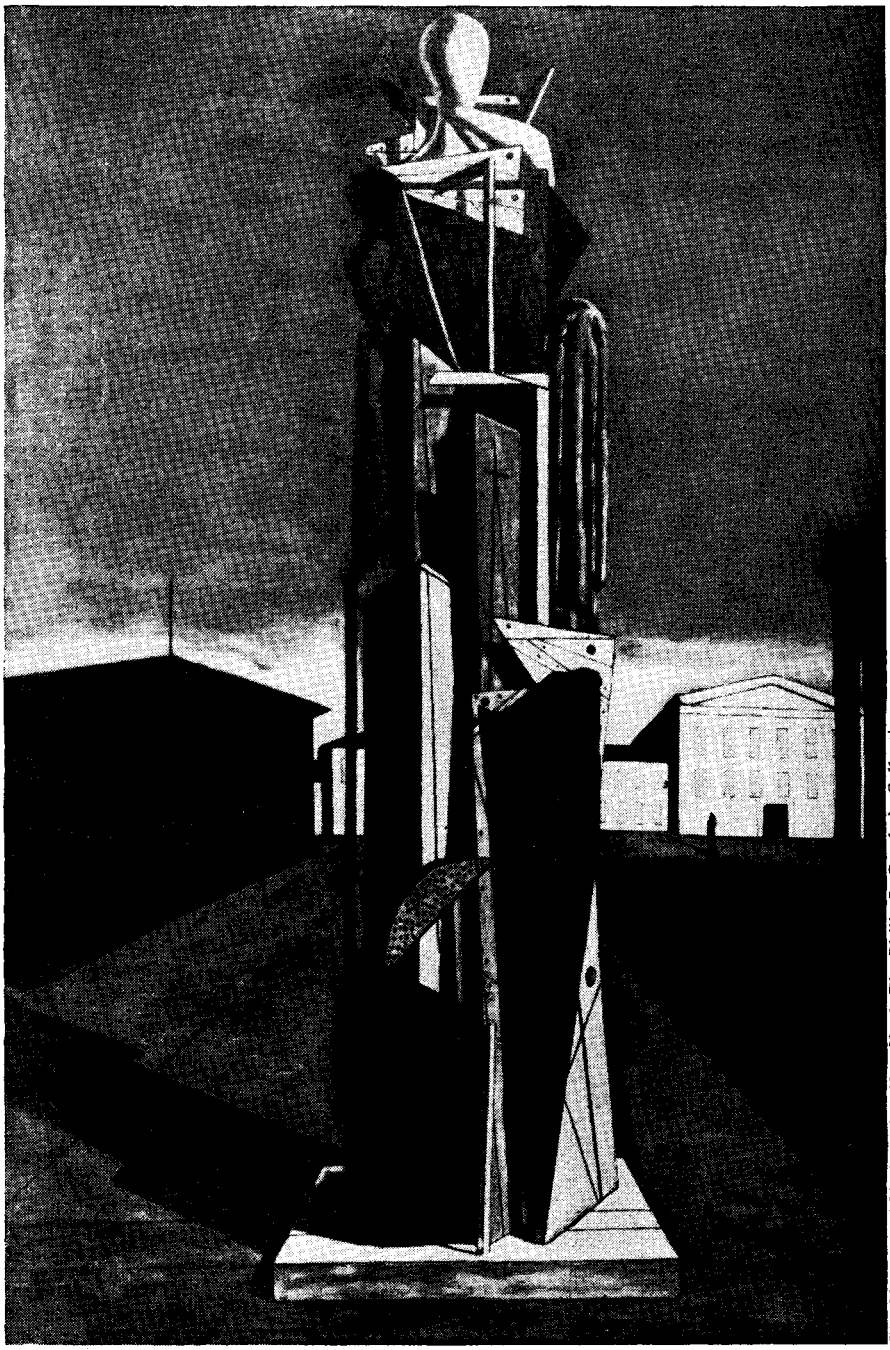
BY GENE THORNTON

Tucked away in a small side gallery at the New York Cultural Center are two self-portraits by eighty-three-year-old Italian painter Giorgio de Chirico that seem to sum up his strange and contradictory career. In one, painted in 1935, the artist is dressed in sweater and baggy trousers and is standing, paintbrush in hand, in front of a canvas on which he has just outlined a female nude. He is in his late forties, an age when most men are consolidating an established career, but he is looking out of the picture with a slight frown, as if he were still a beginner and did not quite know what to do next.

The second picture, *Self-Portrait in the Green Jacket* (opposite page), was painted more than twenty years later, and in it the artist, now nearly seventy, is standing in front of a bust of a classical goddess. He still has his paintbrush in hand, but now he is dressed in a green coat and ruffled shirt that give him a decidedly eighteenth-century air, and he is glaring out of the canvas with a mixture of rage, frustration, impatience, and defiance—the kind of expression that old men wear when the world has passed them by.

Both pictures are part of a 180-piece exhibition, the first American retrospective to cover the latter part of de Chirico's career, and the alternation of uncertainty and defiance that the portraits suggest is amply borne out by the rest of the exhibition.

De Chirico's reputation today largely rests on the paintings he did in Paris and Ferrara between 1911 and 1917. These enigmatic early works are hard to forget. Views of empty Italian piazzas haunted by sculpture and shadowy presences, still lifes where heavy beamed ceilings press down on boxes of cookies and studio carpentry, portraits of faceless and partly dismembered manikins—all these paintings suggest a disturbing inner metaphysical reality beyond the mere appearances that the eye can see. After the First World War de Chirico deeply influenced the rising generation of surrealist painters: Salvador Dalí, Max Ernst, René Magritte, Yves Tanguy, and Paul Delvaux.



The Museum of Modern Art, New York/The Philip L. Goodwin Collection

The surrealists were, indeed, largely responsible for the wider public interest in de Chirico's early work, which was unknown beyond a small circle of artists and poets until the 1920s. By then, however, de Chirico had already started off in another direction. The Twenties and Thirties were a period of nationalism in the arts when painters such as Mexico's Diego Rivera and America's Thomas Hart Benton sought guidance from the countries' real or imagined artistic traditions, and de Chirico was one of the first to do so. Though he grew up in Greece and completed his education in Germany, he began to think of himself as Italian and to see his artistic roots in classical

Gene Thornton writes regularly on photography for *The New York Times*. He formerly covered art for *Time* magazine.

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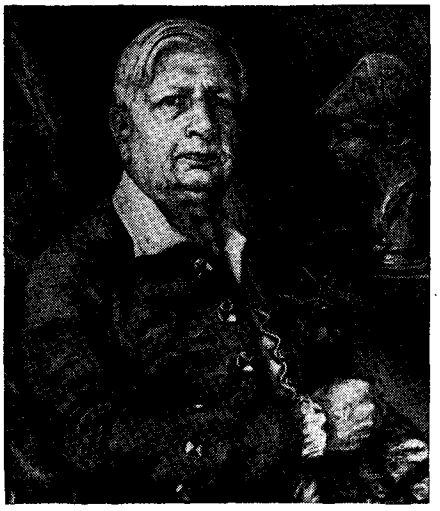
Roman art and the masters of the Italian Renaissance. He made himself into a student all over again, a traditional academic student at that. He copied paintings by Raphael and Michelangelo. He became interested in the craft of painting and began what turned into years of mixing oils, waxes, and varnishes in a vain attempt to discover the lost formulas of the Old Masters.

During these belated student days de Chirico never wholly abandoned his earlier style and willingly made copies of his celebrated youthful works at the request of surrealist friends. Back in Paris in the late 1920s he even devised some *new* motifs in the *old* manner. He was annoyed, however, by the attempts of surrealists to direct his development, and eventually he broke with them altogether. De Chirico already had blasted the Paris art world for its clannishness and had proclaimed that he had never been a modern painter. The surrealists replied by denouncing his later work as derivative and uninspired and by insisting that his only period of greatness occurred between 1911 and 1917.



Giorgio de Chirico is best known for his early views of "empty Italian piazzas, haunted by sculpture and shadowy presences," such as "The Great Metaphysician" (left) of 1917. His "Self-Portrait in the Green Jacket" (above) was painted in 1956, in the artist's Old Master style.

The surrealists in the late 1920s were still a small struggling sect, one among many, and de Chirico successfully ignored them, continuing to paint as he thought he should, to exhibit, and to sell. Despite his classicizing there was still a strong metaphysical cast to his paintings. His Roman gladiators battled not in an ancient arena but in a modern room, his Roman landscapes and buildings were inhabited by mysterious figures, and it was not till the 1940s that he truly embarked on a full-fledged Old Master style.

In the end, however, the surrealist judgment stuck, at least in America, thanks in good part to New York's Museum of Modern Art. The museum has never shown any works painted since 1919, and James Thrall Soby, who organized the museum's 1955 de Chirico retrospective and wrote the standard study of his work, deplored "the collapse of de Chirico as an original creative artist" after 1917. Other writers have tended to follow Soby, and thus the accepted idea of de Chirico was established: a once-great painter who traded modernism for old and worn-out conventions and lost his soul and talent in the bargain.

It would be interesting to report that the current exhibition at the New York Cultural Center either confirms or demolishes this familiar notion. In fact it does neither. It is drawn almost entirely from the artist's own collection —hence the exhibition title, "de Chirico by de Chirico"—and lacks enough original examples of the enigmatic early works as well as the classicizing paintings of the 1920s and 1930s to show the full range of de Chirico's achievement.

However, the exhibition does include a large group of the notorious Old Master paintings of the 1940s and 1950s that pushed de Chirico forever out of the ranks of modernism. How strange it is to think that these careful reconstructions of the past were done in mid-career by a famous twentieth-century painter! There are views of Venice that recall those of the eighteenth-century painter Canaletto. There are self-portraits in costume that recall another eighteenth-century painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. There are still lifes and figure compositions that evoke some generalized Italianate master working in a never-never land where time runs backward from the nineteenth to the seventeenth century.

Even stranger is what comes next in de Chirico's career. For the Old Master style was followed by a return to the manner of his youth, and much of the current exhibition is composed of variations (done in the past five years) of the famous works of 1911-1917. Nothing could be more disconcerting than to see de Chirico himself jumbling together the elements of three or four of his enigmatic early works in a brand-new pastiche. Is this the well-known de Chirico who rejected his early "modern" style for a return to classicism and the Old Masters? Or is it a heretofore unknown de Chirico who, like so many of his most famous contemporaries, moved restlessly back and forth through the history of art and through the inspirations of his own career, unable to settle anywhere for long?

De Chirico himself dismisses the notion that he ever disavowed his early work. In New York for the opening of his show, he set the record straight in no uncertain terms. "I have bet a million lire that no one can find any statement of mine rejecting my early paintings. So far no one has taken me up." Nor is it likely that anyone ever will. De Chirico has excoriated modernism in the forms of cubism, futurism, surrealism, and even the art of Cézanne, and he has always insisted that his own early work was not modern.

He is equally scornful of the oft-repeated charge that he has faked his own pictures. "How can a master fake a painting by the master? If de Chirico paints it, it is a de Chirico." But what if de Chirico in 1970 painted in the style of 1917 and then dated the picture 1917? "I paint what I want when I want, but I have never faked a date. If other people change the dates to make the picture more valuable, is that my fault? The trouble is, people collect paintings like stamps, for names and dates, not for the pictures themselves."

That there are many fake de Chiricos he freely admits. His Rome dealer, Claudio Bruni, has turned up nearly 3,000 while preparing a catalogue of the master's works. In Italy, where art forging is a crime, de Chirico calls the police when he spots a fake, and he has offered to authenticate in writing on the back of the canvas any genuine painting that is brought to him. Yet nothing stops the flood. Some art forgers, says Bruni, bring the master a blank canvas inserted behind a genuine painting. De Chirico signs the blank canvas, thinking it is the back of the genuine painting, and after the forgers have left they strip off the genuine painting and paint a fake on the duly authenticated blank canvas.

Successful faking, however, involves catching the feeling as well as the general appearance of the original, and even the master no longer has this secret. At the New York Cultural Center de Chirico's numerous recent pastiches of his earliest work have an embarrassed air. They are not, like the late works of Titian and Renoir, the quintessential distillations of a lifetime of work. They are rather returns, after a long detour, to a starting place where the artist is no longer at home. The Old Master paintings are far more interesting. Their surfaces are cracked and puckered, despite de Chirico's prolonged researches into old techniques, and their dependence on artists of the past is obvious. Yet not even Picasso, with his wholesale borrowings, had the nerve or the naïveté (it is hard to say which) to seek an answer in the seventeenth-century masters, and de Chirico's defiant *Self-Portrait in the Green Jacket*, for all its antique flourishes, fully expresses the rage and frustration of a modern painter who cannot find his way. □

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IN SEARCH OF THE REAL BESSIE SMITH

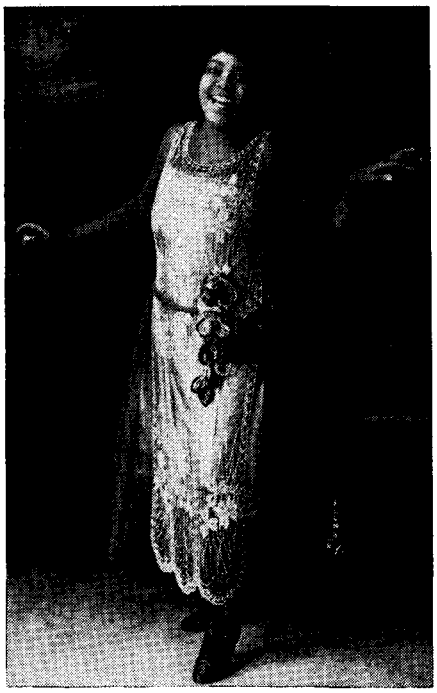
BY CHRIS ALBERTSON

Forty years ago, a young Belgian wrote a book entitled *Aux Frontières du Jazz*. It was not a good book, but it was significant because never before had a book been devoted to jazz and because its author, Robert Goffin, treated this music with a dignity that few people of that period felt it deserved. Two years later, Hugues Panassié, a Frenchman, contributed *Le Jazz Hot*. Thus were planted the seeds from which has grown an impressive library of literary works dealing with America's most widely recognized native musical art form.

Unfortunately, the quantity of books published on the subject of jazz since 1932 is more impressive than the quality of their content. Most publishers continue to treat jazz books as labors of love that merit relatively small advances, and the majority of jazz writers must maintain regular jobs in unrelated fields. As a result, they have neither the time nor the money to do adequate research. Then, too, publishers seldom have on their staffs editors with sufficient expertise to distinguish knowledgeable authors.

Jazz performers have produced fewer than a dozen autobiographies, and jazz writers have shown surprisingly little interest in biographical studies. Slim volumes have been devoted to a few major artists, but on the whole these have been superficial treatments consisting mainly of previously published information drawn from questionable sources. A case in point is the biography of Bessie Smith, which Stein & Day asked me to write a year ago.

There are those who will agree that Bessie Smith was among America's foremost artists; she was certainly the greatest singer black America ever produced. Yet, thirty-five years after her death, one can read all that has been written about her, including two biographical books, and not learn much more than that Bessie Smith was a protégée of Ma Rainey, sang magnificently, made 160 recordings, drank tankards of gin, married a policeman, crashed to the depths of despair because her blues were no longer in vogue, and died at the hands of Southern racists. I soon discovered that, of all this information, only the fact that she sang magnificently was true.



Bessie Smith c. 1923

Reading through the published material I came across an endless repetition of quotes: Carl Van Vechten describing how she sang at one of his parties; Ethel Waters recalling a run-in they had at the "91" Theater in Atlanta; and various contemporary performers describing in strikingly similar terms how Bessie was "a real tough woman" whom one didn't mess with.

As the Van Vechten party was well attended, it wasn't difficult to find out that Bessie's singing was the least memorable aspect of her appearance. A careful search through black newspapers of the Twenties and Thirties revealed the names of obscure chorines who toured with Bessie and recalled the tender as well as the tough side of her—more than 250 newspaper items seemed to have altogether escaped previous researchers. Nowhere was there a mention of the son Bessie adopted in 1926, a most pleasant gentleman now in his early fifties, who proved very informative and cooperative as he spoke affectionately of his mother. No one had ever approached Ruby Walker, Bessie's niece, whose fourteen years on the road with her aunt is a book in itself. Not even her biographers mentioned that Bessie left her husband in 1929 after he became involved with another well-known singer, or that she abandoned the blues a year before her death and successfully switched to the modern swing style.

Such information is, of course, not exactly dumped in one's lap. Getting it can require many hours of tedious research, endless phone calls ("Are you the Maggie Warren who danced with Bessie Smith at the Grand in 1924?"), countless interviews, some of which can be awkward—how does one gracefully ask a lady if she had an affair with another woman's husband? Finding the facts also produces many frustrations, such as being told that all of Columbia Records' interoffice memos, correspondence, and artists' contracts of the Twenties and Thirties are collecting dust in the corner of an air-conditioning room. When I actually went to the office I discovered that someone "threw all that junk out" a week ago.

It's tedious, time-consuming, expensive, frustrating—and rewarding. When at last all the pieces begin to form a whole, you wonder why it had not all been done before, and you begin to think of some of the many jazz figures who await similar treatment: Fletcher Henderson, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Bix Beiderbecke, Fats Waller, King Oliver—the list seems endless.

You also wonder. Have you revealed too much of Bessie Smith's personal life? Should you have allowed yourself to be discouraged by those who warned you that you were shattering too many myths, toppling an idol from its pedestal? You think about the young black writer who recently abandoned a similar project because he found, after months of research, that Billie Holiday's true story might lose her some respect, and you wonder if he realizes that the truth is ugly only to those who share the puritanical Anglo-Saxon values that many of us are trying to escape.

Then you realize that all you've done is prove that Bessie Smith was a human being, or as Ruby Walker put it: "She was a woman who loved life—*period*." □

A prominent jazz critic, Chris Albertson has become identified with Lil Armstrong, Miles Davis, and Bessie Smith.

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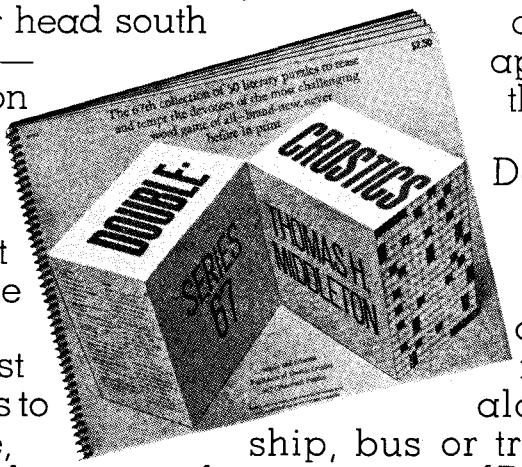

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

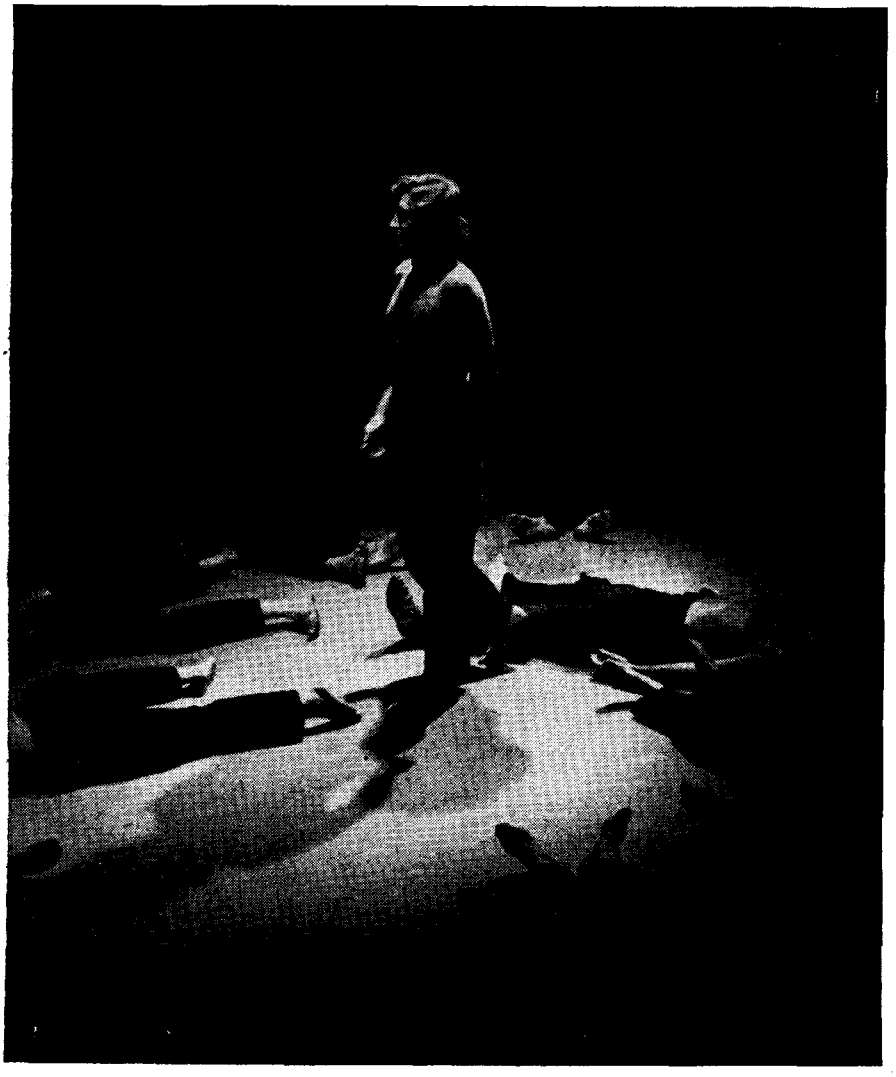
A Quiet Minority

ST. PAUL, MINN. How do you dramatize a book about sudden senseless death, grotesque mutilation, and protracted unendurable pain? An answer that works surprisingly well was found by the University of Minnesota theater department, which furnished the outstanding play of the Region VII American College Theater Festival. In this festival, hosted by the Chimera Theater Company, eight colleges from Minesota and the Dakotas competed for the honor of being recommended to be one of ten productions to be seen at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., between April 17 and April 29.

The book, *365 Days*, is Dr. Ronald J. Glasser's piecing together of the stories he heard and the events he witnessed at an Army evacuation hospital in Japan during a period when American casualties in Vietnam were running as high as 14,000 a month. In the eyes of Dr. Glasser, these casualties were not classic cases of noble soldiers suffering to aid their country. They were kids who were trying to survive 365 days in Vietnam so that they could go home and take up where they left off as if nothing had happened. This is a strange and dreadful way to live, but most of the kids accept it. Indeed, one incident in the dramatization shows what happens when a high-ranking officer tries to turn the survival game into an efficient military operation in which battles are actually won. The officer is promptly fragged.

The secret of director H. Wesley Balk's approach is that, by the use of poetic movement and a nonliteral miming of gruesome occurrences, we are led gently through the material. The tone is reflective, with no effort made to assault or convince the audience.

"365 Days," the agony of the American experience in Vietnam gently dramatized.



And yet the drama's impact is all the more effective for the understatement by the cast of fifteen students attired in jeans and jerseys.

The piece begins with the entire cast singing a song written by a soldier in the evacuation hospital and set to music by Tom Johnson. In it, the soldiers question the conscience of a country that can send its children off to fight a distant war from which even a healthy survivor will carry a scar. More in bafflement than resentment, they sing to us, "We haven't decided you're wrong/For experience has a function/ But you've thrown us out here on the back roads/And we're gonna find the junction."

Then the group moves into a fluid formation. One actor, speaking as the author, tells us how proud he is of all the badly wounded kids, only one of whom will not stop screaming. Meanwhile, the other actors face the audience, with their mouths wide open, but emit no noise. Later the death of a soldier from a grenade exploding next to his body is indicated by a girl's gently placing her hand against his chest.

At first we are inclined to be critical because there isn't a more imaginative use of mime and movement, but it may well be that consciously creative inventions would have detracted from the sincerity of the experience. Similarly, the performers refrain from sarcastic inflections that could have sharpened some speeches. When the doctor describes his experience with the wounded by saying, "It's sort of clean work. No brain tumors to worry about, no chronic renal disease, no endless dialysis, no multiple sclerosis, no leukemia—and no goddamn families to have to worry about," the lines emerge with a soft, sad irony rather than with cynicism. This is valuable, for if we believed the doctor-author to be cynical, a strong point of view might have been transmitted, but the play might not have remained a beautifully unbiased work to which the audience can make its own response.

The most powerful sequence is the final one, in which a doctor who is faced with the sad prospect of accompanying his dead brother's body back home futilely tries to save a soldier with 80 per cent of his body burned. The soldier's dying words are, "Take me home, Doc. Please, Doc. I don't want to go home alone." Here again the lines are underplayed, and when the performers turn to us with a final singing of their song, it's as if they are denying any presumption that they can speak for those who have done combat duty in Vietnam. They, like the author, are permanently rooted in the largest silent majority of them all, those Americans who have not played the game of 365 days. □

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Blind Master of the Guided Dream

BY FERNANDO ALEGRIA

JORGE LUIS BORGES: Selected Poems 1923-1967

edited by Norman Thomas di Giovanni translated from the Spanish by Ben Belitt and others

Delacorte, 281 pp., $12.50

DOCTOR BRODIE'S REPORT

by Jorge Luis Borges translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni and the author

Dutton, 128 pp., $5.95

"I shall stand or fall by my poems."
—Borges

Jorge Luis Borges is a never-ending source of surprise—possibly because he himself is constantly perplexed at what he is and what he does. Judging by the number of translations and studies of his work currently appearing in the United States, it is obvious that American readers are strongly attracted by the sense of metaphysical excitement present in Borges the man and in this Argentine poet and short story writer's works. They also seem to enjoy the way Borges writes about Buenos Aires—with nostalgia, humor, and devotion, as a highly sophisticated New Yorker might write about his own city. What may alarm Borges in this enthusiasm is that American readers insist on viewing him as some kind of magician-philosopher—in spite of his firm statements to the contrary. Says Borges:

I want to make it quite clear that I am not, nor have I ever been, what used to be called a preacher of parables or a fabulist and is now known as a committed writer. I do not aspire to be Aesop. My stories, like those of the Thousand and One Nights, try to be entertaining or moving but not persuasive.

Nevertheless, regardless of what he tells us, Borges is indeed puzzling. And if he himself shrugs off the charge by modestly asserting that "I am quite simply a man who uses perplexities for literary purposes," the truth is that he resorts to them frequently. His stories are full of scholarly references to works that were never written, to regions that never existed: Tlön, Ugbar, Orbis Tertius. He is fond of collaborating with obscure writers of the past and producing stories to which he must provide the mood and the ambiguity of nonexistence, while his ghostly partners work out the words.

This tendency towards self-effacement, which strongly informs Borges's fictions, also extends to his poetry. "In fact," writes his chief translator-collaborator Norman Thomas di Giovanni in his introduction to *Selected Poems*, "so far [is] he from treating the Spanish originals as sacred text that many times Borges refer[s] to his poems as 'mere rough drafts' for the English versions."

In *The Cardinal Points of Borges* (published by University of Oklahoma Press in 1971) Mr. di Giovanni makes a number of observations that illuminate both Borges's attitude toward having his works transformed, rather than simply translated, into English and the relative ease with which the English world of letters has accepted the works of this unique Argentinian:

Principally, on Borges's side, are his command of English, his sense of English prose style, what amounts almost to a preference for the English language over his own; and his seemingly inexhaustible powers of invention; also, the good clear writing; the carefully constructed, bal-

Fernando Alegría, professor of Latin American literature at Stanford University, and the Counselor for Cultural Affairs at the Chilean Embassy, is also a poet.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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anced, and rhythmic sentences that are written with the ear and largely modeled on English sentence structure; and the restraint, that absence of rhetoric which is so un-Spanish and so much the hallmark of the quiet prose so admired in the best English language writing. Then, too, there is Borges's advanced blindness, which makes it impossible for him to read—even this works to our advantage [the two men collaborate closely on each translation] because having to communicate orally every word (and sometimes punctuation as well) is built-in insurance against scamping. At the same time, in sounding our sentences aloud we continually test them for effect and readability.

Borges's Anglophilia is deeply rooted. His maternal grandmother was English. And Borges has repeatedly stated that his father's collection of English books was the most significant feature of his childhood. He learned to read in English before he could read in Spanish. With characteristic mischievousness Borges has gone so far as to assert that there is no need to know any language other than English, because English literature contains everything.

The fact that Borges, whose eyesight has long been failing and who is now almost totally blind, must dictate his works is surely another reason for his willingness to renounce private ownership of words. It is as if words flew around him, and he merely guided them into his poems and stories. "But, after all," says Borges, "writing is nothing more than a guided dream."

Again, dictating, it seems to me, implies a very peculiar process of creation. Forever listening to himself, a blind writer becomes fearfully familiarized with his personal intonation, perpetually doubtful of the reality and efficacy, within the invisible world that surrounds him, of the sounds and images he creates. He may, as Borges has in recent years, become deliberately clearer and more direct.

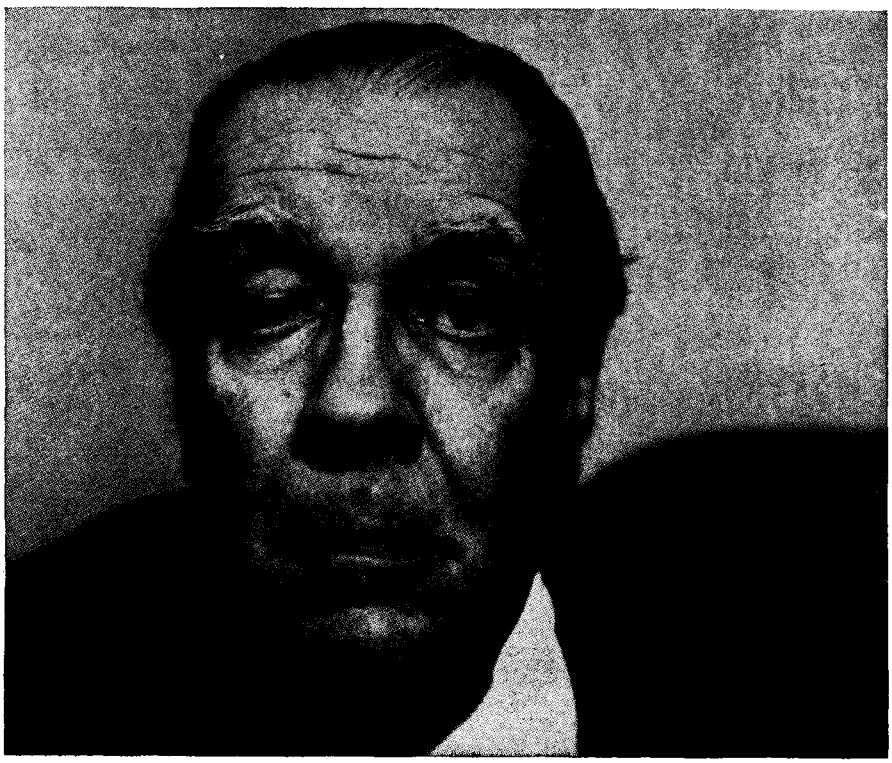
Before discussing *Selected Poems*, which, in my opinion, represents Borges at his best, one more comment equally applicable to his prose and his poetry may be in order. *Selected Poems* and *Doctor Brodie's Report* alike contain numerous references to Argentine history, yet this history comes to us blurred by passionate remembrances of people Borges came to abhor—such as the nineteenth-century dictator Juan Manuel de Rosas—or to revere—such as Borges's maternal grandfather, Isidoro Acevedo. Respect for historical facts and disdain for the flatness of official history are conflicting elements in Borges's attitude toward the past. If history will not serve his purposes, he will readily resort to myth. Borges has repeatedly insisted that he should be considered a realistic writer, and no doubt he is not being facetious. Since, however, the reality he has in mind is entirely of his own fabrication it is easy for him to live with this paradox and to conceive of history as an outlandish, unreliable, ultimately impious invention.

Selected Poems is, to my thinking, really two books in one. The "first book"—comprising all the poems taken from *Fervor of Buenos Aires*, *Moon Across the Way*, and *San Martin Copybook*—was written forty or more years ago. It should be read for a sense of rediscovery of poems miraculously untouched by time, as well as for a sense of the poet's attachment to Buenos Aires, which, even in the Twenties, meant to Borges not "the topographical convention implied by its name" but "my home, its familiar neighborhoods, and, along with them, what I experienced of love, of suffering, and of misgivings." Consider this translation (by Robert Fitzgerald) of "Houses Like Angels," for example:

Where San Juan and Chacabuco intersect
I saw the blue houses,
the houses that wear colors of adventure.
They were like banners
and deep as the dawn that frees the outlying quarters.
Some are daybreak color and some dawn color;
their cool radiance is a passion before the oblique
face of any drab, discouraged corner.
I think of the women
who will be looking skyward from their burning dooryards.
I think of the pale arms that make evening glimmer
and of the blackness of braids: I think of the grave delight
of being mirrored in their deep eyes, like arbors of night.
I will push the gate of iron entering the dooryard
and there will be a fair girl, already mine, in the room.
And the two of us will hush, trembling like flames,
and the present joy will grow quiet in that passed.

The "second book" consists of more recent poems. Apart from the wider scope of interests here revealed by the poet and the stricter means used to express them, what makes this "book" particularly noteworthy is that the translated texts more clearly reveal what happens to English poetry when a group of gifted American and British poets come in contact with Borges's works. Here the reader need not refer to the accompanying Spanish texts. For in this section of *Selected Poems* di Giovanni and his fellow translators —Ben Belitt, Alan Dugan, William Ferguson, Robert Fitzgerald, John Hollander, Richard Howard (with César Rennert), W. S. Merwin, Alastair Reid, Mark Strand, John Updike, and Richard Wilbur—have accomplished what the Italians of the Renaissance charmingly called a *rifacimento*, not a true translation, not a paraphrase, but a remaking that at times, as Borges modestly recognizes, surpasses the Spanish original. This is John Updike's respectfully free reworking of Borges's *Los Enigmas*:

I who am singing these lines today
Will be tomorrow the enigmatic corpse
Who dwells in a realm, magical and barren,
Without a before or an after or a when.



Jorge Luis Borges—a reality entirely of his own fabrication.

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So say the mystics. I say I believe
Myself undeserving of Heaven or of Hell,
But make no predictions. Each man's tale
Shifts like the watery forms of Proteus.
What errant labyrinth, what blinding flash
Of splendor and glory shall become my fate
When the end of this adventure presents me with
The curious experience of death?
I want to drink its crystal-pure oblivion,
To be forever; but never to have been.

Referring to the process of translating Borges, in collaboration with Borges, di Giovanni has written:

We agree . . . that the text should not be approached as a sacred object but as a tool, allowing us, whenever we feel the need, to add or subtract from it, to depart from it, or even, on rare occasions, to improve it. We make these changes recognizing, of course, that the reader for whom Borges writes and the reader for whom we translate are entirely different persons.

Here then is an amazing example of teamwork in which the captain requires that his players invent every move of the game. Mind you, *invent* in this case should not convey the idea of improvisation. For if there ever was an example of a serious, painstaking, conscientious labor of love, this refashioning of Borges's poetry is undoubtedly it. The interested reader of *Selected Poems* will also find definitive versions, together with their important variants, and an appendix containing extremely useful notes.

Doctor Brodie's Report is a collection of eleven short stories, each of which is likely to acquire increasing richness as the author, in his customary way, continues to rework them. Some indication that Borges himself is not quite certain about what he has accomplished in these tales may be found in the plethora of explanations and hints contained in his preface and afterword.

Borges asserts that he is striving to achieve a "straightforward manner" of writing, inspired by the example of the young Kipling, whose Lahore stories, published in 1890, Borges describes as "laconic masterpieces." "It occurred to me," he writes, "that what was conceived and carried out by a young man of genius might modestly be attempted by a man on the borders of old age who knows his craft."

Using limited elements—an obscure rivalry between two outlaws, a woman, hatred, revenge, fatality, a knife-duel—Borges works within a simple pattern of suspense, violence, and death to create extended anecdotes that belong in the best tradition of Gaucho literature. This is Borges, the man of letters, writing about Gauchos, the men of action. To a fictitious ex-schoolmate who asks in one of the stories, "Tell me, Borges, what in the world can you know about hoodlums?" the author replies, "I've done research." To which his friend responds, "Research is the word all right. Personally, I have no use for research—I know these people inside out."

The irony of this self-criticism is, of course, that Borges speaks both as the plodding researcher and the experienced narrator. We must bear this point in mind because throughout this book Borges seems to be saying that anecdotes are not really what count in man's life; what *is* significant is what man and things become as a result of happenings that change their lives.

One of the two masterpieces in this volume, "The Meeting" (the other is "The Elderly Lady"), is, for instance, an account of how two men, in a dream-like sequence, fight a duel in which they lose their identity, and the knives, which had belonged to a pair of outlaws who died long ago, fight on by themselves. In this type of story Borges is deeply imbedded in the mythical world of Martín Fierro, Juan Moreira, and Segundo Sombra, men of tragic destinies, somber figures wandering over the pampas in search of roads and paths that lead nowhere. The moment of crisis in their lives is what fascinates Borges: a delayed encounter with an old enemy, a bet, a sudden flash of daggers, blood, a legend. Men die, knives survive and wait for the hands that will put them to work again. A cycle goes on never quite reaching its closing point. Borges gathers the thread and keeps on weaving.

In some of these stories Borges is still playing with history as if it were a revolving mirror. A good example is "Guayaquil," a yarn that brings together Bolívar, San Martín, a ferociously determined German scholar, and a retiring, gentle Borges-historian. History, in this case, not only repeats itself but the repetition comes to us revised and corrected, as the new edition of an old useful volume should be.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni—teamwork.

Other stories, such as "The Gospel According to Mark," are conceived in a Gothic vein that Latin American critics would associate with the Uruguayan Horácio Quiroga rather than with Borges, yet which the Argentinian makes unmistakably his own.

"The Elderly Lady" is the sort of devastatingly sharp, tenderly ironic tale that Borges produces when he is in full command of his craft. History is a joke (the title story, "Doctor Brodie's Report," makes the same point, but not as subtly); ceremonies, hierarchies, institutions, oratory are no more than harmless games men like to play when they are not destroying each other. What a beautiful mockery of war and patriotism this story is! Perhaps its most trenchant scene is the one in which, in the midst of the trumpeting pomposity of generals, ministers, and presidents, the hundred-year-old hero's daughter says nothing, does nothing, knows nothing, and in her sweet unconcern placidly vegetates among "plants, whose modest and silent life was so akin to her own."

Wisdom in every line, humorous compassion, astute precision in the arrangement of the stage for the momentous party, and the art with which the moral, left to the very last sentence, is almost haphazardly dropped into its perfect place—all of these qualities bear witness to the fact that, with or without Kipling's assistance, Jorge Luis Borges is a master storyteller.

What can one say in regard to the collaboration between Borges and di Giovanni in the translation of these tales? It is so evidently effective, so tacitly perfect. They are not translating; they are writing together and, what's more, they are having fun. So does the reader. May the two of them go on forever.

At a time when Borges is riding the crest of his popularity in the United States these volumes provide ideal companions to any kind of serious study of his poetry and prose. Reading *Selected Poems* I have learned that Borges stands almost alone in Latin America as a poet of ideas, now that poetry there is commonly confused with incantation and witchcraft. Here we observe Borges evolving from his early metaphoric enthusiasm, *Ultraísmo*, to a solid, vigorous, patrician poetry in praise of Argentine traditions and of Buenos Aires. *Doctor Brodie's Report*, on the other hand, with its Gaucho theme somberly entwined with Borges's speculations about death, is the natural counterpart to the resonance of guitars, daggers, and spurs which permeates the blind poet's inner music today.

One might say that in old age Borges has found a way to unpuzzle and enjoy his private labyrinths. □

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RIVERBED

by David Wagoner

Indiana University Press, 76 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John W. Hughes

■ In *Riverbed,* David Wagoner, a poet of the Pacific Northwest, has broken through to the metaphysical Northwest Passage sought for so frequently in his four previous books of poetry. He has eschewed that less arduous route to the unconscious mind which has been championed by Pound, Lawrence, James Dickey, and other liturgists of pseudoinstinctive spontaneity. Instead, Wagoner has followed Robert Frost amidst the Heraclitean wonders of the "West-running Brook," as can be seen from the title poem of this new collection:

We walk on round stones, all flawlessly bedded,
Where water drags the cracked dome of the sky
Downstream a foot at a glance, to falter there
Like caught leaves, quivering over the sprint
Of the current, the dashing of surfaces.

One is reminded of the French structuralist psychoanalyst, Jacques Lacan, for Wagoner's conception of the unconscious is grounded ("bedded") on the awareness of an interconnecting verbal structure (the flawless patterns formed by the stones), with its tensions and imagistic overlay. The energies of nature are not logically organized ("the dashing of surfaces") but they do contain codes, hieroglyphs that can be deciphered by the poet's orphic vocabulary. An example of this is the Hopkinsian sprung rhythms and kinetic enjambments of "The Death and Resurrection of the Birds":

Falling asleep, the birds are falling
Down through the last light's thatchwork farther than rain . . .

Silent and featherless,
Now they are one dark bird in darkness.

Beginning again, the birds are breaking
Upward, new-fledged at daybreak, their clapping wingbeats
Striking the sides of the sun, the singing brilliant . . .

It's difficult to think of more than a handful of contemporary American poets capable of describing so intricately the sense of identity "breaking" out from "the one dark bird" of sleep. Wagoner's dynamic, process-oriented vision of consciousness and identity leads him to deeper mysteries of negation and nothingness, the realization that one must be "ready for nothing" in order to accept and transcend the death of the ego:

But myself: I stick to what I am.
When I let go, I'll break to thousands of eyes.
(from "Last Words of the Human Fly")

Wagoner's underself is not a container of Lawrentian Id, nor is it a static hierarchy of Imagist emblems, but rather the locale of "thousands of eyes" (*I*'s) where Self encounters the multifold Other. Which is what Wagoner's Old Man of the Forest tells his querulous young diciples:

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
Must ask permission to know it and be known.
(from "Old Man, Old Man")

All the facets of what the Swedish poet Gunnar Ekelöf calls "the tyrannic I"—walls, cages, compulsive habits, anxieties, chains of attachment and illusion—are, in *Riverbed,* stripped ironically away to enable the poet to "stand still" and accept the rebirth of a new dialectical self capable of inhabiting "the immediate present," to live with ambiguity and flux. Wagoner opens this language of self out into a social dimension in the book's longest poem, "Job's Answer," where present and past are merged, permitting the poet to cast the revolutionary insights of the Book of Job in a contemporary form.

A sense of revolutionary outrage becomes more explicit in "A Police Manual" and "The First Law of Motion," poems that resemble the "impure," committed poetry of Brecht and Neruda. There is, however, none of the self-centered posturing that caused a certain Russian poet's recent Madison Square Garden spree to seem so vapid and, ultimately, bourgeois. One hopes to see more of Wagoner's socially conscious, "impure" poetry precisely because his obvious distrust of bourgeois values, like his sympathy for the uprooted and the underdog, derives from his knowledge of the authentic bases for community that can be uncovered by means of a rehumanization of nature and our link to nature, the Word. One senses that Wagoner's synthesis is unique—he is, in a way, capable of yoking together the social involvement of Robert Lowell and the ecological mysticism of Allen Ginsberg and Gary Synder. From this standpoint, then, one may say of Wagoner that he is the first American poet to trace the possible outlines of a meaningful cultural revolution.

John W. Hughes is a free-lance critic.

BLOOD IN MY EYE

by George L. Jackson

Random House, 197 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Stanley A. Bosworth

■ *Blood in My Eye* is a passionate litany to death written by a man whose younger brother was shot and killed in a California courtroom on August 7, 1971, while attempting to free three black convicts, and who was himself killed just two weeks later while allegedly trying to escape from San Quentin. George Jackson completed *Blood in My Eye* barely a week before his death.

To Jackson, "Amerika" is a Frankenstein's monster, "a demented, ugly creature, pathologically strong and huge," mindlessly doing the bidding of its fascist creator—an evil genius ultimately fated to perceive himself and go mad. Hideous and horrifying though Jackson's image of the United States is, it is, within his own terms, completely credible. For while most of us view our society from within, Jackson—both in his role as a black revolutionary and as a convict who expected to be killed either by prison guards or fellow inmates—saw it from the outside. As a doomed outsider, he identifies with all those who suffer repression.

Speaking for those people, for his dead brother, and for himself, Jackson ridicules the monster, reminding the reader of the impotence of prodigiously expensive equipment in Indochina, where "the fierce and beautiful Vietcong" take aim at our fancy helicopters and with one well-placed armor-piercing bullet "reduce $200,000 worth of Yankee invention to scrap." He has nothing but contempt for the "almost apolitical withdrawal" of campus freaks "to organic food gardens and a life of sex, music, and drugs." And, looking forward to a massively destructive day of reckoning in America, he sees ". . . a positive benefit for the majority of the world's people in the reduction of this whole country to a vast wasteland and a graveyard for two hundred million of history's most damnable fools!"

Filled with fury, George Jackson's testament is basically a hard-nosed and sophisticated formula for revolution. He is, quite simply, seeking to create "Perfect Disorder" and thence the total destruction of the American establishment. The method he advocates is to take over "the valleys and defiles of [America's] city streets," to launch guerrilla attacks on urban and manufacturing centers, "to stop the life cycle of the enemy culture and replace it with our own revolutionary culture." He faces the consequences of his stra-

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tegy not with equanimity so much as with the poet's ecstasy.

> We must accept the eventuality of bringing the U.S.A. to its knees; accept the closing off of critical sections of the city with barbed wire, armored Pig carriers criss-crossing the city streets, soldiers everywhere, tommy guns pointed at stomach level, smoke curling against the daylight sky, the smell of cordite, house-to-house searches, doors being kicked down, the commonness of death.

In the very process of retaliation the bourgeois colossus will, Jackson holds, tear itself asunder and lay itself open to further dismemberment.

A prisoner who made use of his time by studying Marxist-Leninist literature, Jackson has attempted to define the unique conditions requisite for a revolution in this country. In his view we are now in the third stage of fascism, which he defines as coming into existence when fascism—a term Jackson virtually equates with international capitalism—is *"in power and securely so."* He recognizes that in our particular case elements of the working class and their corrupted leaders will uphold the government and unite with counter-revolutionary forces. He believes, however, that the chaos unleashed by urban warfare will worsen the condition of the proletariat in general and escalate their militancy. Against the specter of the wounded giant using genocide as the ultimate weapon, Jackson offers the hope that the indigenous revolution will be supported by the Third World. Above all, he dismisses the danger of defeat by insisting that nothing can be worse than the present state of affairs.

The trouble is that a great deal could be much worse than it is—and the kind of proselyting George Jackson undertakes contributes to worsening rather than bettering the situation in America. Increasing numbers of blacks, often the most intelligent and respected, are inspired with absolutist hatred. The black *Lumpenproletariat*, in and out of prison, is therefore excused and even protected in its crimes by the very blacks who have a stake in society. Black leaders who protest this escalating state of affairs are censured or threatened by their own people. Jackson himself says that "this sense of vulnerability is the breeding ground of racism," yet his plan for revolution can only exacerbate that sense on the part of the majority of Americans. There is a terrifying danger that this majority will be coalesced by such a revolution and will unleash the most vicious repression in the history of this country. American blacks lack the numbers and power to win in the event of such a repression. Nor can they rely on their allies elsewhere, who, once victorious at home, tend to revise their economic and ideological concerns to conform to an international *Realpolitik*. Indeed, Jackson's great hero, Mao, has vastly confused his supporters by his recent collusion with the genocidal massacre of the East Bengalis. Power, "revolutionary" or otherwise, cynically seeks more power and consistently abandons its erstwhile allies to their own pursuits. In this sense it may be said that the unique condition involved in promulgating a black-led revolution is that those who advocate it must realize that it is a program for suicide.

The great power of Jackson's testament is that it compels us to find an alternate solution to creating a wasteland of fratricidal destruction. *Blood in My Eye* confronts the reader with the pathos and miracle of the fact that George Jackson, who spent most of his mature life persecuted, tortured, and isolated in prison, was truly more of a scholar, rhetorician, and poet than most of the bloodless, academic historians and political scientists regularly released after doing time in the best Ivy League universities. In some incredible way Jackson managed to amass and digest an almost encyclopedic knowledge of history, political and economic theory, and philosophy. And in the process his unyielding spirit found words to convey what he knew in terms of the desperate anomaly of his personal situation. By their very existence those words thunderingly demand an answer, other than the one they propose—Jackson's doctrine of death. The left may respond to this fierce and final book as a major theoretical Marxist-Leninist statement. The right will find in it a justification for actions which may temporarily permit them to survive in their own land, but which may ultimately bring down an angry world on an ailing giant, and fulfill Jackson's prophecy.

Jackson speaks to us with the outrage of a brilliant man martyred by our system, and with the authority of one who transcended suffering. He has seen his beloved brother die, he knows that he himself will die, and he demands that death beget death. His survival and transcendence in this work confront us with the price of our comforts. It is the price of crazed anarchic forces in our streets and of the mindless destructiveness on our battlefields. Yet we remain alive—ashamed, ludicrous, nervously pressing our faces against the windowpanes and beholding the internecine struggle outside. But it is not outside; it is our conflict: the struggle of black and white seeking to survive. As living men we cannot accept Jackson's solution; our survival depends upon our ability to offer another.

Stanley A. Bosworth is headmaster of Saint Ann's School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

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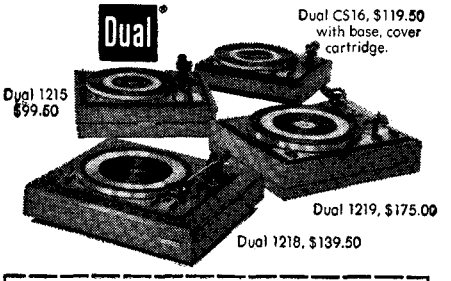

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HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR HORACE MANN AND SIR HORACE MANN THE YOUNGER

edited by W. S. Lewis and others

Yale, 3 vols., 1,798 pp., $17.50 each

Reviewed by Robert Halsband

■ At long last! The Mann correspondence, the most extensive in length and interest of all the Walpole correspondences, has finally achieved completion. In the Yale edition the first volumes were published in 1954, a further installment in 1960, yet another in 1967; and now, the ninth volume of letters, accompanied by two volumes of index, terminates the exchange between Walpole and his friend in Florence.

In 1738, as a young man on the Grand Tour, Walpole had met Horace Mann, the British diplomatic representative to Tuscany, and begun a friendship that they sustained without interruption for forty-eight years. During that time, since Walpole did not return to Italy nor did Mann to England, they never met again in person but kept their friendship in constant repair through their letters. "Can you wonder that my pen is worn to the stump?" Walpole quipped (after forty-three years). "You see it does not abandon you; nor, that, though conscious of its own decay, endeavour to veil it by silence." Even worn to the stump—which it was not even in a metaphorical sense—Walpole's pen retained its delicacy, force, and precision, and allowed him to continue the task he had set for it from the beginning of his correspondence with Mann.

For he had conceived of himself as an annalist recording the history of his time. That Walpole's vantage point was his own secure, upper-class perch in the Establishment he took for granted: what other could he have? To pursue his various interests he used different friends as recipients of his letters—literature (Thomas Gray and William Mason), social gossip (George Montagu and then Lady Ossory), antiquarianism (William Cole). Mann was well suited to serve as his audience for political comment. As a member of the diplomatic corps he had to keep in touch with English politics both at home and abroad, as well as with political intrigue in European courts—from Vienna (whose representative ruled Tuscany) to Rome (where the Jacobite Pretender needed to be watched). Walpole could thus confide in him what he saw and heard; and, in return, he could add to his store of knowledge from Mann, whose letters have been printed in full for the first time in this edition. Walpole asked for his letters to be returned to him, and used them as the raw material for his memoirs of the reigns of George II and George III, although he had decided that neither the letters nor the memoirs would be published while he lived.

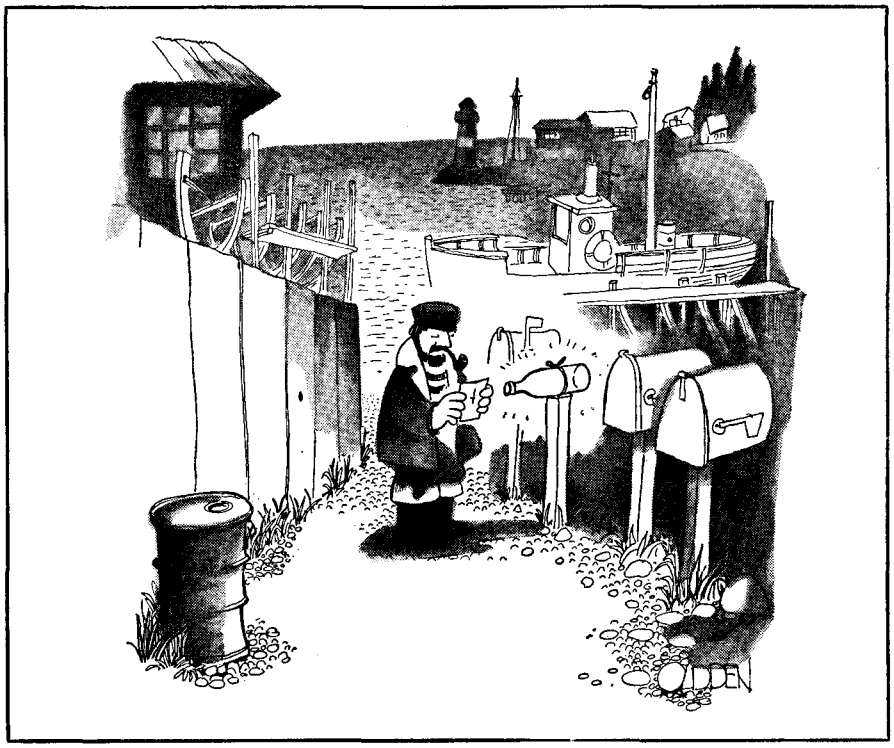
Why, one may wonder, did Walpole prefer to spoon out the "history of his times" to a friend instead of adopting the customary method of memoirists, who compiled and composed their recollections in the privacy of their studies? These other memoirists could only anticipate the chilly comfort of being read after their death; perhaps Walpole needed an audience, even an audience of one, whose sympathy and interest he could rely on. The receptive qualities in Mann encouraged him to spin out his stories and assorted gossip in a flexible, relaxed, informal tone. This is historical writing *en pantoufles* instead of on tiptoe with stiff formality. In addition he could write in the first person, remaining on stage all the time, unlike other memoirists—Lord Hervey, for example—who hid behind mock-modesty of the third-person narrator.

If this is only speculation, it is more certain that Walpole's picture of political and personal history gains a vivid, vital immediacy by being embedded in his letters. It may occasionally be superficial, distorted, prejudiced; but after these faults have been discounted, living history remains to give the reader the very "form and pressure" of his age.

Fortunately, too, Walpole's letters to Mann are far from being purely historical; they are informal letters between two men who shared many tastes and interests, and who loved to exchange the "news" that goes into any informal correspondence: social gossip, complaints of ill health, local accidents, anecdotes, and what Walpole calls "reflections." His last letters to Mann, from 1780 to 1786, contain these ingredients in all their variety, though his reflective thoughts are the most rewarding.

What encouraged his meditations was his virtual retirement from the whirligig of London life as he had enjoyed it in his earlier years. Since 1768 he no longer sat in Parliament; he went about very little in society, shunning the Court except when forced to attend because a niece had married the King's brother. As the passing years reduced the number of his friends and friendships he pursued his own interests, content to divide his time quietly between Strawberry Hill, his gothicized villa on the Thames, and his town house on Berkeley Square. As Walpole moved through his sixties, accompanied by rich memories and painful gout, he had more time for philosophical deliberations. Content to dwindle into a mere spectator, he could observe the world with disinterested detachment.

One of his favorite maxims was that "old folks are easily forgotten, if they will but have the sense not to put the world in mind of them." What we today call the generation gap is not an invention of our distraught times. "My common sense tells me that I cannot belong to a new age," Walpole remarked. He put it differently in another letter. "I have perceived that every age has not only a new language and new modes, but a new way of articulating.



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At first I thought myself grown deaf when with young people, but perceived that I understood my contemporaries though they whispered."

His nostalgia inevitably gilded the past. "We have lost our grandeur!" he exclaimed. "I hope our felicity is not to follow it!" He witnessed so much "delusion and disgrace" in the American war that he found it irksome to be even the "annalist of our follies and march to ruin." Doom-crying can be tedious to listen to, but not Walpole's: it illuminates the conservative, aristocratic current of his time. His general skepticism, he thought, was an antidote to intellectual rigidity since he believed that he had "charity for all sorts of opinions on religion and government." No person, he held, could be absolutely certain that he was right about either of these. That, at least, was Walpole's self-justification.

"I do not pretend to be a prophet," he modestly boasted to Mann, referring to the political changes he could not foresee. Yet, ironically, although he could be out of tune with his own time, Walpole could project his imagination to a century far ahead. In 1784 the first ascent in a balloon to take place over England was made by the Italian Lunardi, the first *Airgonaut* (Walpole's pun). After telling Mann about the balloon's popularity he expressed the hope that "these new mechanic meteors will prove only playthings for the learned and the idle, and not be converted into new engines of destruction to the human race, as is so often the case of refinement or discoveries in science. . . . Could we reach the moon, we should think of reducing it to a province of some European kingdom."

The political history in these late letters did not inspire Walpole's best comments; cabinets and ministers came and went so rapidly that he was too baffled to try to explain why. He was far more agitated by the anti-Catholic riots led by Lord George Gordon ("a mad dog"). And the war in the American states dragged on and on; to Walpole, who lamented its uncertain goals and useless slaughter, it seems to have been the Vietnam of his day.

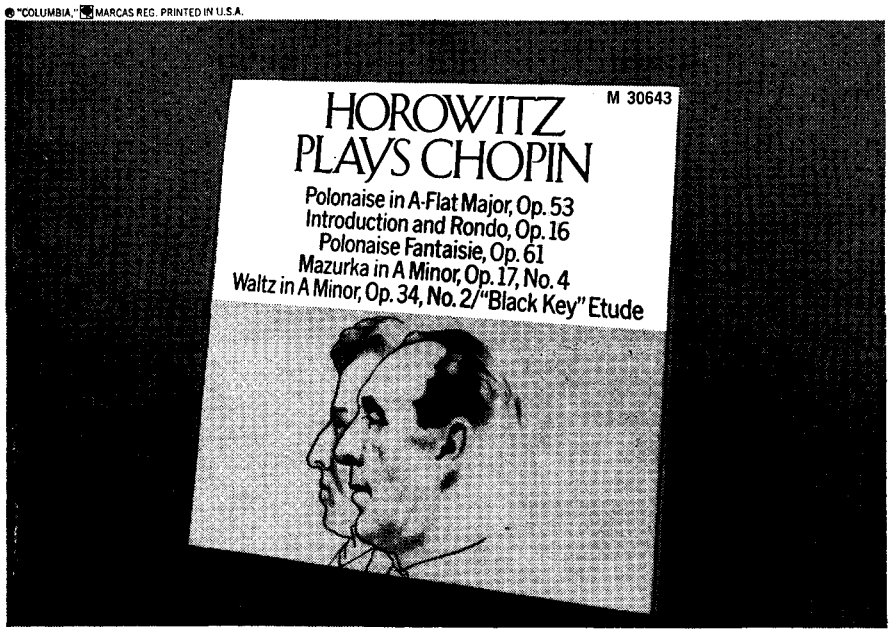
The social gossip of the opening volumes of this correspondence had dealt with Lady Walpole, his raffish sister-in-law, who was separated from her husband and lived in Italy with a succession of lovers of various nationalities. Now, in the final volume, she dies; and the business of carrying out the terms of her will, dividing her property between her insane son in England and her lover in Florence—"tedious and perplexed affairs"—consumed much of Walpole's time and many pages of his letters. More sprightly is his gossip about the Pretender's estranged wife, the Countess of Albany, who lived with the poet Alfieri. And, finally, literary gossip of the squabble that broke out between Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi as a result of her anecdotes concerning Samuel Johnson—an episode that enabled Walpole to vent his uncharitable opinion of the literary dictator whom he called a Hottentot.

In Walpole's own anecdotes there is a falling off from the previous volumes. How neatly he could put a coda to a letter, concluding with a glittering flourish of wit or humor! That very welcome footnote in earlier volumes—"This paragraph has not previously been printed"—warned the reader of a delightful, off-color confidence. The last volume holds no such titillating surprises.

The completion of the Mann correspondence, aside from the pleasures in its ninth volume, is welcome because it gives us a magnificent two-volume index. How does one review an index? It is an extraliterary appendage, of course, but in a scholarly work essential. If one has read all the Mann volumes, and at a later date wishes to refer to an event or reread an anecdote (not previously published) how else can it be found except through an index? Beautifully organized and articulated, this one lists people and places, as we would expect, and (more difficult and just as necessary) topics as well. Breakfast, Dice, Flemish school of painting, Handkerchief, Inquisition, Milkmaids, Opera, Quakers, Scarlet fever, Visions, Zinc—the range is as inexhaustible as Walpole himself. And it is not among those irritatingly lazy indexes that list under each entry only a series of page numbers that looks like a stock-market sheet. Instead, as any self-respecting index should, this one labels each subtopic so that the specific item being sought can quickly be found.

Index-making is an art that is both time- and thought-consuming. I recall the academic tale of a full-time British scholar who after editing a five-volume seventeenth-century diary added a fat index volume, as marvelous in its way as St. Peter's in Rome (or St. Paul's in London). Rumor reported that he had spent three years compiling the index. "Was it true?" I once asked him. He smiled. "An exaggeration," he replied. "It took me only two years." When the Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence, comprising some fifty volumes, is finally completed it will be capped by a combined index. *That* is something to look forward to.

Robert Halsband, professor of English at the University of California (Riverside), has written the biography and edited the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.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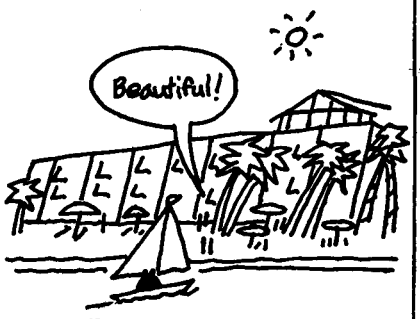

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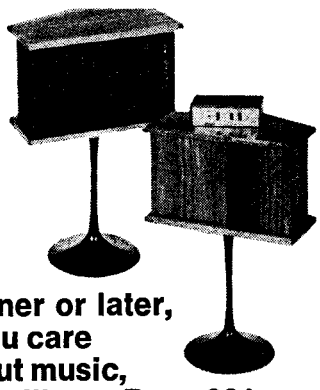

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VINCENZO BELLINI: His Life and His Operas

by Herbert Weinstock

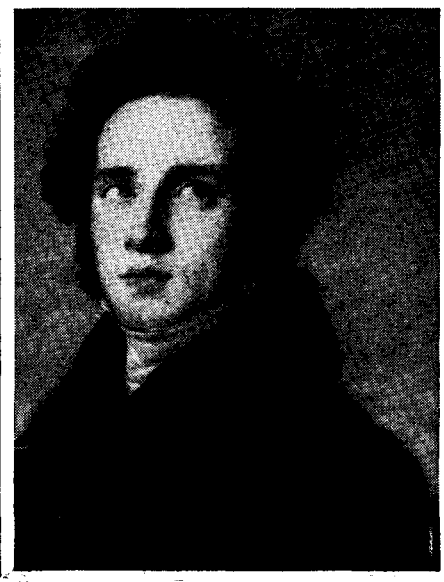
Knopf, 591 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert Jacobson

■ About a decade ago, intrigued with the then newly reopened and exquisite vistas of nineteenth-century *bel canto* —particularly as revivified by the hauntingly expressive Maria Callas—I set off to research the subject. The New York libraries soon revealed one thing: there was little to ponder on Rossini, less on Donizetti, and—save for an entry in *Grove's Dictionary* and a few paragraphs in general opera histories—nothing on Bellini. In short, information on this all but lost art was extremely meager—unless, that is, one were fluent in florid Romantic Italian and willing to trek to Bergamo, Milan, Catania, Pesaro, or Naples to do the necessary probing.

Enter Herbert Weinstock, who had become captivated by the long-dormant sounds of these composers via numerous revivals (mainly in Italy, and generally starring Callas) in the 1950s. In 1963 Weinstock's *Donizetti and the World of Opera in Italy, Paris and Vienna in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century* appeared. It was followed, in 1968, by his *Rossini: A Biography*. Now we have *Vincenzo Bellini: His Life and His Operas*, which was published just a few days after the noted music critic and historian's untimely death last November. Weinstock's valuable trilogy is thus complete, and although the sheer quantity of material on Rossini and Donizetti (both of whom wrote copiously and lived relatively long lives) compelled the author to make incomplete studies of them, his biography of Bellini is a

Vincenzo Bellini—"unique lyricism."



The "Mad Scene" from "I Puritani."

full-scale portrait which perfectly supplements biographical narrative with commentary and documentation of the composer's works.

The Bellini *oeuvre* was simpler to cope with than that of his two Italian peers. In addition to miscellaneous songs, church works, piano pieces, and so on, Bellini, who died at thirty-three, wrote "only" ten operas (as opposed to Rossini's thirty-six and Donizetti's seventy-five). He composed his first opera, *Adelson e Salvini*, at the age of twenty-three; his last, *I Puritani*, in 1835, the year of his death from chronic amebiasis. Born in Catania, on the eastern shore of Sicily, Bellini studied in Naples and Milan and went on to achieve fame throughout Italy and in London and Paris. He was not, in himself, an inordinately interesting character. Nor very likable either, as Weinstock candidly states in his introductory note. Yet the time in which Bellini lived—Europe was then being swept by a new wave of Romanticism—and the unique lyricism he conceived make him a pivotal figure in the world of music. Hence this book is an important document.

Bellini's letters, from which Weinstock frequently quotes, portray him as self-centered, volatile, selfish, ambitious, insecure, fearful, calculating, avaricious and paranoiac—traits stemming in large part from his lack of education both in literature and languages and in the academics of his own craft (particularly orchestration and counterpoint). His relationship with the highly influential Gioachino Rossini during his Paris years, for instance, was needlessly complicated by Bellini's own caution and cunning, although by that time Rossini had said farewell to opera with his *William Tell* and thus no longer constituted a threat. Rossini's approval or disapproval of a young composer did much to sway critics, managers, and the pub-

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lic of the time—and Bellini was convinced that the elder composer, whom he worshiped and feared, favored Donizetti. Again, Bellini's dispute with the master librettist Felice Romani over *Beatrice di Tenda* was both silly and self-defeating. Bellini accused Romani of having failed to deliver the libretto for this opera on time, whereas, in fact, the composer had made his doing so impossible by hesitating so long in choosing the subject. As a result of this petty feud the two men never met again, and Bellini was forced to take second-best in Pepoli's libretto for *I Puritani*.

With women, Bellini played the role of Don Juan. He shunned marriage because it meant accepting responsibility. What he wanted was a sexual partner both beautiful and sufficiently well-endowed financially to leave him free to compose when the spirit moved him. Bellini's good looks, romantic unions, fainting spells, and, not least, his premature death made his transformation into an idealized Romantic figure easy, especially in retrospect. Had there been no Bellini, someone would have had to invent him—if only to serve as a bridge between Rossini-Donizetti and Verdi.

Bellini's great gift for melody, first recognized by his grandfather (a music teacher and traditionalist composer), was carefully nurtured by Nicolò Zingarelli in Naples. Zingarelli led his talented student away from counterpoint and fugues, telling him to compose wordless melodies, which could then be developed into expressive vocalizations, and to emphasize the melodic element above all else. No one could spin a *legato* web of song to match those composed by Bellini at the height of his powers. A year before his death he was to declare, "The opera must draw tears, terrify people, make them die through singing. . . ." And, again, "to make their effect, poetry and music demand naturalness, and nothing else." As Romani noted in tribute: "Few composers in Italy, and perhaps no composers other than ours, knew as well as Bellini the necessity for a close union with poetry, dramatic truth, the language of emotions, the proof of expression."

Weinstock has done yeoman service for present-day Bellinians and for those of future generations by surveying each of the ten operas (apart from *Norma*, *I Puritani*, and *La Sonnambula*, the rest hitherto constituted a virtual *terra incognita*); he lists all the pertinent details regarding composition and first performance, and also provides an outline of the libretto, along with a number-by-number study of the score itself. In both parts of his volume (the first half is given over to Bellini's life, the second half to his works), as well as in the appendixes, Weinstock destroys a good many myths that have grown around the figure of Bellini over the past 135 years. Moreover, the critic has filled a gap in the history of opera and music with a document that should make even the most adamant anti-Bellinian realize that, as Boïto once said, "He who does not love Vincenzo Bellini does not love music."

Robert Jacobson, who is managing editor of Saturday Review Programs, is a frequent contributor to *SR*'s music columns.

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Conducted by David M. Glixon

EXIT SCREAMING

All these opera heroines end their careers on a note of violence. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to match them with their dying circumstances and the composers of their laments. You'll find solace on page 75.

1. Brünnhilde ( )
2. Carmen ( )
3. Euridice ( )
4. Gilda ( )
5. Lakme ( )
6. Lucia ( )
7. Marguerite ( )
8. Norma ( )
9. Salome ( )
10. Tosca ( )

A. Dies in prison while awaiting execution for killing her child
B. Commits suicide by leaping into the Tiber
C. Walks into a funeral pyre
D. Is crushed beneath the shields of soldiers
E. Dies a second time when her husband turns to embrace her
F. Rides her horse into a funeral pyre
G. Her body is delivered to her father in a sack
H. Is stabbed by a jilted guardsman
I. Eats a lethal blossom and dies in her lover's arms
J. Goes mad, kills her husband, and commits suicide

a. Bellini
b. Bizet
c. Delibes
d. Donizetti
e. Gluck
f. Gounod
g. Puccini
h. Strauss
i. Verdi
j. Wagner

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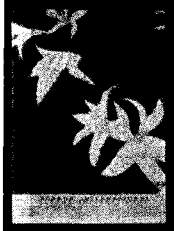

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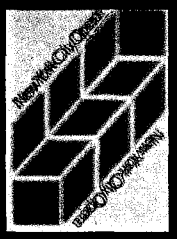

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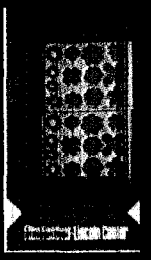

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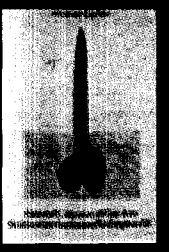

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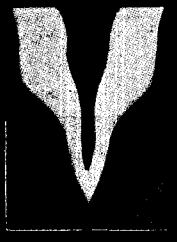

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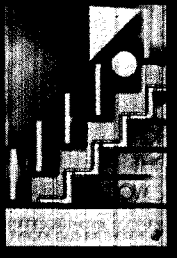

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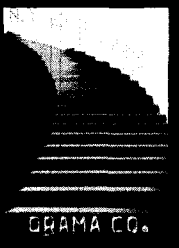

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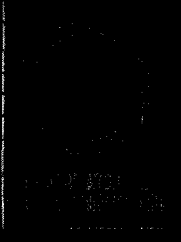

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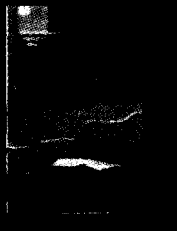

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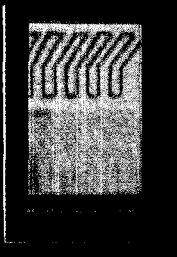

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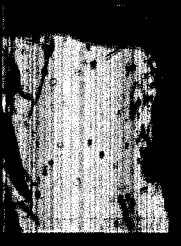

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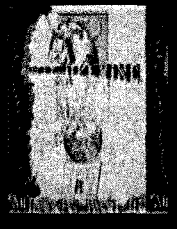

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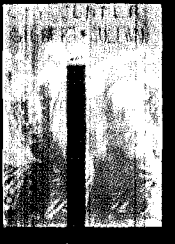

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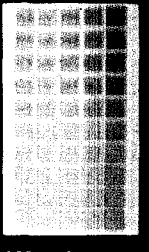

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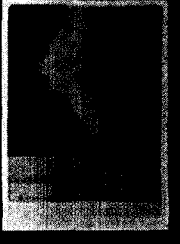

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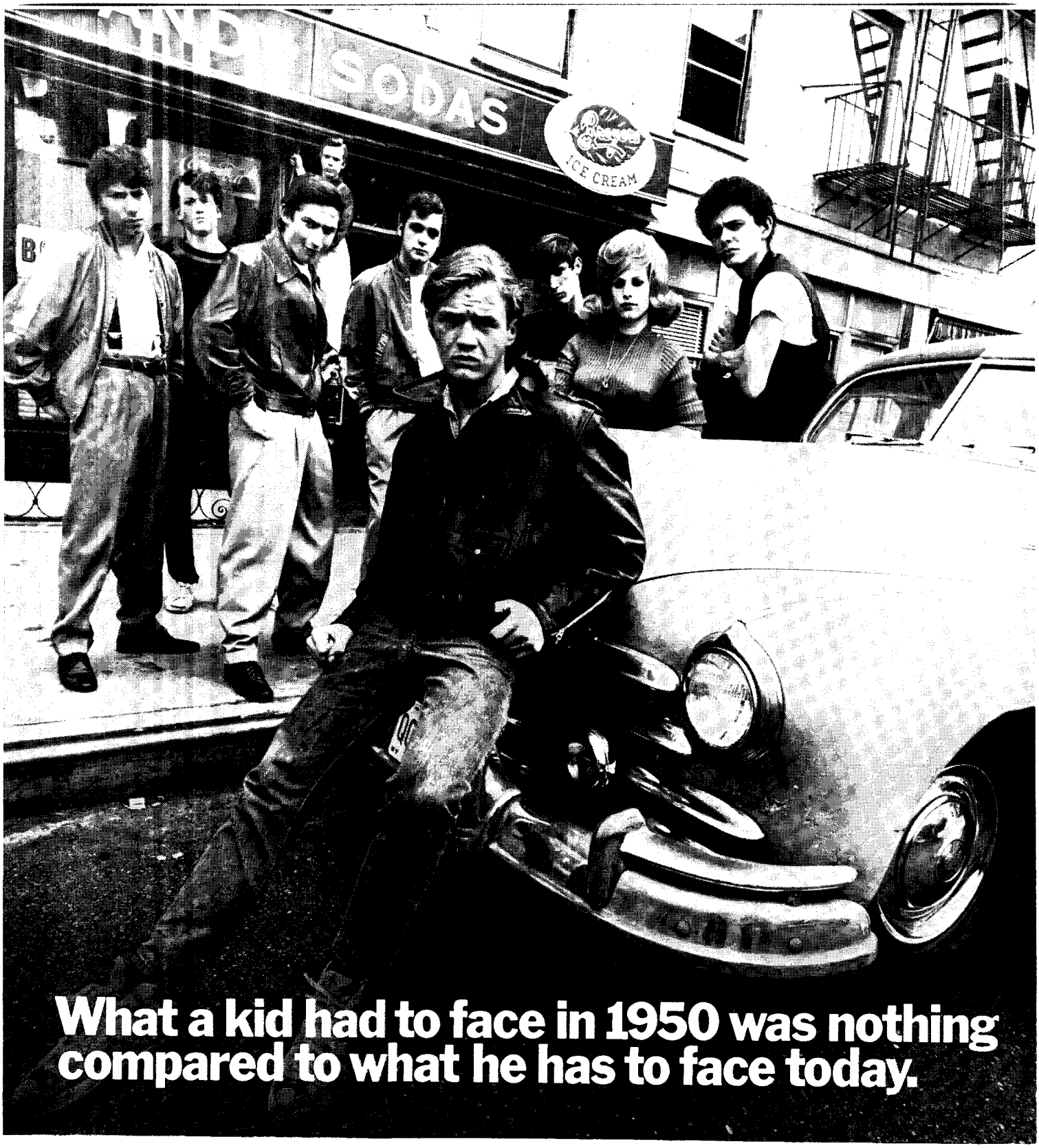

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Criminal Record

Fiction

You Don't Need an Enemy. *By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners. $4.95.* You met (or should have) Lieutenant Johnny Ortiz of the Santo Cristo police in *Murder in the Walls.* The part Apache, part Spanish-American detective—together with Cassie, the gorgeous black anthropologist—is back again in a complicated murder mystery that owes a bow to Charles Dickens, of all people. Here, as in *Walls,* Stern's rich evocation of the New Mexican background and his gift for creating well-developed characters lift this crime novel above the average.

Two Little Rich Girls. *By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House. $4.95.* One of the rich girls has been sent to prison for murder; the other, her sister, is convinced that the real culprit is still at large. What follows reads very much like yesteryear's women's magazine fiction. For those who relish that sort of thing, this thriller should do nicely.

Murder with Love. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow. $5.95.* Love can often prove as strong a motive for murder as hate, as the police of southern California learn in the course of investigating assorted cases that crop up in the aftermath of an earthquake. This is a new Luis Mendoza novel, and though the interwoven cases hold the reader's interest throughout, Lt. Mendoza, whose sole characteristic seems to be his tendency to lapse into Spanish, begins to bore.

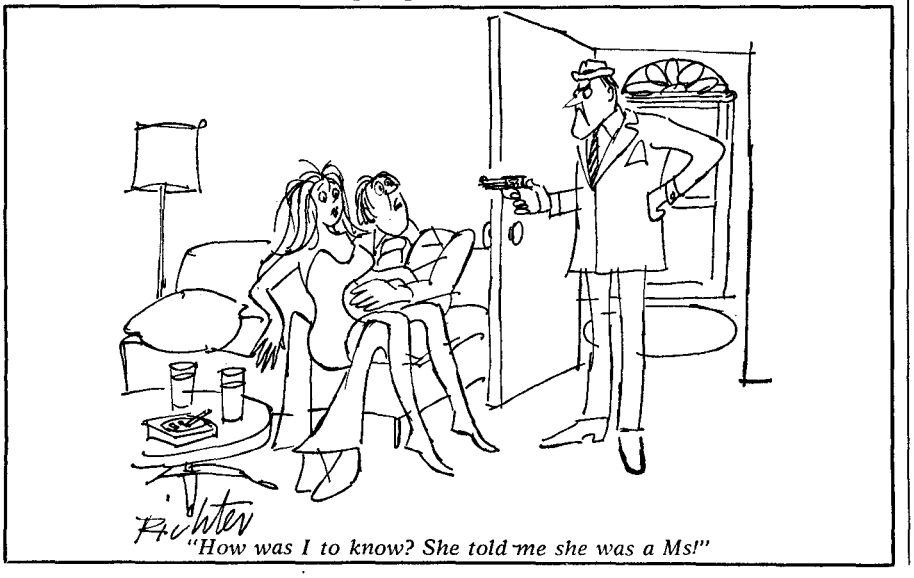
Bride by Candlelight. *By Dorothy Eden. Ace Books. 75¢.* The opening sentence reads: "The snowflakes fell with almost inaudible thuds against the window pane, like gloved fingers tapping." What with all this thudding and tapping, it is safe to assume that they have noisy snowstorms in New Zealand, where Julia has gone to marry Paul after receiving only one letter from him in three years. Before you know it, she is up to her pretty ears in danger and purple prose. Dorothy Eden's many fans, delighted to learn that she has a paperback original on the stands, probably won't be put off by her style.

The Friends of Eddie Coyle. *By George V. Higgins. Knopf. $5.95.* The dust jacket states that Mr. Higgins is an assistant U.S. Attorney for the District of Massachusetts. His experience shows. This first novel of life within the world of crime (Boston area) rings true. By any standard of judgment, this unusually realistic book has to be one of the best criminal novels of the year.

The Mourning Trees. *By Velda Johnston. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.* Her husband's note says he will be back in a few days. When he doesn't return, Paula sets out for the little town of Mesquite (he has circled it on a map) in search of this man whom she loves but knows little about. Ms. Johnston mars her tale by shifting from Paula's viewpoint to those of people working against her heroine. Still, there's sufficient tension and mystery here to make *Mourning* passably diverting.

This Deadly Grief. *By Patricia Power. Doubleday. $4.95.* What Daphne doesn't know when she moves into her godmother's Montreal house as a companion is that the two women who preceded her in the job died under suspicious circumstances. This first novel provides some suspense along with a big dollop of sticky love story. Students of language will be interested to note that the clichés employed by writers north of the border have a lot in common with those used in the U.S.A.

Haskel Frankel



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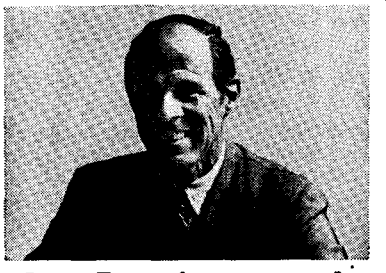

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Book Business

Alan Green

Did you know that hundreds of American writers—among others, Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, Nelson Algren, and Richard Wright—had written a unique series of guidebooks to our states? To add that these newly available volumes are revised editions of the original Federal Writers' Project guides may leave the younger among you still puzzled.

Back in the depths of the Depression the Federal Writers' Project of the Work Projects Administration came into being. Just as the WPA was making work (from road repairing to post-office mural painting) for millions of the unemployed, so the Writers' Project put thousands of needy authors to work at $100 a month turning out source material about the life and times of the American people. Much of this writing never saw the light of day and still lies forgotten in state libraries and the Library of Congress. But some of it became immediately visible, and important, as texts for a series of hard-bound guides to the then forty-eight states and the District of Columbia—their geography, ethnology, sociology, history, and politics. Of these volumes Alfred Kazin wrote: "So the WPA State Guides, seemingly only a makeshift, a strategem of administration relief policy . . . resulted in an extraordinary contemporary epic."

Originally brought out by various firms—with Houghton Mifflin, the Viking Press, and Hastings House accounting for the majority of the volumes—the series is now being updated and reissued by Hastings. Six have already been released, twenty-four more are being revised, and others are to come.

Coincidentally, the whole story of the Federal Writers' Project is being told in *The Dream and the Deal*, by Jerre Mangione, which Little, Brown plans to publish this June. Mangione recounts the partly forgotten, partly untold history of the times that made the project necessary, the men (Roosevelt and Hopkins in particular) who created it, the forces (hack politicians, left-wing extremists, right-wing obstructionists) that nearly destroyed it from within, the hard-heads who opposed it ("Why pamper a bunch of New Dealish intellectuals?") and the twin causes of its demise (World War II and what later became known as the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities).

The Federal Writers' Project came into being thirty-seven years ago out of conditions that could arise again. Whether there would be leaders with the compassion and imagination to re-establish and foster such a program is another question.

Just before the turn of the year I heard Brendan Gill interviewed on the Dick Cavett show. Gill wrote the biographical essay for *Cole*, the handsomely illustrated Holt, Rinehart & Winston volume of Cole Porter history, lyrics, and memorabilia [*SR*, Dec. 25]. Gill was talking of the riding accident that shattered both of Porter's legs, dooming him to thirty-five operations, a wheel-chair life, and almost constant pain. Replying to a question raised by Cavett, Gill agreed that at times Porter wished for death, and Cavett recalled John Carradine's having mentioned that a sick and weary John Barrymore had expressed the same wish ten years before *he* died. To which Brendan Gill responded: "Oh, I'm a firm believer in suicide." The comment had particular force for me because, only a few days earlier, I had finished reading *The Savage God*, by A. Alvarez, which Random House will publish in April. Alvarez's book is both a many-sided study of suicide—its history, the religious, social and psycho-medical attitudes toward the act—and an examination of such would-be and actual suicides as John Donne, who was profoundly tempted by it; David Hume, who attacked the moral prejudice against it; the exponents of Dadaism, for whom suicide was an art form; Thomas Chatterton, who committed it; and Sylvia Plath, who took her own life in 1963, after having made two suicide attempts.

The Savage God begins with the section about Plath who, with her then husband Ted Hughes (they separated before her death) had been Alvarez's friend and London neighbor. It is Alvarez's theory that her prior attempts had been serious but that the actual death was a suicidal accident—a thesis he supports with statements that he claims Hughes made to him. When Alvarez sold a portion of the book (including the Plath section) to *The Observer* in London for serialization, Ted Hughes protested that he had been unfairly quoted, and *The Observer* abandoned that part of the serial in mid-publication. No action has been taken against publication of the book itself here or in England.

Alvarez writes of suicide with some authority: *The Savage God* ends with a description of his own suicide attempt.

Alvarez's editor at Random is Mrs. Nan Talese. (My awareness of women's liberation prevents me from identifying her further—anyhow she's associated with best sellers in her own right.) One upcoming probable best seller of hers is *The Quiet End of the Evening*, the new Honor Tracy novel, to be published in May. I found it a worthy successor to Miss Tracy's hilarious *The Straight and Narrow Path*. The setting of *Quiet End* is an island in a sound off Ireland's west coast (Miss Tracy, a native Englishwoman, lives on Achill Sound somewhat north of Galway.) Once again she is writing of English folk in Ireland attempting to reconcile themselves to, or bully their way through, Irish mysticism, intransigence, procrastination, and elfin destructiveness. Her fond and witty patience with outré Irish traits does not extend to IRA bombings, against which she recently inveighed on the Op Ed page of *The New York Times*.

Dissatisfied with traditional life styles? Are you a youngster hunting around for something more permanent than commune life? An oldster searching for something less constricting than suburbia and white-collardom? Richard Pollack, James Blumstein, and James Phelan have written a book about organizing a new way of life within our borders. Dismissing revolution as impracticable, they studied the available social and political means for peaceful change and came up with *How to Take Over Vermont* which, with a nod to Dean Swift, they have subtitled *An Immodest Proposal*. E. P. Dutton will publish it in April and, if the takeover occurs north of Sugarbush and south of Mount Mansfield, it shouldn't play too much hob with upcoming ski seasons.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1493

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1493 will be found in the next issue.

F AVKLSCLFZL, YU NS BFZLC FYJ KY FJMYGS KZ FZR HFLLSV, GFZ KZIR WK LK NYC CKIYGYLKV.

—OSZEFHYZ JYCVFSIY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1492

. . . Prohibitionist . . . the sort of man one wouldn't care to drink with—even if he drank.

—H. L. MENCKEN

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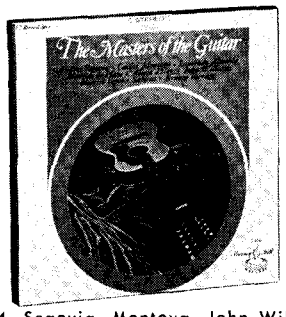

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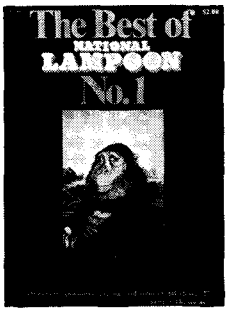

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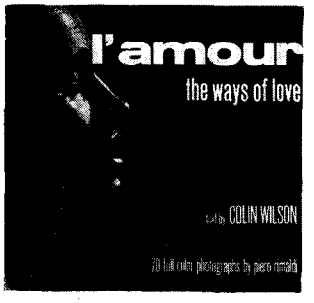

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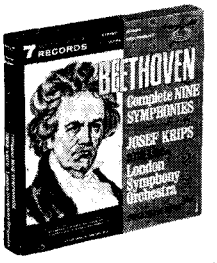

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WIT TWISTER #258

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Gross fat — — — — — — — — her
from Love's forceful fray;

No suave — — — — — — — — ever
looked her way.

Some diet that — — — — — — — —
excess weight

Might well have — — — — — — —
— her from spinster state.

—A.S.

(Answer on page 78)

THE GAME OF THE FOXES: The Untold Story of German Espionage in the United States and Great Britain During World War II

by Ladislas Farago

McKay, 696 pp., $11.95

THE COUNTERFEIT SPY

by Sefton Delmer

Harper & Row, 256 pp., $6.95

CODEWORD: DIREKTOR: The Story of the Red Orchestra

by Heinz Höhne translated from the German by Richard Barry

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 310 pp., $10

Reviewed by Harry Howe Ransom

■ Consider the obstacles for a writer so bold as to be historian of secret intelligence services. Records often are not kept or are systematically destroyed; code names, ciphers, and assorted deceptive practices are routine; certain individuals involved are chronic liars; governments disavow secret operations and padlock any archives maintained; and sometimes the records are closed for centuries, or forever. Although in June the University of California Press will publish a book by R. Harris Smith titled *OSS: The Secret History of America's First Intelligence Agency*, the author has had to sleuth his data, for the archives of the Office of Strategic Services have been locked up by its offspring, the C.I.A. Nevertheless, fascination with the world of spies and counterspies continues to prompt writers to dig for "the untold story" of major espionage capers.

Even though Germany lost the Second World War, there have been few accounts of espionage activities engaged in by the Germans or directed against them that have been based upon hard evidence, the destruction of which Nazi leaders had ordered as the Third Reich collapsed. In these three books enterprising journalists have bucked the usual obstacles to produce significant new accounts that describe clandestine operations in considerable detail.

The most revealing is *The Game of the Foxes*, by Ladislas Farago, who, though a leading writer on espionage, is perhaps best known for his dramatic biography of World War II General George S. Patton, Jr. His new book is unique in that it is based on microfilmed records of the Hamburg and Bremen sections of the Abwehr, the principal German military intelligence organization until its demise late in the war.

Hamburg and Bremen were the Abwehr's outposts that directed secret operations in Great Britain and the United States. In 1967, Farago discovered an extraordinary collection of Abwehr files "in a dark loft of the National Archives in Washington, D.C." He subsequently spent several years tirelessly tracking down additional pieces of a complex espionage jigsaw puzzle. In *The Game of the Foxes*, Mr.

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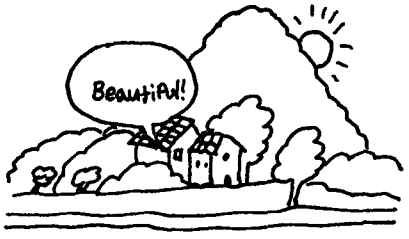

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Farago puts all the pieces together.

Paying careful attention to factual evidence, he relates a wide variety of hitherto unknown episodes, several of which occurred prior to America's entering into the war. The fifty-three vignettes that comprise the book range from the bizarre story of how German agents stole details of the Norden bombsight to an account of a strange plot involving mine union leader John L. Lewis, whose anti-FDR activities were allegedly aided by secret German funds. A large number of other closet skeletons are paraded, including a German spy sheltered in Winston Churchill's family and another who fooled J. Edgar Hoover.

Farago has produced less an analytical history of the topic described in his book's subtitle than a gripping chronicle of events in the "great, true spy stories" vein. But what does it all add up to? Were the espionage efforts worth the cost? Did they significantly alter the course of the war?

In a few introductory paragraphs Farago hints at answers. He believes that "no secret service, however big, efficient or industrious, is capable of forecasting the course of events . . ."; that secret services are "a romantic masquerade, a grandiose pageantry that often seems anachronistic, and even childish"; and that a behind-the-scenes look at the Abwehr provides insight into "every big intelligence agency that has existed in the past or that functions in the present." But Farago does not develop these points. His generally engrossing book ends with yet another episode, and an impressive bibliography. He seems to be telling the reader to look up his own answers.

Sefton Delmer's *The Counterfeit Spy* deals at book length with a subject that Farago treats in a twenty-page chapter. This is "Operation Double-Cross," an elaborate scheme by means of which the Allies gained control of all German spies in England during the war.

The counterfeit spy whose work Delmer describes was a Spaniard who took the role of double agent in Great Britain. The Nazis came to regard him as their master spy, and he maintained regular contact with German intelligence through Madrid by courier and wireless. All the while he was completely under the command of the British Double-Cross operation, which directed his activities as he built up a network of a score of fictitious German spies. Unaware that the quantities of information this Spaniard was providing them had been skillfully doctored by the British, the Nazis awarded an Iron Cross for his "brilliant" achievements for the Third Reich.

Delmer—an Englishman who has worked as a journalist and served in the Foreign Office—has presented a well-constructed story, which contains many hitherto unrevealed details. Yet the hero, who here is given the pseudonym "Cato," emerges rather larger than life. Furthermore, the account has the flavor of a government-sanitized version. A fuller, more authentic one is presented in Sir John Masterman's *The Double-Cross System* [*SR*, Feb. 19], where, strangely, "Cato" is called "Garbo." Neither book reveals the Spaniard's true identity.

Heinz Höhne's *Codeword: Direktor* is a German journalist's account of an elaborate Soviet spy network, nicknamed the "Red Orchestra," which supplied Moscow with vital German secrets throughout the Second World War. For several reasons this book is of interest. First, it divulges a good deal of new information concerning the network's machinations in Nazi-occupied Europe. Second, the activities of this group have been politically controversial in Europe, especially in Germany, ever since. And third, the chief of this spy ring, Leopold Trepper (also known as Leib Domb), who was "rewarded" for his remarkable feats with a ten-year prison term in Stalin's Russia, recently has been battling the government of Poland, where he has been a publisher and Jewish community leader, for an exit visa to Israel.

Trepper directed the Soviet network's penetration of top echelons of Nazi military and intelligence organizations. And the "Red Orchestra" played a major role in the defeat of Germany, particularly on the eastern front. Höhne's *Codeword: Direktor* should be read in conjunction with Gilles Perrault's *The Red Orchestra*, first published in English in 1968. While Perrault's work has a literary and dramatic quality that Höhne's book lacks, Höhne has resourcefully added important new details in his retelling of this intriguing tale.

Harry Howe Ransom wrote *The Intelligence Establishment.*

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Fj (*Götterdämmerung*), 2Hb, 3Ee (*Orfeo ed Euridice*), 4Gi (*Rigoletto*), 5Ic, 6Jd (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), 7Af (*Faust*), 8Ca, 9Dh, 10 Bg.

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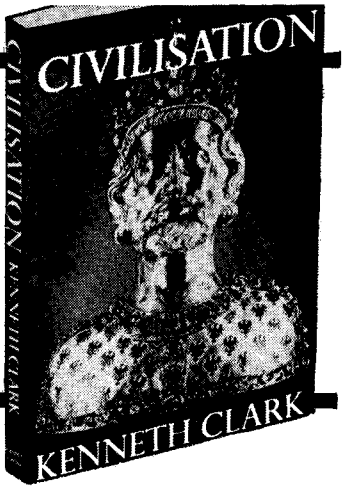

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SOULS ON FIRE:
Portraits and Legends of Hasidic Masters

by Elie Wiesel
translated from the French
by Marion Wiesel

Random House, 278 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Albert H. Friedlander

HASID (literally: fervent, pious): One who acts out of love, with tenderness. Derived from *hesed*, grace, one of God's attributes complementing *din*, strict justice. . . .

In the Psalms, Hasid (plural, Hasidim) often denotes the "faithful," the "lover of God." In the Talmud . . . Hasid is "he who says: what is mine is yours and what is yours is yours; he is slow to anger and quick to relent; he who enjoys giving and likes others to give. . . ."

BAAL SHEM (literally Master of the Name): Title attributed since the Middle Ages to men who know the true name of beings and things, recognize their secret and can act upon them, through them. By naming the forces, such a man masters them; his knowledge is power. Were he to use this power to attain immediate or profane gains, he would be nothing more than a miracle-maker. But if he chooses to bring the names closer to the Name, and unite beings and things with God, he becomes Master of the Good Name, Baal Shem Tov.

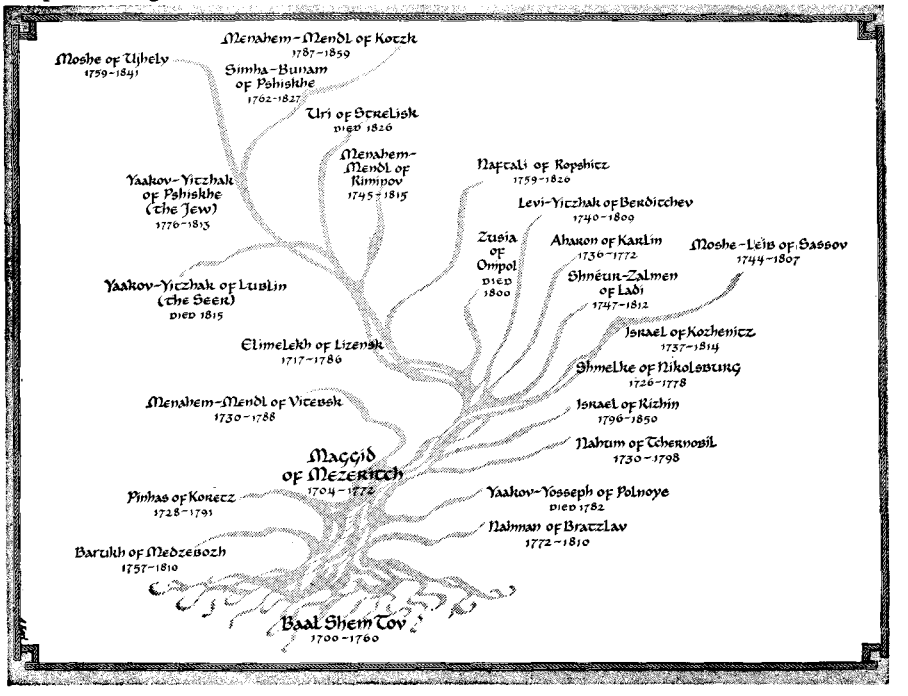
from "Souls on Fire"

■ Elie Wiesel is one of the great tellers of tales of our time. Yet his stories are different. They touch the dark aspects of life and bring reports from the kingdom of night. They also teach hope; and it is that hidden dimension beyond the anguish in his work which has established Wiesel—survivor of Auschwitz and Buchenwald—as the teacher of his generation.

Born in Transylvania, Wiesel is a Hasid, a member of the mystical sect of Judaism that burgeoned anew in the eighteenth century. *Souls on Fire* is a celebration of Hasidic life in which the pietistic fervor and turbulent yearnings of Central and Eastern European Jewry are drawn together into clear images of the great Hasidic teachers and masters, from the founder of modern Hasidism, Israel ben Eliezer (1698-1760)—the legendary Baal Shem Tov—to Menahem-Mendl of Kotzk (1787-1859). Each was a master of the parable, and Wiesel's sensitive evocation of a world that with the Nazi holocaust disappeared into darkness turns their lives into personal parables.

Scholars will disagree with parts of Wiesel's interpretation and with some of the factual details within his work. They may be upset by the loose organization of *Souls on Fire* and occasional repetitions where the bones of the author's popular lecture series show through. Wiesel's theory that the Seer of Lubin, Rabbi Yaakov-Yitzhak's fall out of a window was a second suicide attempt goes counter to the entire Hasidic tradition (which *knows* Satan pushed the Seer) and is less realistic than another suggestion that the Seer was drunk (as were many Hasidim on the eve of *Simhat Torah*, the Feast of Rejoicing in the Law). Wiesel's presentation of Nahman's complex tale of the seven beggars can be challenged since it ignores recently published Hebrew commentaries in Jerusalem—but all of these quibbles are out of place here.

Endpaper design by A. Karl for "Souls on Fire."



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The superiority of Wiesel's work set against that of such scholars as Gershom Scholem or Martin Buber lies precisely in the fact that this book is a testimony and not a study. Hasidism is revealed from within; it is not analyzed from outside. And Elie Wiesel ("I, grandson of Dodye Feig, Hasid of Wizsnitz, . . .") speaks with conscious authority as one who has seen the fire and has heard the story. All he wants to do is to transmit the legend and the world that created it. In this work, ably translated by Marion Wiesel, he achieves his purpose.

And so the teachers once again walk the roads in search of disciples. The tales they tell are made the facts of their lives. The Baal Shem Tov is transported to a distant island and captured by pirates. True? False? Does it matter? The conclusion of the tale addresses all disciples: even the Besht (as the Baal Shem Tov is called in Hasidic tradition) could not force the messiah to come. Wiesel sees him as "the sum of all tales that were—and still are —told about him and his work. More precisely: that he *is* his legend"—a moment of rapture and exaltation for the Jews in times of mute lamentations.

But Wiesel notes in the later teachers, surrounded by joyful disciples, certain dark aspects: the despair that filled them, the rebellion that made some of them stormers of heaven. Here, as elsewhere, original insights make the reading of *Souls on Fire* a delight and an adventure.

The various biographical sketches are linked to form a highly personal account of the Hasidic movement. Its opponents and adherents; the political structure of Eastern Europe and the cometlike appearance of Napoleon; the juxtaposition of poverty and great wealth, love and envy, knowledge and ignorance—all converge in Wiesel's evocation. Polish Hasidism won too easily and degenerated quickly. Lithuania and other areas provided a sterner challenge and demanded scholarship from Hasidic teachers and their followers; and so outside Poland the movement attained greater depth and content. As the institution of the Tzaddik, the "Just Man," developed and leadership became hereditary, negative aspects grew stronger in Hasidic life. All of this is documented by Wiesel—but can be found elsewhere. What remains after his book has been laid aside are the men and their stories, fused in a manner that cannot be forgotten.

The clearest example is of course Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav, a great-grandson of the Besht. Wiesel compares him with Kafka, whom he may have inspired. But the Bratzlaver fabulist's heroes eventually come to the castle and discover the meaning of their strivings. Nevertheless, his tales are just as complex as Kafka's, standing outside of time and space. Yet they speak to our time as part of a theology of hope that has a contemporary ring. The Bratzlaver himself is not forgotten: his empty armchair stands in the meeting places of his disciples, who, because they still insist on speaking of their master in the present tense, are referred to as the "dead Hasidim."

One more teacher whom Wiesel brings to us in a new way is Menahem-Mendl of Kotzk, "the Master-against-his-will, the angry saint and divine rebel."

He turns impudence into a virtue. Blind faith irritates him as much as mediocrity. "In hell," he says, "one prays better than in paradise." For the worshipers crowding the Tzaddikim's anterooms, he has nothing but contempt. "Ten Just Men," he says, "were able to save Sodom, the city of sin. But ten sages would not enlighten an assembly of fools. Worse: a thousand fools would turn a sage into just another fool." Appeals to caution have no effect on him; there is no recalling him to order; he is not to be intimidated. Pressure incites him only to further action. The more he is attacked, the less vulnerable he considers himself. Awe-inspiring, contemptuous of love, he pushes ahead, no risk too great for him. And too bad for those who fail to understand him.

Wiesel tells us that he arrived at his interpretation of "Mendl the Dark" with the help of a great contemporary teacher through whom a Hasidic dynasty speaks in a modern manner: Professor Abraham Joshua Heschel of the Jewish Theological Seminary. We are indebted to both Mr. Wiesel and Dr. Heschel for this portrait of a man who frightened his contemporaries too much to be understood by them but who comes to judge us in our day.

The nature of Wiesel's work is such that this account of Hasidism (it is in fact a sourcebook) now becomes part of Hasidic literature. Tales heard in the "kingdom of night" are retold, and past and present merge: Tradition has it that the great leaders of Galician Hasidism—the innocent, humble Zusia and the autocratic Elimelekh—went from the house of the Great Maggid of Mezeritch to found Hasidic centers every place they stayed. The two brothers arrived in a small village near Cracow with the intention of stopping overnight. But they were restless and felt compelled to leave. As dusk fell, they left. It is the grandson of Dodye Feig of Wizsnitz who tells us the name of the village—Auschwitz.

Albert H. Friedlander resides in London, where he directs the Leo Baeck College for Rabbinic Studies and serves Westminster Synagogue. His next book, to be published next fall, is concerned with the Age of Enlightenment.

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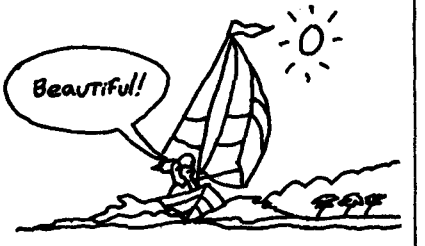

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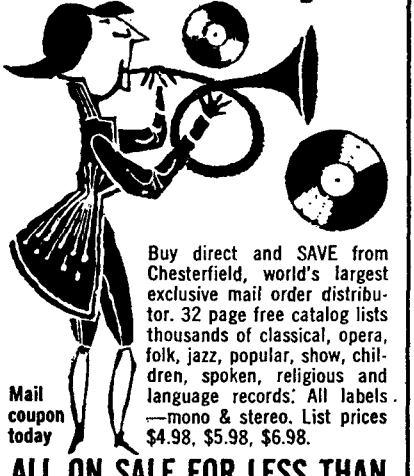

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SHADOWS IN PARADISE

by Erich Maria Remarque
translated from the French
by Ralph Manheim

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
305 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

■ Erich Maria Remarque's last novel (he died in 1970) is basically plotless, a nostalgic look—if nostalgia can be touched with bitterness—at refugee life in New York City during the early Forties. Remarque himself experienced such an episode, and the novel is best when it simply reflects the local color of the period: the seedy lobbies of Times Square hotels, the garrulous reunions over goulash at the apartment of a prosperous refugee, the funerals of friends who survived Hitler's Germany only to die of cancer or suicide in the States.

Remarque's narrator-hero calls himself Robert Ross because that is the name on his forged passport. Unlike most of his fellow refugees, he is not a Jew, and because of that he is treated with suspicion by others in the refugee circle. And a circle it is, a tight little society in which everyone knows everyone else, while being careful not to know too much. They all have their petty jobs: an old Russian is a dope-dealing night clerk; a once-famed actor picks up bit parts as a Nazi; a dashing Scarlet Pimpernel-type now sells radios. But they all have ample time to get together to reminisce and gossip and exchange anecdotes and jokes, circa Berlin 1935.

Ross has a better time of it than many of his friends. While hiding for two years from the Nazis in the basement of a museum in Brussels, he taught himself a good deal about art and is able to get a job in New York with a none too scrupulous art dealer, who delights in passing off Ross to his customers as a former official of the Louvre. During a sales trip Ross moonlights as an "expert" on Nazis for a film studio in Hollywood, where he is in danger of becoming a social lion because he has actually spent time in a concentration camp. Ross also falls in love with a Franco-Russian model named Natasha, whose limitless friends are always ready, in time of need, to provide the loan of a Rolls-Royce or an apartment or even to pick up the tab for night caps at El Morocco.

Remarque is prone to touch up his portrait of a grim time with such elegant little flourishes. If someone has extra cash, it is spent at an expensive restaurant like Voisin. Nobody seems to worry about rationing, or even about the war.

Remarque's refugees are people who have extinguished themselves in their efforts to keep alive. They have succeeded in making it to "paradise," to America, and in the process have become shells or caricatures of their former selves. The real worth of *Shadows in Paradise* is found in this gallery of burnt-out cases. The romantic tales the author sometimes surrounds them with are the thinnest sort of frames.

David W. McCullough is an editor at a New York-based book club.

TEDDY BEAR

by Georges Simenon
translated from the French
by Henry Clay

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
162 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Celebrities may lead interesting lives, but they don't always make credible fictional companions. And even so expert a novelist as Georges Simenon may fail to bring them to life.

Consider the case of Dr. Jean Chabot, the rattled hero of *Teddy Bear*. The owner of "the most up-to-date gynecological and obstetrical clinic in Paris," Chabot is a physician totally unable to heal himself. He suffers from attacks of anxiety and reveals disturbing symptoms. He can't communicate with his wife or three children, and he carries a gun in his pocket, wondering whether to shoot himself. Dr. Chabot also drinks brandy on the sly (though he sweetens his breath with chlorophyll pills) and undergoes a psychic "black-out" while delivering the baby of one of his patients.

He's a wreck, all right, even though "he had acquired a reputation, all sorts of honors and diplomas, as well as a sizable income in the bargain." But worldly success fails to satisfy him, for Chabot is an alienated man.

> Here he was, worn out, an empty shell, incapable of reacting properly, and all around him were other people, to all intents and purposes without a care in the world . . . all this against a backcloth from which he felt more and more alienated, and objects which he no longer had contact with but which, all the same, would still be there long after he had gone.

There seems to be one good reason for Chabot's anxiety. On several occasions he's slept with a maid who worked at his clinic, a blonde teen-ager he dubbed "Teddy Bear." ("She had the soft skin of fair-haired people and, in the closeness of the bed, where she seemed so innocent, she made him think of one of those large teddy bears that children clutch as they sleep.") But Teddy Bear committed suicide, was then found to be pregnant, and Chabot may have been the inseminater. There is also a mysterious Alsatian, either her fiancé or brother, who sticks threatening notes under the windshield wiper of the doctor's car.

The plot, however, thins rather than thickens since it is unclear whether the Alsatian is a real threat or the product of Chabot's feverish brain. And Teddy Bear is more a torpid presence than a character, drifting through the action with all the force of a sleepwalker. For a Georges Simenon novel, the book is oddly maladroit, full of threads that are never tied together and clues that are dropped instead of developed.

The author attempts to give us a detailed picture of a man on the verge of mental collapse. Unfortunately, the picture remains unconvincing. Chabot slowly discovers the cause of his alienation: he's encouraged others to view him as an infallible man and doctor so that he can evade his own weaknesses. Although he's played different roles—confidant to the rich, comforter to the poor—he lacks any basic identity. He's betrayed his lower-middle-class origins for a host of material objects and mechanical people.

Not a very compelling diagnosis of alienation, especially in Henry Clay's stilted English translation. It could be argued here that alienation doesn't always lend itself to fiction. Were Chabot a truly estranged man, he might cease to function within the terms of the conventional novel. He might, for example, stop talking with other characters and thus suggest how impenetrable the recesses of personality really are.

Simenon wants to tell a swift, suspenseful story as well as to explore man's withdrawal from the world. He seems unable to do both unless, as in *The Bells of Bicêtre* (1964), he provides a solid, objective reason for alienation —the effects of a paralytic stroke on a man who begins to distrust himself and those around him. In *Teddy Bear*, however, Chabot merely endures generalized symptoms of distress, tritely explained and rationalized. Chabot may suffer from spiritual malaise, but Simenon cannot—as Melville, Kafka, or Beckett—give alienation distinctive fictional shape and substance. He winds up, instead, with something that might be called "celebrity-fiction": glib, voguish, and unbelievable.

Joseph Catinella is a book editor for a major publishing company.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 74.
secured, seducer, reduces, rescued.

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FLANNERY O'CONNOR: The Voice of the Peacock

by Sister Kathleen Feeley

Rutgers University Press, 198 pp., $9

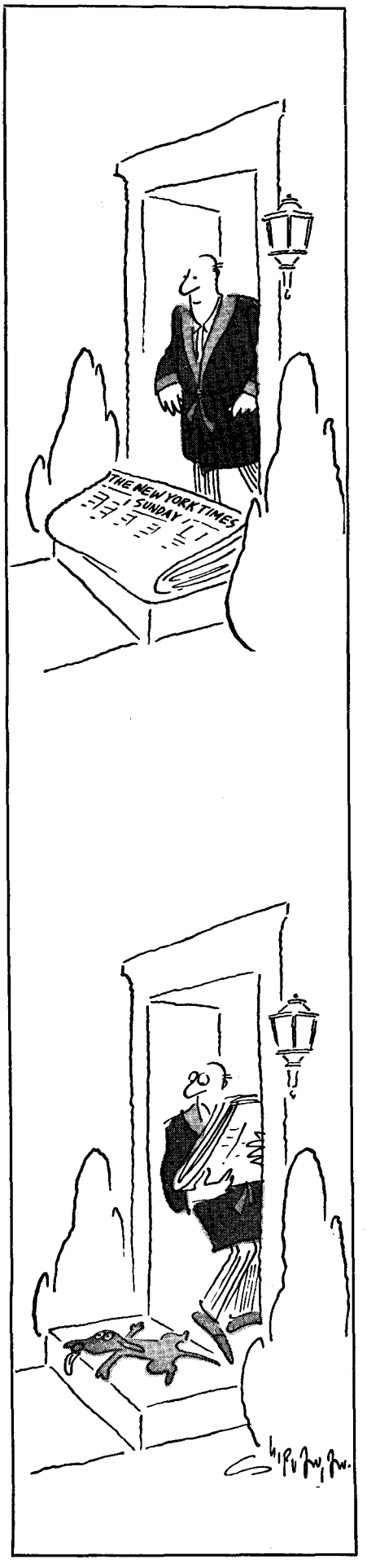
Reviewed by Paul K. Cuneo

■ Much of recent critical comment about Flannery O'Connor's writing makes her work sound harsh and tortured; Miss O'Connor's short stories themselves (her two novels, I think, don't really count) are something else again. Reading them is like meeting and understanding—as completely as a person can understand—the people one rides with on a bus or meets at a roadside diner.

Sister Kathleen Feeley does neither better nor worse than most of the sundry others who have attempted to interpret this gifted young woman who spent most of her short life in Georgia and who, by the time of her death in 1964 at the age of thirty-nine, had gained for herself a prominent place in contemporary American letters. Sister Kathleen has obviously read everything that Miss O'Connor wrote and almost everything written about her. She visited the author, corresponded with others about her, and spent hours examining Miss O'Connor's personal library, noting the various passages that had been underlined or commented on. She seems to have misunderstood some of what she has been at such pains to study. Thus, while early in her book Sister Kathleen points out that Flannery O'Connor "shows only scorn for those who would 'use' fiction for any pragmatic purpose, no matter how commendable," a few pages farther along she notes, in apparent perplexity: "Her library also included a wide range of fiction, but, curiously, few of these works are annotated." Would anyone who felt as Miss O'Connor did about good fiction be inclined to underline passages in it or scribble notes in the margin?

Flannery O'Connor: The Voice of the Peacock is a book that scholars will want to read, but that no literate admirer of the O'Connor short stories need feel uneasy about missing. As for readers unacquainted with the brief works of fiction which Sister Kathleen discusses at such length, they would be better advised to spend twenty minutes reading an O'Connor tale than hours on this book. Such criticism of a study that was quite probably intended solely for those who want to dig deeply in the O'Connor *oeuvre* may be unfair. Yet books that scrutinize an author's writings in great detail should lure the reader into the work being analyzed; this is hardly the case here.

Paul K. Cuneo is an editor.



Book Forum

The Lens on Lens

Having lived most of my adult life as a middle-of-the-road ticket-splitter—despised by acquaintances on the right and on the left—it is most enjoyable for me to read Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s careful dissection of Sidney Lens's *Forging of the American Empire* [*SR*, Feb. 5]. His review is welcome to me not only because of its gist but also for giving me a new look at the critic himself.

Whit Hillyer,
Evanston, Ill.

Arthur Schlesinger's review of my new book, *The Forging of the American Empire*, is not a review; it is a vendetta.

He begins by questioning some of my facts. Though most of these points are, as John L. Lewis would have said, "small potatoes," Schlesinger is wrong on five out of six!

a) Elias Boudinot *was* a white theological graduate who lived from 1740 to 1821. The man Schlesinger refers to as a Cherokee was Buck Watie, who assumed Boudinot's name and died in 1839.

b) Tom Hart Benton *was* assigned by Polk to head the Army in the Mexican War, but Congress refused to create the grade of Lt. General for him, forcing Polk to shift, as I said, to Scott.

c) Wilson did say, "Morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us." The "not" was left out by the typist, but I wouldn't call this earthshaking.

d) Schlesinger is right. Brandeis was not "an immigrant boy."

e) Schlesinger's argument on the Truman quote is another bit of nit-picking, effectively demolished by Stephen E. Ambrose in the February 1972 issue of *The Progressive*.

f) Jackson did refuse the Indians any rights, his own self-serving words quoted by Schlesinger to the contrary notwithstanding. Under his Indian Removal Act, 100,000 Indians were uprooted westward, one-third of them dying along the way, a story that, strangely enough, is not mentioned in Schlesinger's own biography of Jackson.

As I tote the score then, it is Lens *five*, Schlesinger *one* or, if you want to give him the typo, Lens 4-2/3, Schlesinger 1-1/3.

Schlesinger is all over the lot trying to demolish my central thesis, namely that the U.S. had built a massive empire, depriving scores of people of self-determination so as to fatten America's vast landholdings and market opportunities. Schlesinger challenges the thesis that economics is the motive for this expansionism. I said over and over in my book—*e.g.* on page 215 in re the Panama Canal—that strategy and security supplement economic motives but *the central thrust* has been to seize land and to find markets for U.S. surpluses and goods and capital, a point made not only by Lenin, but by Admiral Mahan, Teddy Roosevelt, Taft, Hoover, FDR, Acheson, Truman, etc.

Permit me to ask Mr. Schlesinger just one tiny rhetorical question in return for

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the seven he asks me: "Does Mr. Schlesinger really think we moved into Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines, Vietnam, and Latin America to guarantee those people the right of self-determination and government by consent of the governed?"

Sidney Lens,
Chicago, Ill.

Co-conspirators

Alan Green tells less than the complete story in Book Business [*SR*, Jan. 29] when he says that Bernard Berenson was merely "a close friend and informant" of Duveen's; co-conspirator would have been a more accurate word.

When Duveen had a painting of doubtful authorship, Berenson would concoct a suitable pedigree for it. Thus, with Berenson's imprimatur in hand, Duveen could realize a handsome price for a previously undistinguished painting. It was a fruitful union: Duveen made a fortune; Berenson was able to live in baronial splendor in Tuscany, and between them they gave birth to a couple of fifteenth-century Italian painters.

Charles Perrone,
Pemberton, N.J.

Expression of Ambivalence

The critique by Jerry H. Bryant of *Gemini*, Nikki Giovanni's autobiographical statement [*SR*, Jan. 15], greatly annoyed me. I could not help wondering whether Mr. Bryant is a white man ignorant of the flow of recent Black poetry or a Black man equally ignorant of the current stream and "Uncle Tomishly" embarrassed by Miss Giovanni's declarations.

The entire review appeared to be an attack upon issues of which the reviewer has no understanding—the struggle for the restoration of Black pride and the fight to keep our basic humanity.

Unlike Mr. Bryant, I do not consider Miss Giovanni childlike and pouty; rather, I see her as expressing the frustrations, desires, and ofttimes ambivalent existence of myself and other Black Americans today.

Rogercarole Rogers,
Minneapolis, Minn.

No Excess of Patience

It is a well-known saying that the devil may quote scripture. This is true also even regarding the words of Hillel, as evidenced in your pages by Meir Kahane, Robert Milch [*SR*, Jan. 8] and George Goldin [Book Forum, Feb. 5]. All three of these should be reminded that the sage whom they utilize for their purposes said once, as it is stated in the tractate Pirqe Avoth of the Mishnah: "A hot-tempered, passionate one cannot teach others." Hillel, renowned for his excess of patience and kindliness, once also told his students that man is created in the Holy One's image and therefore should often wash himself as an act of piety. Such a one would without equivocation have rejected such viewpoints as those which turn man against man and Jew against Jew. Kahane, were he truly a rabbi and student of Torah, would know this.

Hyman Frundlik,
New York, N.Y.

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(Continued on page 82)

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(Continued from page 81)

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

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CAMPS

SUGAR MOUNTAIN MUSIC CAMP—Blueridge Mountains of North Carolina. Almost entire staff from Sun Valley Music Camp, Sun Valley, Idaho. In beautiful new location. Write: Dept. R, P.O. Box 6111, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

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(Continued on page 84)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 83)

ECOLOGY AND NATURE LORE—Learn from foresters, wildlife managers, ecologists. Study wildlife from amphibians to big game. Identification of birds, rocks, stars, insects. Soil, weather studies. Tent living, sports, swimming, canoeing, nature crafts, hiking and supervised overnight survival trips. Counselor-camper ratio 1-5. Three 11-day sessions June 26th-August 3rd. 50 campers, ages 11-14, coed. On TVA's Land Between the Lakes near Cadiz, Kentucky. $150. Write: National Wildlife Federation, Camp Energy, 1412 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP—Eastern Maine, Canada. 70 boys, 11-17, 6 groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Lake, white water, mountains, wilderness Quebec trip for seniors. A.C.A. accredited. Special Group for girls—4 weeks. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow. 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

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B. "I found myself / Alone, and in a ___ and thorns." (3 wds.; Tennyson, "Idylls of the King")	43 57 70 84 99 149 161 179 9 31
C. Elaborate embroidery, as of gold	35 49 108 115 14 23 41
D. Determination, decision, sentence	64 71 159 183 53 58 72 88 94 112 127 140
E. Don't bother (2 wds.)	142 153 113 133 18 165 170 180 55
F. Keats poem in four books	87 91 97 175 198 39 128 152
G. Undertake to handle, master, solve, etc.	162 191 40 129 177 119
H. Progress	199 15 29 56 192 1 76
I. Subject to magical influence	103 110 154 169 193 36 86
J. Any of several insectivorous and herbivorous marsupials of Australia, and New Guinea	172 4 45 82 96 185 197 203 21
K. Diminishing (3 wds.)	25 50 100 123 147 32 90 105 114
L. Contemplation of one's navel	135 7 136 202 11 59 148 201 146 16 166 27 66 102
M. Timpani	186 206 6 122 62 106 143 26 137 20 120
N. Threatening	155 132 173 65 167 204 12
O. One who adheres briefly to a series of unusual diets, beliefs, etc.	17 33 92 95 131 111 125
P. Display of highly vocal, self-conscious emotionalism (comp.)	38 74 109 116 171 144 189 28 69 89 184 67 34
Q. Contamination or pollution of matter	77 85 150 44 61 126 200 139 118
R. Review	174 75 80 130 83 182 156 46
S. "His ___ well sav'd a world too wide / For his shrunk shank." (2 wds., "As You Like It")	60 19 164 2 22 13 101 187 24 151 121 48
T. Warning	42 104 47 63 141 134
U. She was Queen for nine days (3 wds.)	3 124 158 194 163 37 30 51 79 117 190 188
V. Really (2 wds.)	93 98 195 145 176 138
W. Tie, link	168 52 107 160 205
X. Corroded; vexed	68 78 8 10 54 181

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work: Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

						1 H	2 S		3 U	4 J	5 A	6 M		7 L	8 X	9 B								
10 X	11 L	12 N		13 S	14 C	15 H	16 L		17 O	18 E	19 S	20 M		21 J	22 S	23 C								
24 S	25 K	26 M	27 L	28 P		29 H	30 U	31 B		32 K	33 O	34 P	35 C	36 I		37 U								
38 P	39 F	40 G	41 C	42 T	43 B	44 Q		45 J	46 R	47 T	48 S	49 C		50 K	51 U	52 W	53 D							
54 X	55 E		56 H	57 B	58 D	59 L	60 S		61 Q	62 M	63 T	64 D	65 N	66 L	67 P	68 X								
69 P	70 B	71 D		72 D	73 A	74 P	75 R	76 H	77 Q	78 X	79 U		80 R	81 A		82 J	83 R							
84 B	85 Q	86 I		87 F	88 D	89 P		90 K	91 F	92 O		93 V	94 D		95 O	96 J	97 F							
	98 V	99 B	100 K		101 S	102 L	103 I		104 T	105 K		106 M	107 W	108 C	109 P	110 I	111 O							
112 D	113 E	114 K		115 C	116 P	117 U	118 Q	119 G	120 M	121 S		122 M	123 K	124 U	125 O		126 Q							
127 D	128 F	129 G		130 R	131 O	132 N	133 E		134 T	135 L		136 L	137 M	138 V		139 Q	140 D							
	141 T	142 E	143 M		144 P	145 V	146 L	147 K		148 L	149 B	150 Q		151 S	152 F	153 E								
154 I	155 N	156 R	157 A	158 U		159 D	160 W	161 B	162 G		163 U	164 S	165 E	166 L		167 N	168 W							
	169 I	170 E	171 P		172 J	173 N	174 R	175 F	176 V	177 G	178 A		179 B	180 E	181 X		182 R							
183 D	184 P	185 J	186 M	187 S	188 U		189 P	190 U		191 G	192 H	193 I	194 U		195 V	196 A	197 J							
198 F		199 H	200 Q	201 L		202 L	203 J	204 N	205 W	206 M														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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Why do kids like peanut butter & jelly sandwiches?

You see your child wolfing down a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and you can't help but wonder. Both the peanut butter and jelly have sugar in them. Will it ruin his appetite for "real" food?

Well, even though a peanut butter and jelly sandwich is sweet and likeable, it's about as real as you can get (see below).

Naturally, you don't want your child eating too much of any one thing, or snacking too close to mealtime. But when he's all tuckered out and grabs for something made with sugar, he's doing a useful thing.

Because eating or drinking something with sugar in it is acknowledged by nutrition experts as a very good way to replace the readily available body fuel. So, before you know it, he'll be up and playing again.

And don't overlook the psychological reward of sugar. That good natural sweetness promotes a sense of satisfaction and well-being.

Now, if you're worried about overeating, just take a look at your child. If he's not fat, he's probably not overeating.

Remember, the key to good nutrition for both children and adults is a proper balance every day of protein, minerals, vitamins, fats. And carbohydrates, of which sugar is one. In moderation, sugar has a place in a balanced diet.

Sugar. It isn't just good flavor; it's good food.

Nutritional one-man gang. One slice of white enriched bread with 2 tbs. peanut butter and 1 tbs. jelly supplies 10 gm protein, 31 gm. carbohydrate, 15 gm. fat, 323 mg. sodium, 248 mg. potassium, 41 mg. calcium, 1.5 mg. iron, significant amounts of thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin, and 305 calories.

For more facts about good nutrition, and sugar's role in it, write:
Sugar Information, General P.O. Box 94,
New York, New York 10001.

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Just a reminder that the most impressive thing about Chivas Regal is what's in the bottle, not what's on it.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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